

COUNTRYWIDE

COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. CII No. 2642

SEPTEMBER 5, 1947

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

THE MANOR AND VILLAGE OF CASTLE COMBE

WILTSHIRE. BETWEEN CHIPPENHAM AND BADMINTON



MANOR HOUSE
in Cotswold architecture,
containing 4 reception rooms,
9 main and 4 servants' bed-
rooms, 4 bathrooms, ample
domestic accommodation.
Main electricity and water.
Central heating. Stabling and
garage range. Servants' flat.
Lodge. Two cottages.
Terraced gardens of about 3
acres, lawn, kitchen garden,
and parkland, in all
25 ACRES
VACANT POSSESSION
½ mile of trout fishing—
more by arrangement.



2,000 ACRES OF SHOOTING MAY BE RENTED

THE COMPLETE COTSWOLD VILLAGE

nestling in the shelter of the Combe
and intersected by the By Brook,
includes

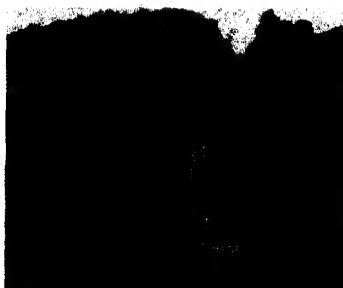
THREE RESIDENCES

(two with early possession)

The CASTLE INN and the WHITE
HART, both fully licensed.

Post Office. Two Bakeries.

General Store.



SEVERAL SMALL HOUSES

(one with early possession)
and a large number of

ATTRACTIVE COTTAGES
of typical Cotswold architecture.

Nearly all with main electricity and
water.

The old Rectory and Tea Garden.

The old Village Hall.

For Sale by Auction as a whole or in Lots at The Neeld Hall, Chippenharn, on Tuesday, September 30, at 2.30 p.m.
(unless previously sold privately).

Solicitors: Messrs. ELLIS PEIRS & CO., 17, Albemarle Street, W.1. Land Agent: E. DUNCAN, Esq., The Estate Office, Castle Combe.

Auctioneers: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY. (Particulars price 2/8 per copy.)

Preliminary Announcement.

By direction of Captain Phillip Dunn.

SHROPSHIRE — HEREFORD BORDERS

7 miles from Leominster, 9 miles from Ludlow, in a district noted for its beauty and the richness of its soil.

The Important Freehold, Agricultural and Residential Property

THE BIRCHER ESTATE, NEAR LEOMINSTER. 716 ACRES

including:

THE RESIDENCE

partly dating from the
William and Mary Period,
and facing almost due
south, with wide and
delightful views.

FIVE MIXED FARMS

with picturesque houses,
ample buildings and fer-
tile land.

and within 4 miles of the
main Shrewsbury - Hereford
road and railway.

Numerous cottages. Accom-
modation lands. Woodlands.
A town house, No. 35, Broad
Street, Ludlow.



For Sale by Auction locally at an early date as a whole or in blocks or lots.

Solicitors: Messrs. TROWER STILL & KEELING, 8, New Square, W.C.2.

Auctioneers: Messrs. MORRIS BARKER & POOLE, Ludlow, and Messrs. ALWYNE V. DABORN & SON, 14, Dogpole, Shrewsbury.
and Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY. (Particulars price 2/- per copy.)

Monthly PPT
(10 Hous)

20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

Telegram:
"Garties, W. 10, London."



JACKSON-STOPS & STAFF

8, HANOVER ST., LONDON, W 1

MAYFAIR 8816 7

(IRENCESTER NORTHAMPTON LEEDS YEOVIL CHICHESTER CHESTER NEWMARKET AND DUBLIN)

AUCTION TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16

Have opportunity for garden lovers, fishermen and golfers
Overlooking Polden Heath and Polden Hills and adjoining golf course

COMPTON ACRES, CANFORD CLIFFS, BOURNEMOUTH



10 gill 1 House with sun
bungalow

Four reception rooms 13
bedrooms 4 bath rooms

TWO LODGES

TWO OUTINGS

Most exotic gardens on the
south of England (believed to
have cost over £200,000)

Joint Auctioneers: WAY & WALLER, 7, Hanover Square W1 (Mayfair 2822)
JACKSON-STOPS & STAFF, 8, Hanover Street, W 1 (Mayfair 2816)

AUCTION WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18

By order of the Trustees of Mrs V M M Jackson deceased and Major J D
Jackson deceased

HINTON PARVA, NEAR SWINDON, WILTSHIRE

at the foot of the Wiltshire Downs abt 400 ft above sea level



ELIZABETHAN PERIOD RESIDENCE

Three reception 8 principal
bed and dressing rooms,
2 bath and domestic offices
Two cottages

Fifteen to six boxes Two
stalls Garage granary
Main electric light and
water

Gardens paddock and
woodland

In all about 37 ACRES

Sellotons: Messrs KINNEAR & CO, 6, High Street, Swindon, Wilts (Tel 201)
Particulars of the Auctioneers: JACKSON-STOPS & STAFF, The Old Council Chamber,
Gloucester (Tel 2343) and LOVEDAY & LOVEDAY 16, High Street,
Swindon (Tel 2076)

By Auction in September, unless previously sold privately

WEST SUFFOLK

Situate in the best residential district near Derry St Edmunds



The small well-timbered
Residential and Sporting

estate of

LITTLE HAUGH

with its Queen Anne

Residence of exceptional

charm set amidst a pleas-

antly timbered park farm

and woodland. It contains

hall 9 reception 11 bed and

dressing rooms, 8 bath

rooms self contained ser-

vants quarters Main elec-

tricity Central heating

Especially maintained gardens

and park like grounds

Your modern cottages

In all some 161 ACRES

Illustrated particulars (2/-) from the Joint Auctioneers JACKSON-STOPS
AND STAFF, Newmarket (Tel 2229), or H C WOLTON, F.A.I., Bury St
Edmunds (Tel 300), or Sellotons: Messrs CLIFFORD-TURNER & CO,
1, Queen Victoria Street, London

Greencroft 3181
(3 lines)

WINKWORTH & CO.

40, CURZON STREET MAYFAIR, LONDON, W 1

The subject of an illustrated article in the *Sunday Morning Express*

SUSSEX

In beautiful country on a 1111 and well glorious views to the south. This superb property

A RESTORED STUART MANOR HOUSE

In first-class order throughout, reached by a drive and containing a quantity of lovely old panelling, carvings and other period features

RETAINING ITS 17th CENTURY
CHARACTER THE RESIDENCE
IS NOW REPLETE WITH 30th
CENTURY CONVENIENCES IN-
CLUDING FITTED BATHS IN
BEDROOMS CENTRAL HEATING
AND MAIN WATER AND ELEC-
TRICITY



Seven best bedrooms dressing room
5 bathrooms 4 staff bedrooms sitting
hall and 8 reception rooms

Stabling garage and cottage also lodge
The delightful old gardens and grounds
are finely timbered, include walled
kitchen garden excellent hard tennis
court and parkland bounded by a
stream.

FOR SALE WITH ABOUT 87 ACRES PRICE £28,000

Inspected and recommended by the Owner's Agents WINKWORTH & CO., 40, CURZON STREET, MAYFAIR, LONDON, W 1

NORTH DEVON

Residence 15 miles

EXCEPTIONAL SMALL ESTATE

HIGHBURN, CHITFLEMANCOT, NR LIMMERLEIGH

Delightful residence park

like surroundings contain

ing hall 4 rec 4 principal

bed and 4 dressing rooms

2 secondary beds bath

room domestic offices (base

cooker) (H electricity

water Timbered grounds

Walled kitchen garden

farmhouse with the hall

small house

Smallholding with modern

used Cottage Residence

(Lot 2)

80 Acres. Possession

For Sale by Auction in Two Lots (unless sold privately) at THE BRIDGE

HALL, BARNSTAPLE, on Friday, September 12, 1947, at 3 p.m.

Particulars (price 1/6) from Auctioneers

Sellotons: CHAPPEL, MEASURES & ROWE, Ayrminster Auctioneers

JACKSON-STOPS & STAFF, 8, Hanover Street, W 1 (Tel 2816)

WEST SOMERSET

Wilmington 4 miles Taunton 11 miles

The exceptional and historic Freehold Manor House, Agricultural and Sporting Estate

GOTHAY MANOR, GREENHAM, NEAR WELLINGTON

In unspoiled country perfect

16th-century Manor, with

wonderful features includ-

ing panelling and 16th

century fireplaces

Containing great hall 6

reception bed and dress-

ing rooms 2 bedrooms

nursery suite domestic

offices servants' hall Main

electricity Garages out-

buildings cottages chauff-

eurs' flat Gardens swim-

ming pool trout fishing

Two valuable mixed farms

(as separate lots)

600 ACRES

Vacant Possession

Particulars, price 2/6, from the Auctioneers

Sellotons: Messrs WILLIAM CHARLES CROCKER, 48, Gracechurch Street,

London, E.C. 3 (for City Friends) and his Trustees: Messrs FISHER, DOWSON

AND WARRINGTON, 7, St. James's Place, S.W. 1 (for City Estates), Ltd

Auctioneers JACKSON-STOPS & STAFF, Hendford, Yeovil (Tel 1600)

By direction of Capt C R D Angus W.D.

THE HISTORICAL RESIDENTIAL AND AGRICULTURAL ESTATE

PINESHABBY ABBEY, NORTHANTS

Beautiful position in well wooded park

410 ACRES

Auction (unless previously sold) during October

Land Agents: Messrs FISHER & CO, Market Harborough

Auctioneers: Messrs JACKSON-STOPS & STAFF, Northampton

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

SOUTH DEVON COAST

1½ miles frontage to a well-known Estuary providing
FIRST-RATE YACHTING FACILITIES
A moderate sized house with Home Farm (in hand)



Occupying a delightful and sheltered situation approached by a drive the house is well equipped and in good order

These reception rooms 7 bed and 10 dressing rooms staff rooms 3 bathrooms Modern domestic offices with Aga Main electricity Ample water supply 1 Septic tank drainage Modern system of heating

Attractive gardens Stabling and garage premises

Two sets of farm buildings Five cottages and hall's flat

The land comprises fertile grass and arable In all about 200 Acres at present carrying an average of 1000 sheep

FREEHOLD FOR SALE WITH VACANT POSSESSION

Sole Agents Messrs KURTZ & WATSON 18 Market Place Alton and Messrs KNIGHT FRANK & RUTLEY (4775)

SURREY

A spacious red brick House half a mile from S R Station

"RUSSETTINGS," SUTTON

Vestibule and large entrance hall with cloakroom 4 good sized reception rooms 8 bedrooms 2 bathrooms dressing and b x rooms Well appointed domestic offices with staff sitting room Parquet floors

CENTRAL HEATING THROUGHOUT Space for use as more garages

Matured and well timbered gardens of about ½ acre FREEHOLD

For Sale by Auction in the Hanover Square Estate Room on Tuesday

September 16 at 2.30 p.m. (unless previously sold)

Solicitors Messrs SPENCER GIBSON & SONS 4 High Street, Sutton

Auctioneers Messrs KNIGHT FRANK & RUTLEY Particulars 24

Mayfair 2771

(16 Hous)

20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W 1

HAYWARDS HEATH 6 MILES

With frequent service of electric trains to London
HIGHLANDS, BOLNEY, 134 ACRES
A very attractive Residential and Agricultural property



Including a well appointed modern house erected of stone with tiled roof and occupying a delightful position amid parkland

Three reception 5 bedrooms (with fitted basins) 2 bathrooms Modern offices with two cooker Central heating Main water and electricity Modern drainage

Attractive gardens of 6 acres. Garage and stabling with flat over

Squash Court Six cottages

Rarest farm buildings with main water and electricity

70 acres of agricultural land with farm buildings (total) 50 acres of woodlands

FOR SALE BY AUCTION AT AN EARLY DATE

Solicitors Messrs PERRIER & FRANKES 5 Dowgate Hill EC 4

Auctioneers Messrs KNIGHT FRANK & RUTLEY Particulars 17

View by appointment only

20 MILES FROM LONDON

Between Egham and Chertsey

EASTLEY END, THORPE

A Residence mainly of the Georgian Period

Lounge hall 4 reception rooms billiard room 3 principal bedrooms and 2 bath rooms 5 guest or secondary bedrooms and 4 bathroom 2 servants bedrooms ample domestic offices Main electricity gas and water Cesspool drainage

Garage and stabling block Entrance lodge chauffeur's flat

Timbered Pleasure Grounds Walled Kitchen garden Large Orchard

About 7½ ACRES Vacant Possession of the main residence

For sale by Auction in October (unless sold privately)

Solicitors Messrs HORN & HIRSH 4 Lincoln Inn Fields W C 2

Auctioneers Messrs DUDLEY W HARRIS & CO Staines Middlesex and Messrs KNIGHT FRANK & RUTLEY Particulars 17

Telegrams:

Callister Wade London.

Reading 4441

Regent 0222/2277

NICHOLAS

(Established 1882)

1, STATION ROAD READING 4 ALBANY COURT YARD PICCADILLY W 1

Under a law reserve—to close an estate being the unpaid portion of an important estate

BERKSHIRE

Between Wargrave and Henley 3½ miles from London

Sale of "TEMPLE COMBE"

A well-known country seat in rural country
Grand views

Approached by a long winding carriage drive with lodge entrance it has halls 8 reception rooms 17 bed and dressing rooms 2 bathroom etc

SPENDID STABLES FARMERY

GARDENER'S COTTAGE

CHAUFFEUR'S FLAT

Auctioneers Messrs NICHOLAS 1 Station Road Reading, and 4 Albany Court Yard Piccadilly W 1

44 ST JAMES'S
PLACE S W 1

JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK

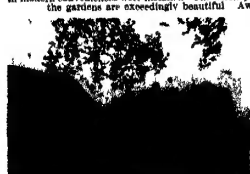
Regent 2011 (8 lines)

Regent 2222

SUSSEX

AN IDEAL SMALL COUNTRY HOME FOR A CITY GENTLEMAN

The residence dates from the 17th century. It was added to in 1920 and subsequently all modern conveniences were installed. The whole property is in first class order and the gardens are exceedingly beautiful. Away from all main roads



Accommodation 2 sitting rooms 6 bedrooms 3 bath rooms splendid 10 acres with main sitting room kitchen with Aga cooker Main water Main electricity and sewer Central heating Two phone Septic tank large outbuildings and a barn (40 ft x 15 ft) Stabling of 3 stalls Total area about 7 ACRES including a 5-acre meadow Hard tennis court kitchen garden lawn The grounds are magnificent timbered and full of interest. Many thousands of spring bulbs

Vacant Possession March, 1948

Inspected and thoroughly recommended by the Sole Agents JAMES STYLES AND WHITLOCK as above (L 2 25,045)

By direction of the personal representative of the late Sir Maydon M. Boston K B F

HIGH LANDS, ST. GEORGE'S HILL

NEAR WALTON-ON-THAMES SURREY

Attractive modern

Country Residence

High situation, lovely views

2½ miles from 20 minutes

by electric trains to

Waterloo Adjacent to St.

George's Hill and Durrill

Golf Course

Accommodated 10 Hall 10

rooms library 9 bedrooms

4 bathrooms Main ser

vices Central heating

Lodge and cottage Garage

and stabling

Lowly grounds etc of

About 8½ ACRES

FREEHOLD VACANT POSSESSION

For Sale by Auction (unless sold privately) in London on Tuesday, October 7,

at 2.30 p.m.

Solicitors Messrs BATES & CO of 8, Victoria Street S W 1 Auctioneers JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK as above. Illustrated particulars and plan on application



HAMPTON & SONS

6, ARLINGTON STREET, ST. JAMES'S, S.W.1

SUSSEX

Choice RESIDENTIAL AND AGRICULTURAL PROPERTY suitable for specialisation as a DAIRY AND FRUIT FARM.

"HANKHAM HALL," WESTHAM, NEAR PEVENSEY

Featuring Early Georgian Residence: Six bedrooms, bath and dressing room, 3 reception rooms, 2 offices. First-class modern buildings suitable for small pedigree herd. Three cottages (all service tenancies).

25 ACRES
Market garden quality land. Main water and electricity to house, cottages and buildings.

IMMEDIATE POSSESSION.

For Sale by Auction on

(unless said privately).

Wednesday, September 17, 1947, at 2.30 p.m.

Solicitors: Messrs. RLYE RUBE & CO., 10a, St. James's Street, S.W.1.

Land Agents: Messrs. MELLERSE & BARDING, 43, St. James's Place, N.W.1.

Auctioneers: HAMPTON & SONS, 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1.

By order of the administrators of the late A. B. St. James's Estate.

PETERSFIELD, HANTS

Nearly 500 ft. up amid evian surroundings. Delightful views.

"FULWOOD HOUSE," DUNFORD WOOD

An architect designed MODERN RESIDENCE: Hall, 3 reception, garden room, 9 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, 2 guest offices.

CENTRAL HEATING. COMPANY'S SERVICES.

Garage. Chauffeur's quarters.

Greenhouses. Charming gardens and grounds, woodland and kitchen garden. In all about 18 ACRES With Vacant Possession.

For Sale by Auction on September 24 next as a whole or in two lots (unless sold privately).

Solicitors: Messrs. FLAGGATE & CO., 7, Pall Mall, S.W.1. Particulars from the Joint Auctioneers: JOHN DOWLER & CO., 2, High Street, Petersfield, Hants, and HAMPTON & SONS, 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1.

In ideal situation about 350 ft. up.

"BY THE WAY" PINNER HILL, MDDX.

On warm, sunny slope, enjoying views of indescribable beauty.

Lavishly equipped MODERN FREEHOLD FAMILY RESIDENCE

Halls, 2 reception rooms, nursery suite, 5 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 2 model offices.

All composite services. Central Heating. Good condition.

Garage for 2.

Heated greenhouses. Equally terraced gardens and grounds with many features, including fine retaining wall, kitchen garden with orchard.

IN ALL ABOUT 5½ ACRES

For Sale by Auction on September 17, 1947, at 2.30 p.m. (unless sold privately).

Solicitors: Messrs. H. LUMLEY & CO., 109, Piccadilly, S.W.1. Particulars from the Auctioneers: HAMPTON & SONS, 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1.

BRANCH OFFICES: WIMBLEDON COMMON, S.W.19 (Tel.: WIM. 0061) & BISHOP'S STORTFORD (Tel.: 243)

Est. 1870 W.M. WOOD, SON & GARDNER Tel. No. 1 (three lines)
CRAWLEY, SUSSEX

SUSSEX—SURREY BORDER

Within 4 miles of Horley main electric line station to London.

EXTREMELY ATTRACTIVE PART 17th-CENTURY COTTAGE

Modernised and in first-class repair throughout, possessing an abundance of rich oak panelling and open fire grates, perfectly set in the heart of the country but within 5 mins. walking distance of a main coast road.

The accommodation affords 4 bedrooms, 3 reception rooms, bathroom. Full-sized garage, and a really delightful garden, in all approximately 1½ ACRES

All available services. IMMEDIATE VACANT POSSESSION.

PRICE £4,750 FREEHOLD

For further particulars please apply: W.M. Wood, Son & Gardner, as above.

Telegrams: "Stanlett. Plov. London"

By direction of Colonel J. G. Rose, D.S.O., D.L.

BRECONSHIRE

In the beautiful valley of the Ure 4 miles from Aberystwyth, 15 miles from Brecon and 24 miles from Newport.

A well-maintained Freehold Residential Sporting and Agricultural Estate "SPENDRIN PARK," CRICKHOWELL

Stone-built Residence standing high yet in sheltered situation with south and west aspects and glorious views. Eleven bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, 5 reception rooms, 5 stabling, garage, lodge and 6 cottages.

Model Home Farm in hand, and other lands.

IN ALL 367 ACRES

Game coverts, 11 miles of trout fishing.

VACANT POSSESSION of residence, home farm and sporting rights. For Sale by Auction at the Angel Hotel, Aberystwyth, on September 24, 1947, at 3 p.m. (unless said privately).

Solicitors: Messrs. J. D. RICE & FISHER, Aberystwyth. Joint Auctioneers: HAMPTON & SONS, 6, Arlington Street, London, S.W.1. J. STRAKER CHADWICK, F.A.I., & SONS, Aberystwyth.

KENT

Avoid the beautiful orchard lands of the county, 9 miles from Maidstone, 12 miles Tonbridge, a few minutes' walk main line station.

"SPRING GROVE," MARDEN

Luxuriously equipped

FREEHOLD RESIDENCE

Hall, 4 reception, 6 bedrooms, 2 baths, office with servants' sitting and bath-rooms.

All composite services. Large garage, stabling, old cast iron, 2 cottages.

Beautifully attractive well-timbered grounds and gardens with ornamental lake and other features, extending

ABOUT 7 ACRES

With VACANT POSSESSION except of the 2 cottages. For Sale by Auction on September 24 next, at 2.30 p.m. (unless said privately).

Solicitors: Messrs. WORDSWORTH & CO., 20, Lombard Street, F.C. Auctioneers: HAMPTON & SONS, 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1.

Just in the Market.

ST. GEORGE'S HILL, WEYBRIDGE

In a secluded position, splendid condition; walking distance station and bus service.

DELIGHTFUL CHARACTER RESIDENCE

Lounge, hall, 3 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms (4 fitted basins), 2 bathrooms, compact office, 2 garages, parquet floors, fitted gas fires. Main services.

Beautiful undulating grounds, lawns, rocky water garden, vegetable ground, fruit trees.

1½ ACRES

FREEHOLD £12,500

Particulars from the Agents: Messrs. HARTON, WATTS & BOWEN, 42, Baker Street, Weybridge, or HAMPTON & SONS, 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1. (R.52.302)

By direction of Lady Marguerite Bonnet.

WEALD OF KENT

In the centre of the fruit-growing country.

For Sale Freehold. "Aberfeldie" Chert Garden, Maidstone

This desirable residential property stands about 4 miles from Maidstone and under 2 miles from the pretty village of Sutton Valence.

The house stands in grounds of approximately 18 ACRES (more or less), approached by a gravel drive some 300 ft. long. Soundly constructed of quarried Kentish stone with tiled gable roof, and in an excellent structural and decorative condition. The accommodation comprises 11 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, 4 spacious reception rooms, square lounge hall, compact domestic office. Central heating. Own electricity plant. C.O. water and gas. Septic tank drainage system. Garage for 2 cars. Loose horse and stable. Potting sheds. Heated greenhouse. Gardener's cottage and chauffeur's annex.

The grounds are attractively laid out and consist of mixed past land, orchard, full-size tennis lawn, bowling green, etc. The whole forming a small and attractive residential estate. FOR SALE BY LADY MARGUERITE BONNET, "Aberfeldie" Chert Garden, Maidstone, Kent, and sold privately, will be offered by Auction in Possession on September 10 next at 2.30 p.m. at the Auctioneers, Sole Agents and Auctioneers: GARNOLD SMITH & CO., 50, Strand Street, London, W.1. Tel.: 1-8700000 3775-76.

Grosvenor 1953
(4 lines)

GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS

(ESTABLISHED 1776)

25, MOUNT ST., GROSVENOR SQ., W.1

Holborn Place, Euston Ave.
West Halkin St.,
Belgrave Sq.,
and St. Victoria St.,
Westminster, S.W.7

IMPORTANT RESIDENTIAL AND AGRICULTURAL ESTATE

In favourite part of Surrey, comprising

AN ATTRACTIVE GEORGIAN RESIDENCE
completely renovated and modernised containing 10 bedrooms, 5 bathrooms, lounge hall, a reception room. Modern domestic office. All main service. New electric central-heating system. Sufficient tank drainage. 5 cottages (two recently rebuilt) with 3 bedrooms, bathroom, no. Electric light and water connected. Attested and T.T. Home Farm with attractive farmhouses, bungalows, buildings with cowsheds for 30.

(More land can be purchased or rented adjoining.)

FOR SALE FREEHOLD WITH VACANT POSSESSION

All further particulars of the Sole Agents, GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.1. (D.1817)

BEAUTIFULLY APPOINTED MODERN COUNTRY HOUSE

Very convenient for City or West End, 23 miles south.

Rural position 400 ft. up with magnificent views.

THE WHOLE PROPERTY IS INEXORABLE ORDER

Panelled lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 9/11 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms; central heating; main service. Garage, workshop, cottage.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD WITH ABOUT 18 ACRES

Reasonable Price. Vacant Possession

Photographs, etc. from the Owner's Agents as above. (A.2707)

HANTS, WITHIN 2 MILES OF STATION

Close to bus service. South aspect. 400 ft. above sea. Secluded position.

REPUTED TO DATE FROM JACOBINE TIMES

Delightful little Residence containing, on 3 floors only, 3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, good office. Main electric light and water. Modern drainage. Central heating. Three garages, stabling of 5 loose boxes, stall and harness room, useful buildings, 2 cottages, pretty matured gardens with excellent tennis court, enclosed yew, kitchen garden, new lawn, surrounded by fine belt of beech trees with woodland walk.

IN ALL ABOUT 4½ ACRES. FOR SALE FREEHOLD, WITH POSSESSION

Agents: GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, as above. (A.3008)

F. L. MERCER & CO.

SACKVILLE HOUSE, 40, PICCADILLY, W.1

Regent 8481

WANTED. USUAL COMMISSION REQUIRED

FOR ACTIVE PURCHASERS

HANTS, BEKES OR WILTS. GENUINE PERIOD 14 HOUSE WITH OAK BEAMS AND MODERN CONVENIENCES. Must be secluded position. First eight bedrooms sufficient. Well laid out grounds maintained by one gardener; paddock; preferably 10 ACRES upwards. Will pay good price—Reference "Winchester." c/o F. L. MERCER & CO.

BUCKS, HANTS OR SUSSEX. ATTRACTIVE MODERN OR OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE with about 6-8 bedrooms, cottage for gardener, secluded gardens of 1 or 2 ACRES. PRICE UP TO £10,000.—Reference "Luton." c/o F. L. MERCER & CO.

GENTLEMAN'S SMALL ESTATE WITHIN 100 MILES SOUTH OR SOUTH-WEST OF LONDON. PERIOD HOUSE (preferable 5-8 bedrooms), 10-20 ACRES, outbuildings and buildings. Good price paid.—Reference "Agriculture." c/o F. L. MERCER & CO.

SURREY OR SUSSEX. REALLY GOOD MODERN RESIDENCE in first-class condition. Five bedrooms minimum. Enough land for seclusion. WILL PAY UP TO £10,000.—Reference, "Victoria." c/o F. L. MERCER & CO.

OLD KENTISH MILL HOUSE WITH TROUT FISHING

In a beautiful situation adjoining the parklands of a large estate. Three miles from Ashford, 11 from Hythe and Dymchurch, and just over an hour by rail from London.



OF IMMENSE APPEAL.

Added to, restored and modernised.

Three reception, 6 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

MAIN ELECTRICITY AND WATER.

Two garages. Cottage.

Delightful gardens intersected by mill stream recently stocked with trout. Orchard and productive vegetable garden.

4½ ACRES. £9,500

WILL APPEAL TO THOSE WITH ARTISTIC TASTES

Sole Agents: F. L. MERCER & CO., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1.

TOTTENHAM COURT RD., W.1

(Euston 7000)

MAPLE & Co., Ltd.

5, GRAFTON ST., MAYFAIR, W.1.

(Regent 4685)

HILLINGTON, WALTON-ON-THAMES

In a pleasing position, convenient for the station, with frequent service of electric trains to Watford under 30 minutes journey.

THE VERY ATTRACTIVE MODERN RESIDENCE

in excellent order with choice decorations. Central heating, main service, etc. Eight bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, oak panelled study, delightful room, panelled dining room, large lounge, oak staircase.

Garage for 2 cars.

Very attractive and well stocked pleasure garden, in all

ABOUT 1 ACRE

To be Sold by Auction on September 10 next, or privately beforehand.

Illustrated particulars of the Auctioneers: MAPLE & Co., 5, Grafton Street, Mayfair, W.1 (Regent 4685), and Tottenham Court Road, W.1.



SALISBURY
(Tel. 2491)

WOOLLEY & WALLIS

and at RINGWOOD & ROMSEY

WILTS-DORSET BORDERS

12 miles Salisbury. 12 miles Bradford. 16 miles Wimburn.

CHARMING COUNTRY RESIDENCE

In pretty downland village.

Hall, 3 reception, 5 principal beds, bath, domestic office.

Gardener's bungalow.

Garage, Stabling.

10 ACRES

Central heating throughout.

POSSESSION ON COMPLETION.

PRICE (Subject to formal contract) £9,500

NORTH WILTS

2 miles Devizes. 10 miles Trowbridge. 20 miles Swindon. 21 miles Salisbury.

PINK GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

on a picked site with magnificent views.

4 reception, 6 principal and 5 secondary beds, 4 baths, servants' quarters and domestic office. Aga cooker.

2 cottages, farmyard and 2-acre lake, about

40 ACRES

in all.

Possession of all but 7 acres.

Grid electricity. Main water. Modern drainage.

PRICE (Subject to formal contract) £12,500



Further particulars of the above properties from WOOLLEY & WALLIS, The Castle Auction Mart, Salisbury (Tel. 2491—3 lines) and at Romsey (Tel. 120) and Ringwood (Tel. 191).

5, MOUNT ST.
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CURTIS & HENSON

Greeneoch 2151 (5 lines)
Established 1875

By order of Executors.

THE LOWER EATON ESTATE, NEAR HEREFORD

Six miles east of Hereford, Salomon Ashurst rights in the River Wye

FRESHOLD RESIDENTIAL, AGRICULTURAL, SEVENTY-ATTRACTIVE LATE GEORGIAN HOUSE Medium size Excellent order



Main electric light Ample water supply
Garages Stabling Lodge Cottages Charming gardens with magnificent views
Three farms good houses and buildings One farm of 120 ACRES in hand
Rich pasture land Fertile stable Valuable wet grows woodlands and covers
Pleasure lakes and lagoons Small holdings
Attractive sporting shooting rights

OVER 300 ACRES IN ALL

For Sale by Auction at Hereford on September 25, 1947, as a whole or in Lots (unless previously disposed of privately)
Joint Auctioneers Messrs. ROBERTS, RAILWAY & BELFORT LTD. Hereford (2154) and Messrs. CURTIS & HENSON, 5 Mount Street, Greeneoch Square W 1

OVERLOOKING THE FIRTH OF CLYDE

Magnificent Highland scenery Sea coast frontage

A DELIGHTFUL HOUSE



In perfect order Completely modernized Fourteen bedrooms 5 bath rooms hall 4 reception rooms Billiards room Electric light Central heating Aga cooker Home farm with pedigree herd buildings Eight modern land cottages Three sheep runs Fishing Golf Shooting Yachting

ABOUT 2,400 ACRES

FRESHOLD FOR SALE PRICE £30,000

Sole Agents CURTIS & HENSON 5 Mount Street, Greeneoch Square W 1 (Gros 2151)

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"HAMBLE MEADS," WARSASH

Overlooking the Hamble River and Southampton Water

Magnificent position with special appeal to vacationers

A UNIQUE MODERN RESIDENCE OF OUTSTANDING CHARACTER

containing entrance hall pillared lounge living room and study Complete up to date domestic quarters 9/10 bedrooms and 5 bathrooms

Main water and electricity Central heating through out

DOUBLE GARAGE

Paved terrace 100 ft. long facing the river

It represents garden of over AN ACRE

FOR SALE BY AUCTION LATE SEPTEMBER WITH POSSESSION (unless disposed of privately)

Sole Agents EDWARD SYMMONS & PARTNERS 36 Berkeley Street W 1



LOVELY OLD ELIZABETHAN MANOR

of stone and half timbered work in a delightful setting

110 MILES FROM LONDON

FOR SALE WITH 34 ACRES

or with the Home Farm additional if required

Five great hall 3 reception rooms 15 bedrooms 5 bathrooms

2 Bats and 2 cottages

Stabling for 6 Garaging for 8

Main water and electricity Central heating

An outstanding property almost without rival of its type

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Established 1799

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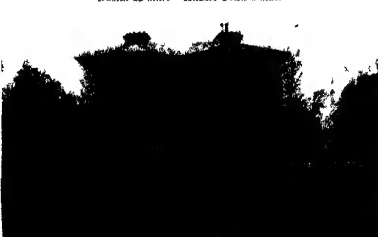
WELL-BUILT RESIDENCE

SIX PRINCIPAL AND 4 SECONDARY
BEDROOMS 2 BATHROOMS LOUNGE
HALL 4 RECEPTION ROOMS

ELECTRIC LIGHT

CENTRAL HEATING

GARAGE



GARDEN & LODGE

STABLES AND FARM BUILDINGS

PEARL AND KITCHEN GARDENS
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In all about 30 ACRES

TO BE SOLD FRESHOLD
(subject to Contract)

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In beautiful position protected by National Trust Land

SPLENDID COUNTRY RESIDENCE
having literary associations and in excellent order
Lounge hall drawing room dining room billiards room
with sprung dance floor computer office 5 principal
bedrooms 3 dressing 4 baths Staff Sal
Complete central heating Main electric light and water
Two cottages Three garages Two greenhouses Drains
etc Workshop and other outbuildings
Delightful undulating grounds with terraces croquet and
other lawns, summer house, etc and 5 acres natural
woodland

Confidently recommended by the Agents

In all about 10 ACRES FRESHOLD £12,500, or Residence, 1 Cottage and 3 Acres, £12,500.

S.182



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CIRENCESTER, GLOUCESTERSHIRE

THE WELL-KNOWN EASTINGTON ESTATE

FINE GEORGIAN RESIDENCE



Four reception, 7 bedrooms,
5 bathrooms, good domestic
offices.
Gardens and grounds, Ser-
vice's flat, CAPITAL
SMALL MIXED FARM OF
104 ACRES
Covehed for 9. Dutch barn,
stabling. Oatseed barn.
Main electricity. Estate
water. 25 ACRES Accom-
modation land. Thirteen
picturesque cottages.

Vacant Possession (except certain cottages)

For Sale by Auction in lots, unless sold privately, at Cirencester on September 18
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11 MILES SOUTH-WEST FROM HYDE PARK CORNER

Within 500 yards of Green Lane and bus route.

Fine Ripples of a Georgian House perfectly quiet and secluded



19 or 25 ACRES.

Nine bedrooms, 2 dressing
rooms, 4 sitting rooms, 4
bathrooms, central heating.
All mains. Lodge, 2 flats;
garage. Ornamental lakes,
beautifully timbered
grounds.

For Sale with Vacant Possession.

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FONTRIDGE MANOR, ETCINGHAM NEAR ROBERTSBURGH, SUSSEX CHARMING SUSSEX MANOR HOUSE



Louche, 3 reception, 11 bedrooms (fitted basins) 3 bath-
rooms, kitchen with A.B.

Central heating. Main water and electricity. Garages.
Excellent farmery. Oasthouses. Good cottage. Paddock

VACANT POSSESSION. ABOUT 48 ACRES
For Sale by Auction (unless sold privately) on
September 18, 1947, at Tunbridge Wells.

GREEN & COYLES, Hawkhurst, Kent, and JOHN D.
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OLD PLAW HATCH, near East Grinstead

For Private Residence, Hotel or Nursing Home

ATTRACTIVE HOUSE. Panelled lounge, 3 reception,
office, 12 bed, 6 bath, 2 servant's flats, modern kitchen with
base. Central heating. Main electricity. Garages, stabling
and farmery. Attractive gardens and paddocks.

About 12½ ACRES

For Sale by Auction, unless sold privately, in London
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FERRING-BY-SEA

MODERN GEORGIAN HOUSE WITH DIRECT
SEA FRONTAGE

3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, excellent
servants' quarters. All main services, central heating.
Modern lodge and garages. ABOUT 7 ACRES. Really
maintained gardens.

PRICE £15,000.

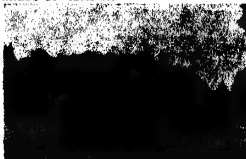
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By direction of the Trustees of the Late Lord Bennett of Mickleham.

JUNIPER HILL, MICKLEHAM, SURREY

ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL RESIDENTIAL PROPERTIES WITHIN
20 MILES OF LONDON

comprising
A Very Fine Pure
Georgian Country House
Superlatively modernized
with
Four Cottages and nearly
100 ACRES.
Surrounded by National
Trust Lands.
Large lofty rooms with
period decorations; 8 recep-
tion rooms, 12 bedrooms, 4
bath, (six suites); model
offices, all main services.



Complete automatic central heating. Electric passenger lift; private cinema, etc.

FRESHOLD. FOR SALE PRIVATELY

Sole Agents: JOHN D. WOOD & CO., 23 Berkeley Square, London, W.1.

BETWEEN DARTMOOR AND EXMOOR

20 miles Exeter.

ENCHANTING HOUSE 3,400 YEARS OLD (not low ceilings)

In spotless condition,
with 14 ACRES.

Four Cottages
and Buildings for small
F.T. Dairy herd.
3 reception and garden
room; 7/8 bed. (bains in
all), 2 bath. Electricity.
Complete central heating;
base cooler, etc. Ex-
cellent self-supporting garden.



FRESHOLD WITH POSSESSION. FOR SALE

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NORTH NORFOLK COAST

Cromer 5 miles. Sheringham 6 miles.

CHARMING MODERN RESIDENCE IN PERFECT
ORDER



3 bedrooms, 3 reception rooms, 4 bathrooms; modern
offices with A.B. Main electricity, water, gas and drainage.
Gardens, grounds slope down in a private sandy beach.
Well stocked kitchen garden and fruit garden with modern
gardener's cottage, 2 bed., sitting room, kitchen and bath.

ABOUT 3 ACRES. PRICE £11,000 FRESHOLD

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LOVELY COUNTRY BETWEEN GUILDFORD AND PETWORTH



REGENCY HOUSE

In excellent condition (11
miles from electrified
service).
3 sitting, 7 or 8 bedrooms,
2 baths.
Main services, central heat-
ing, base cooler.
Cottage, garage, stabling.
Old-world garden, orchard
and paddock.

5 ACRES FRESHOLD AT A TEMPTING PRICE.

A CHARMING OLD HOUSE in lovely situation with view to Fyfield Beacon
and 5 miles Dunstable; 4 sitting, 6 bed, 2 bath; central heating, mains;
3 cottages, stabling (1st) garage. 5½ ACRES FRESHOLD, 24,000.

OXON CHILTERNES NEAR TUNWYLL. 680 feet up: a 16th-CENTURY
COTTAGE; 4 sitting, 2 bed., bath; main; garage. NEARLY 1 ACRE
FRESHOLD, 24,000.

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WILLIAM AND MARY RESIDENCE 28 TO 100 ACRES

BENKE, 7 miles Reading, 1½ miles station. Charming old Country House, Lounge
with hall, billiard and reception rooms, 4 bathrooms, 11 bed and dressing room,
etc. Central heating, main electricity, A.B. Garages, stabling, cow house, 2 lodges,
and men's rooms. Grounds with lake. Hard tennis court, cricket, pasture and
etc. 28 ACRES or with THE ACRES including 1 BARNHOUSE, 3 MOOR
COTTAGES and FARM BUILDINGS.—TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street,
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MIDK-ELTON BORDERS. PERFECT GEORGIAN RESIDENCE in first
class condition. Hall, 3 reception, cloakrooms, 2 bathrooms, 5-7 bedrooms. All
main services. Central heating. Telephone. 2 GARAGES with PLAY OVER
etc. and 28 ACRES or with THE ACRES including 1 BARNHOUSE, 3 MOOR
COTTAGES and FARM BUILDINGS.—TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street,
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SAYS FOR QUICK SALE 25 ACRES

COTSWOLDS. 15 miles Cheltenham, 500 ft. up, extensive views. Very beautiful.
Astonishing black and white Residence. Hall, 3 reception, 2 bath, 5-7 bed. B.L.
garage, stable, cottage, gardens, orchard, 5 ACRES woodland, remainder pasture.
TRESIDDER & CO., as above. (23,104)

HERTS-BEDS BORDERS. 4 miles main line (near London). Late Georgian
Residence, 4 reception rooms, 4 bathrooms, 1 bed and dressing room. All main
services. Telephone. 1½ acre cottage. Garage for 3. Stable, Orchard (pasture). Grounds
and grounds (all) about 10 ACRES. 28 ACRES FRESHOLD.—TRESIDDER & CO.,
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BOURNMOUTH
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Sale on Thursday next. NEAR BOURNEMOUTH

Occupying a beautiful position in a typical country setting and enjoying the maximum of sunshine, 1½ miles from the railway town of Christchurch, 1½ miles Bournemouth. The unique residence of character and old-world charm, "The Vicarage," 46, Hurst Way, Christchurch, delightfully planned and occupying almost complete section.

Four bedrooms, bathroom, handsome lounge 30 ft. 6 in. x 15 ft. 6 in., dining room, entrance hall, kitchenette. All main service. Garage. Workshop on second garage. Summer house. Greenhouse. The garden and grounds form a delightful feature and include well-matured rhododendron bushes, ornamental trees and shrubs, wide spreading lawn, ornamental lily pond, charming rustic walk. Flower beds, numerous well-matured fruit trees, productive kitchen garden, fruit cage, and small portion of woodland.

The whole extending to an area of about 1 ACRE
To be sold by Auction at St. Peter's Hall, Milton Road, Bournemouth, on September 11, 1947 (unless previously sold privately)
Solicitors: Messrs. MARRALL HARVEY & JACOBS, Argyle Chambers, 31, Vale Road, Bournemouth. Auctioneers: Messrs. Fox & Sons, 44-46, Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth (Tel. 1, 6890, 6 lines), and branch offices.

Enjoying unsurpassed views of the sea and gardens.

WEST WORTHING

Occupying an unsurpassed position in the premier residential district of Worthing, within easy reach of town centre and West Worthing railway station.

EAST SUSSEX

A VERY ATTRACTIVE FRESHOLD AGRICULTURAL AND SPORTING ESTATE

CHARMING BLACK AND WHITE JACOBSEAN RESIDENCE

with 4-6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, dining room, drawing room, study. Downstairs kitchen and kitchen. Attractive ground including lawn, flower beds, kitchen garden and orchard. Garage and domestic outbuildings.

THE FARM BUILDINGS

Include modern bull's house, 8 cottages, cow shed for 34 with automatic troughs, feeding pens, bull pen, Danish pigsty, hay barn, 7 stall stables, 2 loose boxes and other useful buildings.

THE LAND

is in good heart and comprises rich pasture and fertile arable, compactly arranged, well drained and well watered. The whole extends 1½ miles

164 ACRES

Immediate Vacant Possession of the residence and grounds. The farm buildings and land are at present let, but it is understood such possession could be arranged.

PRICE \$15,000 FRESHOLD

For further particulars, apply: Fox & Sons, 117, Western Road, Brighton. Tel. Move 929 (5 lines).

Suitable for 12th, School or Institutional purposes.

WIMBORNE, DORSET

One mile from the town, 10 miles from Bournemouth, adjacent to Bradstone Golf Course.

THE IMPOSING FRESHOLD GEORGIAN RESIDENCE, MERLY HOUSE

Twenty principal and secondary bedrooms and dressing rooms, 6 bathrooms, 8 reception rooms, ample domestic offices. On a electricity and water. Central heating. Telephone. Perfect land drainage. Well-matured trees and shrubs, ornamental trees and shrubs, wide spreading lawn, ornamental lily pond, charming rustic walk. Flower beds, numerous well-matured fruit trees, productive kitchen garden, fruit cage, and small portion of woodland.

VACANT POSSESSION OF THE RESIDENCE AND ABOUT 10 ACRES OF LAND ON COMPLETION OF THE PURCHASE.

To be sold by Auction at St. Peter's Hall, Milton Road, Bournemouth, on Thursday, September 11, 1947, at 3 p.m. (unless previously sold privately).
Solicitors: Messrs. Fox & Sons, 44-46, Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth (Tel. 1, 6890, 6 lines), Southampton, Winton and Worthing; W. E. DAW, Esq., 30, Seale Drive, New Road Junction, Northbourne, Bournemouth.

MID-SUSSEX

Within 1 mile of Haslemere main line (London-Brighton) station.

MANOR HOUSE, MURSTPIERPOINT

Five bedrooms, dressing room, study, bathroom, 3 bath-rooms, hall and inner hall, 3 reception rooms, loggia. Three garages, small hall, small glass house. Electricity, company's water and gas, main drainage. Charming well-kept garden, including lawn, flower beds, fruit trees, kitchen garden. Extending in all to about 2 acres.

VACANT POSSESSION

To be sold by Auction (unless previously sold) at The Old Ship Hotel, Brighton, on Thursday, September 11, 1947.

Solicitors: Messrs. THOMAS ROGGE & SONS, 9, Old Steyne, Brighton.

Auctioneers: Fox & Sons, 117, Western Road, Brighton. Tel. 1, Move 929 (5 lines).

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SOUTH HAMPSHIRE COAST

Only 7 miles from Bournemouth.
PROBABLY ONE OF THE MOST CHARMING SMALL RESIDENCES ON THE SOUTH COAST
Occupying a gorgeous position with unsurpassed views including The Needles, Vent and the Isle of Wight.

Four bedrooms, beautifully fitted bathroom, dining hall with radiator and service hatch, charming lounge 30 ft. 6 in. by 16 ft. 6 in., with radiators and beamed ceiling. Kitchen, built-in main service. Built-in ward-dressing tables and ward-robe in two bedrooms. The garden is well laid out with ornamental brick path to front door, lawn and a variety of shrubs.

The residence is extremely unique in concept and is well constructed of brick with a thick wall.

VACANT POSSESSION. PRICE £7,000 FRESHOLD
For further particulars, apply: Fox & Sons, 44-46, Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth.

One of the Most Attractive Properties on the Market at the present time.

NEAR LYMINGTON, HAMPSHIRE

In a quiet but not isolated position within about 500 yards of the Seaside. Commanding extensive views to the sea and town.

CHARMING COUNTRY RESIDENCE situated on a gently sloping hill and fitted with modern central heating and conveniences.

Five bedrooms (3 fitted with bath, h. and c.), fitted bathroom, 3 reception rooms, sun parlour, kitchen and good office.

Electric lighting plant. Aga cooker. Excellent cottage. Large garage. Greenhouse, outbuildings.

Delightfully matured grounds pleasantly laid out with lawn, flower borders, ornamental trees and shrubs, very productive kitchen garden, fruit trees and bushes, small stream and water garden. The whole extends to an area of about 2½ acres.

Held on lease having an unexpired term of 99 years at a ground rent of £20 per annum.

VACANT POSSESSION ON COMPLETION OF PURCHASE
For further particulars, apply: Fox & Sons, 44-46, Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth.

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The garden and grounds are a particularly pleasing feature of the property and are exceedingly well maintained. They include lawn, croquet lawn, stock and green, delightful flower beds and herbaceous borders, rose garden, walled-in garden with well-maintained kitchen and fruit garden. The house is in excellent order. Gray paving, fully matured trees. Two valuable paddocks. TOTAL AREA 1½ ACRES. An additional 10 acres may be purchased if required. The Valuable Paddocks are situated on the South Coast of the Isle of Wight.

For further particulars and appointments to view, apply: Fox & Sons, 44-46, Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth. (Tel. 6000, 5 lines)

ESTATE

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Telegrams: "Estate, Harrods, London"

HARRODS

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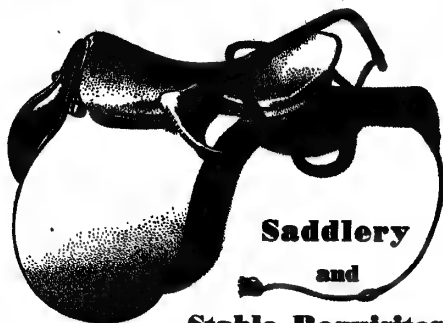
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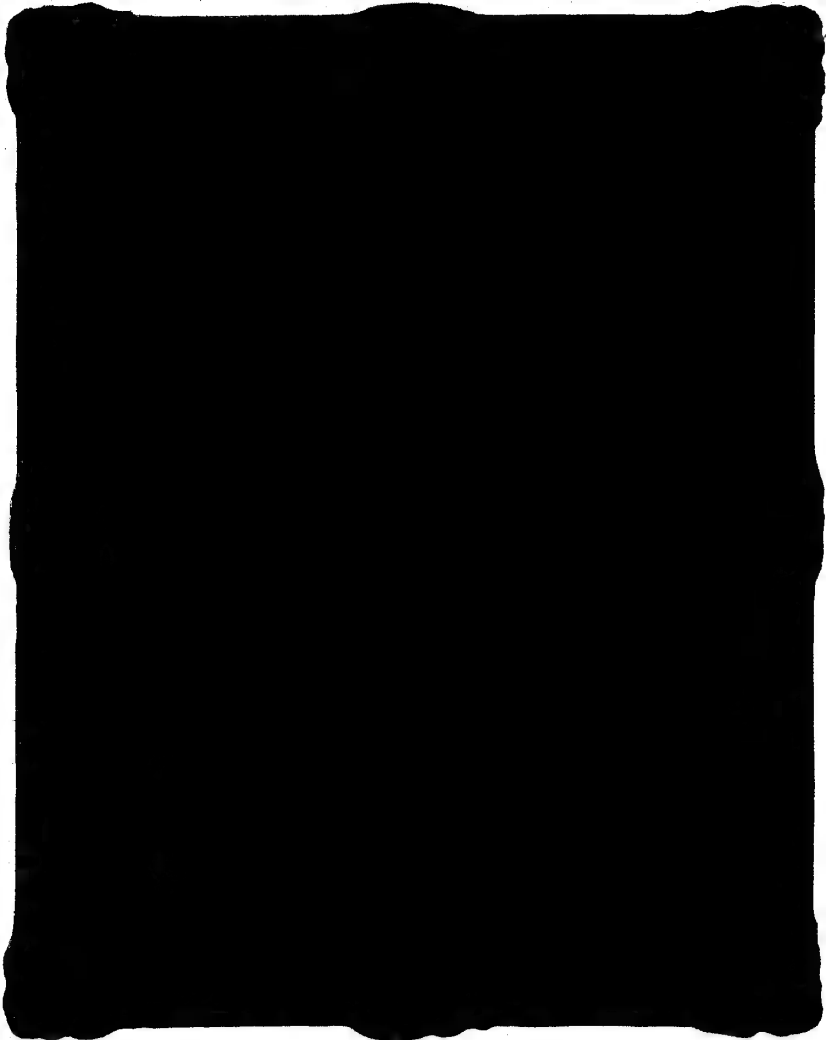
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KNITWEAR

COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. CII No. 2642

SEPTEMBER 5, 1947



Pearl Freeman

MISS DAPHNE BRUCE

Miss Daphne Bruce is the elder daughter of the Honourable John Bruce and a niece of Lord Aberdare

COUNTRY LIFE

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THE AGRICULTURAL PROGRAMME

NOBODY who wishes to help the country out of its present economic straits, or who foresees the unbounded possibilities of building better on the basis of our misfortunes, would say a word to deter the Government from their choice of agricultural revival as one of the chief means of dollar saving. At the same time, though the Government's agricultural policy since the war has not departed to any marked degree from that gradually worked out under the Coalition, their conversion to the idea that agricultural expansion can be made a serious financial asset and a serious contribution to restoring the balance of trade is a sudden one. When, in February, Lord Teviot proposed exactly the same plan which the Government now puts forward, and set before the House of Lords the very same target of £100,000,000 which is now produced, Lord Addison, while agreeing that expansion might be a good thing, refused to state a target and explicitly ruled out Lord Teviot's £100 millions as impossible of attainment. To judge by the speeches of the Minister and Mr. Herbert Morrison, the conversion is a complete one. The Government has decided, according to Mr. Morrison, that this programme of agricultural expansion must be carried out, and therefore that agriculture must be given the tools to do it. Unfortunately, it will be four years before the plan has its full effect and it might have been set on foot two years ago.

On the financial side the Government proposals are no doubt, as at present stated, acceptable to the farmer. Higher wage costs and higher costs of transport are to be covered, and the additional capital outlay involved is to be provided. "The additional sum being injected into the industry," says the Minister, "amounts to many millions and above that necessary for recoupment of cost increases, and will help to convince the farming industry that the Government really mean business and are determined that, so far as they are concerned, all the necessary inducements and resources are being provided to enable the additional £100,000,000 production to be attained." Sceptical economists may well ask what will be the price of those additions, and on what side of the balance-sheet it will appear when the £100,000,000 costs to be estimated. It is, in any case, most important that we should know whether the money is to be found by the taxpayer as subsidy, or by the consumer in enhanced prices. That is still, apparently, for Mr. Dalton to decide. It is a most vital matter when the cost of living is considered. One thing seems obvious in any case, that the cost of distribution of all kinds of food-stuffs must now be kept at the lowest possible level if costs of production and wholesale prices are not to soar. We have had

a recent example in the decontrolled fruit and vegetable market of the present disparity between costs of production and price to the consumer. Horticulture itself is capable of making a considerable contribution towards the £100 million if its expansion is wisely guided and its marketing properly developed, but here, as in the case of agriculture as a whole, development is hindered by shortage of materials (particularly of timber, glass and machinery), and the plea that no new machinery should be sold abroad and that horticulture should be given adequate supplies of suitable containers is still met by the reply that dollars are short.

It is a great advantage that the new agricultural programme is in its essentials largely an extension of an already established long-term

THE DANCE

*REMINDED of a cadence by Mozart,
R. T. today I watched four bromine butterflies
Claiming a ballroom from the summer skies,
Each lightly playing its appropriate part
In a quadrille which served to charm a heart
Late of afraid lest it had grown too wise
For such delightful trivialities—
Too wise, too sad for all such artists art.*

*How strange it is to think that sights like this,
Which yield to jaded minds a moment's bliss,
May, so experience teaches, long outlast
All but the vicarious, most peremptory pain:
How often shall I think with joy again
Of those four butterflies, to-morrow dust!*

RALPH LAWRENCE

programme which takes account of nutritional needs at home as well as the need to reduce imports from abroad. As Sir John Boyd Orr said in his recent report on the world food situation, the need for increasing the world's food supply is not only in Britain for agriculture is urgent. It is not only in Britain that these problems have to be faced. World food production, in order to keep pace with the increasing population, will need to be doubled within the next twenty-five years or the shortages will be impossible to meet. Sir John also sees danger ahead in the very real and acute lack of foreign credits, other countries beside our own, which were formerly large importers of food, will tend to become self-supporting. This, he fears, might later on cause the appearance of unmarketable surpluses, leading to the same chaos as that of 1929.

THE CURTAILED ROAD PLAN

IT is consonant with the general economic situation that the web of new radial and ring motor roads envisaged in the Greater London Plan should have been reduced after realistic examination by the Ministries of Transport and Planning. Of the ten "autobahns" suggested, four only have been approved for immediate use in the direction of Exeter, S. Wales, Birmingham and Brighton. The rest are to be developed on existing alignments with by-passes as required, and will not be for motor traffic only. They comprise the Gloucester, North, Norwich, Ipswich, Dover and Portsmouth Roads. Thus non-industrial East Anglia and Kent are not to be further motorised, for which residents may on the whole be thankful. On the other hand, the outer "E" Ring, at the radius of St. Albans, Egham, Redhill, Sevenoaks and Dartford-Purfleet tunnel, which was sketchy in the Plan, is to be continuous and the principal girdle round London, while the "D" Ring is eliminated, not only from Barnet and west of Cuslodon. But the "C" Ring, approximating to the North and South Circular Road, is to be completed with a river crossing at Walthamstow-Woolwich. Engineers contend that it is short-sighted not to proceed with the six abandoned speedways, but this programme seems quite sufficiently ambitious.

A GREAT CRICKET SEASON

THE recent fine weather has done a good turn to many people, and not least to the cricketers and those who watch them. The revenues of the county clubs have bounded up so that some that were not very prosperous have

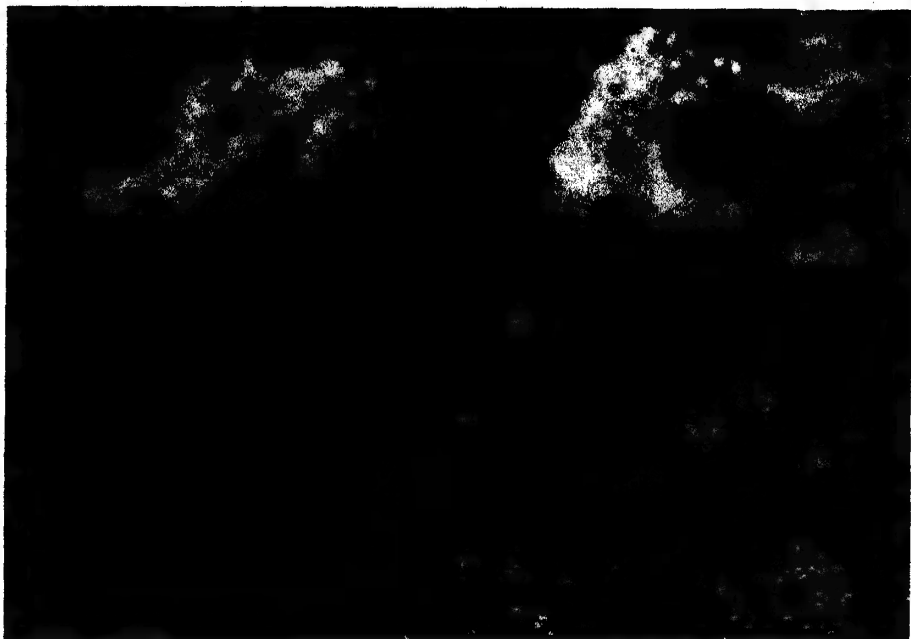
not merely got out of their difficulties but put away a little nest egg against a rainy season. Besides, of famous professional players, have been all records. Despite the hard wickets and the spate of runs there have been plenty of exciting matches played to a finish. It has been a great season, and it has not discovered quite so much bowling as we should like to see with a view to next summer's Test matches, it is good that plenty of good young cricketers have been encouraged, and that the game is still a part of the country. Middlesex, already rich, seem to have found one of really remarkable promise in the seventeen-year-old schoolboy, Ian Bedford, who displayed all the skill and enterprise of an experienced spin bowler against Surrey, Yorkshire, temporarily impoverished by the retirement of several older heroes, will soon regain their high estate with such new-comers as Smithson, Lester and Aspinall, and the same might be said of several other counties. Meanwhile an illustrious veteran, for so he must now almost be termed, in G. O. Allen, has been chosen with general approval to lead the touring team to the West Indies. He is still capable of a fine innings, and some destructive overs, but his chief assets are his long experience and the fact that he made so good and popular a captain in Australia.

FUTURE OF THE CONCRACKE

THE report of the British Trust for Ornithology on the distribution of the concracke bears out the generally accepted view that the remarkable decrease in the bird's numbers over much of Britain during the past half century is due chiefly to the increased use of the mowing-machine, combined with the growing tendency to begin haymaking earlier. In the south and the east of England, where the falling-off in population has been most marked, up to 80 per cent. of the grass has been mown by machine for the past 50 years; in the highlands and islands of Scotland and in north-west Ireland, where the birds did better, the falling-off has been less, it is only within the last decade that mowing by machinery has reached such proportions. In the area where the bird has decreased most not less than 75 per cent. of the hay crop is cut during incubation and the first fortnight of fledging; in the districts where it still flourishes, roughly speaking, the mowing is done only after the young are a fortnight old and thus able to look after themselves. A further spread in the use of the mowing-machine clearly might reduce the bird to a rarity over nearly all of the British Isles. There is also the danger of an increase in cutting for silage, which takes place this way being better for hay, and for grass-drying, which is an important feature of the Government's expansion plans. All in all, the concracke's future does not look very promising.

MABLETHORPE'S MERMAID

MERMAIDS have been coming into their own since there were lately two plays being simultaneously acted in London theatres dealing with these charming monsters. This book, however, does not seem to extend to Lincolnshire. It was proposed at a meeting of the Mablethorpe and Sutton Urban District Council to order as an advertising symbol a mermaid riding on a fish. It was thereupon objected by some councillors, overcome by mermaidly modesty, that the lady had not enough clothes on. Perhaps they would have preferred her as described by an ancient author, who said that mermaids were not fabulous "only their bodies are rostrated, and a scaled all over." One member wanted to know whether she was riding her fish side-saddle. He, it would seem, had made an insufficient study of anatomy. It is not known how he voted after the facts had been made clear to him. Another thought such creatures were out-of-date, presumably as a result of out-of-date water-pipe. Nobody urged that as a mermaid had a fish's tail of her own it was a work of supererogation to mount her on a fish, but in any case Oberon saw "a mermaid on a dolphin's back" so that this objection would hardly stand. After a spirited contest the design was approved by eight votes to six, and Mablethorpe will have its alliterative symbol after all.



Percy G. Luck

HARVEST-TIME ON THE SUSSEX DOWNS

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

WHEN one travels up to London from Hampshire these days, one obtains a good view of the surrounding countryside, partly because the railway track for most of the way is in the nature of an embankment as opposed to a cutting, and partly also because one usually stands in the corridor instead of sitting in a corner seat. This is one of the penalties one pays for living on 'a route that leads a most popular seaside resort, and during the months of August and September, whether one travels by rail or by road, one is constantly reminded of this drawback to one's choice of residence. For the greater part of the way the track runs through first-class farm lands which are most efficiently farmed, and from what I see from my standpoint in the corridor, agriculture here has not suffered from the adverse weather conditions of the early months of the year to the same extent as in the rest of the British Isles.

DURING a journey to London I always obtain a quite optimistic opinion of the state of the crops in England until I read in my newspaper a report on the country generally and realise I have been viewing something well above the average. I catch a glimpse also of pheasants feeding outside the small woods and sometimes coveys of partridges among the roots, which are not high enough yet to hide them. From this I am led to believe that the shooting season will be better than conditions in other parts lead one to expect, and one way and another the countryside in this part of the world seems to put all its best features in the shop windows.

Here and there the railway track runs near stretches of the famous Itchen, and farther to the north one obtains a fleeting view of the Wyre and some smaller streams that I have never identified for certain; but, though it is commonly

believed that all the waters of the British Isles are over-fished, I have never managed yet to detect an angler on the banks of these little rivers. Then the scenery changes as one runs northwards into red-brick and red-tiled suburbia, but there is just one small patch of open country intervening between Surbiton and Malden, in which buildings are now rapidly encroaching, where one sees what remains of the poor little Mole. Many years ago I walked up the very rural banks of this small stream and saw among other things a fisherman catch a three-quarter-pound trout on a worm; and it was a very fine conditioned trout, too. The unhappy little Mole does not look as if it could hold fish now, and I imagine the time is close at hand when, like so many of London's forgotten trout streams, it will be packed up into a culvert for the greater part of its length.

THE MOLE, however, is not the last manifestation of country life that one comes across before reaching London proper at Waterloo, for suddenly, after passing a particularly large and nauseating refuse dump and a sewage farm, one sees among a maze of dingy factories near Earlsfield a tiny stretch of the once famous Wandis, which in some remarkable fashion has managed to escape the inroads of modern civilisation at its worst. Here there is a very small patch of green meadow-land about the size of a cricket pitch, there are two or three large willow trees overhanging the water, along the banks there is still something in the nature of camp-shedding, and through this tiny oasis of other days the Wandis flows as it did in the

days when Nelson fished it during his time ashore at Merton before Trafalgar.

This little relic of the past is so circumscribed that with the passage of the train it has come and gone before one has had time to notice the colour of the water and decide whether Nelson could have caught a trout there to-day or not. Moreover, since he lived some little distance away at Merton House, it is possible that this particular stretch of water was not on his usual beat. I have an idea, though, that there was a mill here in the past, and that in the deep pool above the weir and in the run below it some good fish lay, since the Wandis, though it is difficult to realise it now, was once a chalk-stream. I like to think, therefore, that, on his last evening at his home, Nelson fished this particular stretch and caught a brace of the big ones that were rising under the willows.

A WOULD-BE ornithologist who has recently started to study birds and their movements has asked me a question concerning that late summer visitor, the nightjar, whose nocturnal churring once disturbed my night's rest, though to-day I can no longer hear the low-pitched note. After nights of careful stalking he has discovered that the nightjar's nest is not a nest at all, but merely a slight depression in the ground. He wishes to know if this is anything to do with the existing housing difficulty, and whether the nightjar, finding herself unable to obtain building materials, has to manage without. I have assured him that the present shortage has nothing to do with her primitive methods, and that to my certain knowledge the goat-sucker, as the bird is called in Dorset, has refrained from anything in the nature of building operations for at least four years since I first made acquaintance with it.

THROUGH HISTORIC SURREY & SUSSEX

ONE of the examples that London sets provincial cities is that most of the roads out of it are easy and direct. The Worthing road is no exception, although one has nearly ten miles to cover before bricks and mortar come to an end.

Starting along the Kennington Road, most famous for its Oval, the headquarters of Surrey cricket, one gets one's first glimpse of early history, for here was established the hock-tide that is still practised at Hungerford and one or two other places. Hardicute died at the royal palace here, either from poisoning or from excessive drinking; at any rate, hock-tide, with its promiscuous kisses, was established to celebrate the event, which does not suggest that the people were mourning the loss of a popular king. Then away past Clapham Common, through Balham and Tooting, two of the most popular London suburbs, past South Wimbledon, the Cheam and Nonsuch Park, till the by-pass leaves Ewell to the right. The old name of Etwelle stood for the streams which once ran through the streets of the last-named place, and there are still some old houses in the High Street with outcrops of upper storeys.

At the end of the by-pass keep straight on into Epsom, famous for its salts and racecourse. Epsom was only a hamlet until 1618, when the wells were discovered, but by the beginning of the 18th century it had become a resort of all the fashion of London. In 1715, however, when the old well was closed, it collapsed. From the 17th century Epsom had its horse races; then, at a dinner party in 1778, the Oaks was founded, followed by the Derby. So, for one week every year, Epsom is a place of national fame; it then subsides for the next fifty-one weeks into a pleasant, residential town.

In the church there are Flaxman and Chantrey monuments and a "vinegar" Bible, so called because in that edition "vinegar" is printed for "vineyard" in the heading of the well-known parable. There are several 18th-century houses in Church Street, including Pitt House, with Elizabethan and Caroline carved figures. Waterloo House, in the High Street, was originally the New Inn, built for the accommodation of fashionable visitors in the 17th century; the King's Head is the house at which Samuel Pepys stayed; adjoining it is the house, now a café, that was occupied by Nell Gwyn when Charles II was there.

So on through Ashted, where the church, over to the left, stands in what was once a Roman camp. Pre-Roman remains have been discovered in part of the fosse. The inn with the curious name, The Leg of Mutton and

By R. T. LANG

Cauliflower, is an old coaching-house. The City of London Freeman's School is in the park where Charles II, James II and William III were entertained. Then straight along the Leatherhead by-pass to Lord Beaverbrook's home, Cherley Court, and along the by-pass to Mickleham (Fig. 2). In the church (where Fanny Burrey was married), there are two curious seats, made from an old tombstone, which were found in 1823. One entry in the records here throws an interesting light on restrictions 300 years ago. In 1632 Lady Frances Stydole was granted a licence, owing to illness, "to eat flesh in Lent"; the next year the whole family developed the same illness and obtained a similar licence!

Burford Bridge lies at the foot of Box Hill, a delightful spot on which to idle away a summer afternoon. Lord Nelson is said here to have bidden his last farewell to Lady Hamilton before leaving for the Battle of Trafalgar. John Keats finished *Endymion* at the inn here in 1815. George Meredith lived at Flint Cottage (Fig. 1) and Daniel Defoe in the old rooms of a modern house just over the bridge. *Robinson Crusoe*, incidentally, was a first newspaper serial; it appeared as a feuilleton in *Heathcote's Intelligencer*.

Then along the by-pass that cuts out Dorking, beyond the end of which there is a grand view of Leith Hill, rising magnificently to the right. The church at Capel is 18th century; the almshouses are modern (1871), but picturesque. The country is now exceedingly pretty; soon we enter Sussex, to which Rudyard Kipling paid loving tribute.

Here through the strong and shadeless days

The twinkling silence thrills;

Or little, lost, Down churches praise

The Lord who made the hills:

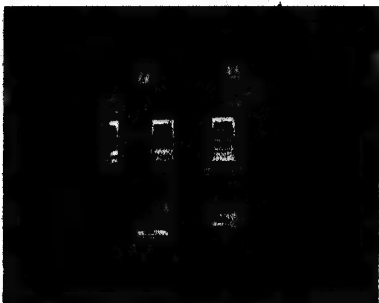
But here the Old Gods guard their round,

And, in her secret heart,

The heathen kingdom Wilfrid found

Dreams as she dwells apart.

The dreams become reality as one travels steadily southward to any one of what Swinburne termed its "girdle-jewels of gleaming towns." It was in the mill pond at Warnham



1.—FLINT COTTAGE, BOX HILL; THE HOME OF GEORGE MEREDITH

that P. B. Shelley, as a child, used to sail his little boat, fearful of the great tortoise that was said to haunt it.

A short distance from Warnham comes Horsham, which neolithic remains prove was occupied by primeval man. The name is said to have arisen from the fact that horse-shoes were made here for the army of Edward I, but the place was known as Hors-ham, the horse-meadow, so long before that as 947. Another claim is that the name came from Horsa, the companion of Hengist. The town hall, 300 years old, was rebuilt in 1888; near it stands the postbox that was used for letters going by the mail coaches. Horsham Park, now the headquarters of the U.D.C., is a good specimen of the solid brickwork of the late 17th and early 18th centuries. There is some excellent timber in the grounds, including a tulip tree, 104 feet high, which is one of the finest in England. The ancient stocks, the whipping-post and the bull ring (bulls were baited here till 1818) are still to be seen in the market square.

The Causeway (Fig. 4), leading from the main street to the church, and lined with chestnuts and limes, is a lovely street of old houses. St. Mary's Church was almost entirely rebuilt in 1865, but it has still some of its original 13th-century work, tombs of the Shelleys, a 14th-century de Braose monument, a 15th-century canopied tomb and a spire 136 ft. high. Horsham has the dubious honour of having been the last place where a criminal was pressed to death (in 1735)—one of the most hideous of the old punishments. The grammar school, which was founded in 1532 and rebuilt in 1889, is now an elementary school. Two miles south-west of the town lies the famous public school, Christ's Hospital. Founded by Edward VI for orphan children, it is better known as the Bluecoat School, because of the dress of the boys, a blue coat with yellow stockings. Until about a hundred years ago a yellow petticoat and blue cap were also included. S. T. Coleridge, Leigh Hunt and Charles Lamb were all "bluecoat boys." The Needles, on the right of the road out of the town, is said to have been built about 1466.

Climbing out of the town, one passes, on the left, beautiful Denne Park with its celebrated double avenue of limes (Fig. 5). The house was built in 1804, but the tower is considerably older. Five miles from Horsham is an historic spot, for it was under a tree in West Grinstead Park (on the left) that Pope composed the final version of *The Rape of the Lock*. While Pope was staying at Tusmore Park, near Brackley, Lord Petre, in a moment of mischief, cut off a lock of the hair of Miss Arabella Fermor, the heiress of the house. Not uncharacteristically, she was annoyed, but Pope made up the quarrel with some impromptu lines, which he afterwards polished into the famous poem. The village of West Grinstead with its partly Norman church, lies about a mile to the left. In a little



2.—THROUGH THE SURREY CHALK: THE MICKLEHAM BY-PASS

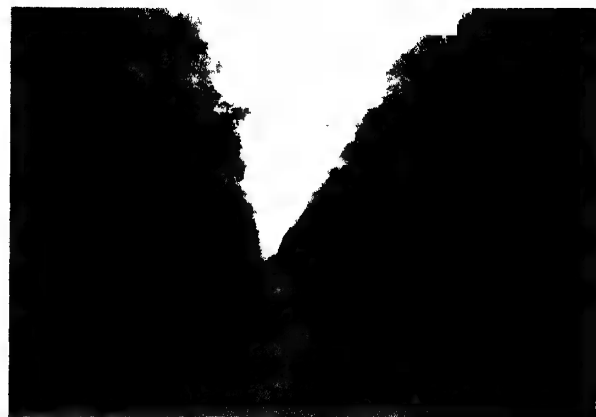
more than another mile the gaunt fragments of Knepp Castle stand on the right. They consist of a small portion of the Norman keep which was once the seat of the great family of de Braose and where a large establishment was maintained for the hunting pleasure of King John. The lake 100 acres in extent is the largest sheet of water in south-east England.

After passing the 15th century church of Ashington one comes to the picturesque village of Washington where there was originally a Saxon settlement. The tower of the church is 15th-century. The little village however attained a greater fame when Mr Hilaire Belloc wrote

*They sell good beer at Haslemere
And under Guildford Hall
At little Cowfold as I've been told
A beggar may drink his fill
There is a good brew in Amberley too
And by the Bridge also
But the swipes they take in at the Washington
inn
Is the very best beer I know*

From here the road climbs the Downs with mighty Chanctonbury Ring a mile to the left. Seven hundred and eighty five feet high Chanctonbury is the highest of the South Downs hereabouts with its great crown of beeches first planted in 1760 standing boldly against the skyline. The encampment at the summit was used by the Romans but is believed to have been a stronghold of neolithic man long before then.

The country through Findon is very lovely. Lady Butler took it as a background for her picture of Balaklava. Above the village rises Cissbury Ring (603 ft.) with another Roman camp on top where the fosse and vallum are in excellent preservation. Ages before that it had been a home of early warriors. The hill is a mass of mounds to which these prehistoric ancestors had gone for their flints. Then alongside Offington Park the ancient seat of the Lords De La Warr to Broad water in whose ample churchyard lie two famous men of letters Richard Jefferies and W. H. Hudson. The church which goes back



to the 12th century is the mother church of Worthing in addition to venerable brasses and monuments it contains an old oak communion table three oak stalls a 14th century oak screen and two 16th century tombs of the Lords De La Warr.

It is only another mile and a half into Worthing which after a Saxon origin was nothing but a tiny village till 1799 when the Princess Amelia came to it for the bathing which George III and his court did more to encourage than probably anyone else in our history. Before that washing was almost unknown among all classes in this country. Ladies patched and powdered and men wore their wigs till they were crawling with lice the lovely ladies whom Lely and Gainsborough painted were as dirty in their persons as many

3—DENNE PARK, HORSHAM, WITH ITS FINE DOUBLE AVENUE OF LIMES

a hag of the streets and men were no better. The full development in national cleanliness did not begin for another hundred years but it was the court of George III that started the movement towards clean skins.

Worthing is typical of these jewel towns of Sussex. It has no great historic interest but it has a delightful beach and sands a promenade three miles long a pier 860 ft long a pavilion that seats a thousand people a band stand with accommodation for 2250 listeners and above all a beautiful mild air. More than that it is increasing steadily in popularity among those who seek a place in which to spend their retirement.



4.—THE CAUSEWAY, HORSHAM, AN ATTRACTIVE SUSSEX STREET OF MEDIAEVAL AND REGENCY HOUSES

THE CAMARGUE RE-VISITED

I.—FLAMINGOES, HERONS AND TERNS

Written and Illustrated by G. K. YEATES

1.—FLAMINGOES FEEDING IN ONE OF THE CHARACTERISTIC SHALLOW ÉTANGS OF THE CAMARGUE

TEN years is a reasonable interval of time between an ornithologist's visits to a bird-haunt, for in a period shorter than a decade changes in population and distribution are by no means apparent. This summer I was able, thanks to the courtesy of the *Société d'Acclimatation de France*, to pay a return visit to the great bird sanctuary of the Camargue at the mouth of the Rhône for the first time since 1938.

To the physical appearance of the Camargue ten years have brought no change, despite the war and the occupation of the area by French, German and Allied troops in turn. The Germans, however, viewed the Camargue with some concern as a possible landing-place for a Second Front and mined considerable areas, especially near the seaboard.

Mine-clearance has been carried out, but in that wide delta of lagoon and salt-marsh there is little confidence that it has been 100 per cent. effective. Thus large areas, especially near Les Saintes-Maries and along the Mediterranean, are listed as unsafe, and the fact that the local inhabitants scorn the idea of mines does not impress the foreign visitor as

much as do the casualty records in the hospital at Arles.

Nevertheless, the greater part of the Camargue is as untouched as it was before, and no prospective visitor need be put off by the talk of mines, for there is ground and to spare for bird-watching.

Changes, however, there have been in the birds, caused not by the war and the hand of man, but by the elements and Nature. For nearly 10 years the Camargue knew drought, and in that time the *étangs* and fresh marshes achieved a degree of dryness beyond any in living memory. My visit in 1937 saw the last of the wet seasons. In 1938 one winter without heavy rain had shrunk the *étangs* to mere shadows of their former selves. From 1938 to 1946 the drought continued, until one can only imagine how little water was left. These desert-like conditions I did not see, for last winter was both cold and wet, and the water-level this year was back once more nearly to the level of 1937, though the fresh marshes were still lower than normal.

Years of drought seem to have unsettled especially the heron family. In the delta the

chief breeding species are purple herons, little egrets and night herons. The first, being a lover of the reed-beds, has frequently changed its breeding stations, for it is a species that is reluctant to nest unless the water attains a fair depth. The other two are colonial nesters in the tree-tops, and for a number of years up to 1939 nested regularly in the "jungles" along the Rhône bank (Figs. 2 and 3). This they have continued to do, but in colonies that have been erratic and varied in position from year to year. For three years they even retired north of Arles outside the real delta. This capriciousness has no doubt been caused by the need to be near good feeding-grounds, namely, fresh marshes with water in them, and by the liking of these herons for deep water surrounding and protecting their nesting trees, although, strange to relate, the one constant colony has been in pine-trees in a very arid sandy situation.

White egrets, flying clear-cut against the ultramarine sky of the South, are, however, not so common a feature of the Camargue landscape to-day as they were 10 years ago. The same cannot be said of the purple heron. As of old, it frequently springs from a road-side ditch, sur-

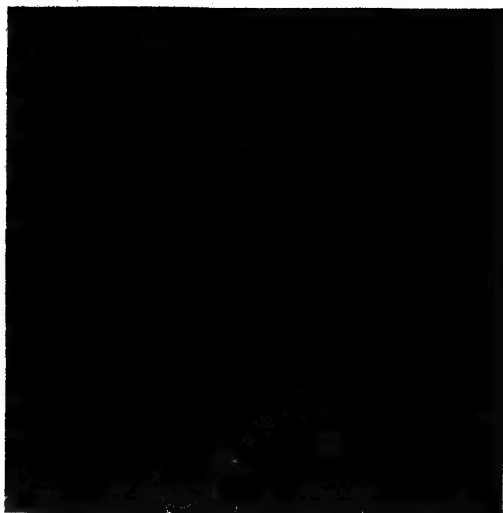


2.—NIGHT HERONS AND (right) 3.—LITTLE EGRETS NEST IN TREES ALONG THE BANK OF THE RHÔNE

prised at its fishing by a passing car. Nevertheless only one breeding colony was actually located, in a vast reed-bed that towered above our heads as we struggled through its uncontrolled growth and deep water to the nests. With visibility confined to the sky immediately above one's head and a foot in front where the reed screen intervened, a compass was a vital necessity. Here in the silence of the reeds we spent some hours in the company of this very beautifully coloured heron (Fig. 5). At close quarters it resembles in its mannerisms, more a bittern than a heron, for it has the same ability to attenuate itself into an eel or to telescope itself into a fat ball.

That great bird of the Camargue, the flamingo, (Fig. 1) seems to have adapted itself to the dry conditions, for it bred successfully in the middle of the drought in 1942 and again in 1947. Few birds are more capricious and uncertain about their nesting than the flamingo. There is, however, no greater bird-sight in the world than a "flamingo city," and even the great lines of feeding birds, spread over an *étang*, paint a wonderful picture, though never then as brilliant as when they rise and fly, displaying their scarlet under-wing coverts. Then a riot of rose-pink flashes across the blue sky.

Cold winters in the Camargue are remembered for their rarity. In the hard spell of last winter even the South of France got its share of snow, which lay in Arles for six weeks—an event that was still a subject for conversation three months later. Certainly the cold was intense, for some of the small insect-eating species that do not migrate appear to have suffered very badly. Two in particular call for comment—the fantail and Cetti's warblers. Ten years ago the sombre, unobtrusive fantail warbler was a typical species of the marshy fields and dyke-sides. This year I neither saw nor heard a single bird, nor could I hear of any reports of it. Cetti's warbler was even more obviously an absentee, for this little bird has a powerful, unmistakable song which it utters as a protest when the undergrowth it loves is invaded by human trespassers. Before, I had known its song as one of the characteristic sounds of the Camargue; this year I never heard it once. That most attractive small bird, the penduline tit, has also been reduced, presumably from the same cause. It has not suffered, however, as badly as the two resident warblers, for although I found no nest, I heard a few birds as they went about



5.—THICK REED-BEDS ARE THE NESTING-PLACE OF THE PURPLE HERON, WHICH AT CLOSE QUARTERS RESEMBLES MORE A BITTERN THAN A HERON



4.—THE GREAT REED-WARBLE IS MERELY AN ENLARGED EDITION OF THE BRITISH REED-WARBLE

their business in the tamarisks, delightfully tame and quite scornful of a mere man's presence.

The higher water-level of the fresh marshes and lagoons was reflected in the number of whiskered terns nesting and in the return of the gull-billed tern. Between 1838 and 1945 the latter, which previously nested annually in the *étangs* near the sea, had entirely deserted the Camargue. One pair bred in 1946, but this year they were back to full strength, especially in the Petite Camargue. The gull-bill is a tern of the saline *étang*, the whiskered of fresh water. Both it and its close ally, the black tern, are abundant in early May, though most of the latter move on for nesting, but up to the last week of the month both were always present over the marshes and

flooded rice-fields. A whiskered ternery is a fascinating place. Our British tern colonies are sited on sandy beaches or spits, but the marsh terns build floating nests in short reed-growth in perfect natural gardens of water crowfoot (Fig. 6). The birds too are tamer than are British species, and if you stand still a few yards from one of the many nests, it will not be long before one of the shrieking, protesting, circling mob of birds forgets its indignation and wrath and pitches on to its nest close by. To it the cock also will not be long in coming, for they are very closely wedded, these whiskered terns, and spend much time in each other's company at the nest.

Where the reeds grow long and tall (by the edge of the marshes or in the road-side ditches)

a harsh, guttural croaking announces the abundance of the great reed-warbler, (Fig. 4) a straightforward enlarged edition of our own species. I can see no real difference at all between them except in size, a distinction that is found also in their nests. The eggs of the great reed-warbler, too, are correspondingly larger, and it was this that led to a surprise, for we were watching a nest with four eggs, waiting for them to hatch, and when they did so, found a young cuckoo in occupation! The great reed-warbler's and the cuckoo's eggs are exactly the same size, and the cuckoo had laid a perfect facsimile of its fosterer's egg. Only the hatch revealed the truth!

(To be concluded)



6.—A WHISKERED TERN ALIGHTING AT ITS NEST IN A FRESH-WATER MARSH

THE ART OF ROPE-MAKING

Written and Illustrated by C. F. F. SNOW



1.—AN OLD-TIME ROPE-MAKER FEEDING OUT FIBRE AS HE WALKS BACKWARDS. (Right) 2.—SISAL COMBED AND STRAIGHTENED BY A CARDING MACHINE



THE art of rope- and twine-making is one of the oldest in the world. The ancient Egyptians used flax for making twines, and the fibres of the date tree for rope-making. As long ago as 200 B.C. the ships of Syracuse were rigged with ropes made of hemp grown in the valley of the Rhone.

In our own country the rope-, twine- and net-making industries are among the oldest industries we have. On the Tyneside ropes were certainly made over five hundred years ago. Hangmen's ropes were made at Bridport in 1500, and from this originated the saying, "May he be stabbed with a Bridport dagger."

Up to the latter half of the last century, rope-making was carried out in small factories, or rope-walks, as they were called. These rope-walks were found in almost every port or fishing town in the United Kingdom, and in many inland towns also. London had its share, and such names as Ropemaker Street, Finsbury, and Ropemakers' Fields, Linchouse, are evidence that the work was carried on in these districts. It is said that a rope-walk once occupied the site where Cannon Street Station now stands.

At the upper end of the rope-walk was a spinning wheel, turned by a boy. The spinner fixed a bundle of dressed hemp round his waist and from this he drew out a few fibres and fixed them to a hook on the wheel, which was then turned. A band passed round the wheel and round a whorl on the twisting hooks, making them revolve rapidly, and twisted the thread as the spinner walked slowly backward, feeding out fresh fibre as he went. The part already twisted drew more fibre out of the bundle round the spinner's waist. He regulated the quantity

of fibre drawn out with his fingers, and upon his skill depended the quality of his product.

When the spinner arrived at the end of the walk, the rope was attached to a reel, and as the reel was turned he came slowly up the walk, keeping the yarn at equal tension all the way.

With the advent of machinery for fibre-preparing and yarn-spinning, and steam power for machinery, the old rope-walks fell into disuse, and few can now be found in operation. To-day rope-making is carried on mainly by large firms, each with an output of thousands of tons every year.

In the time of Nelson most rope was made from Russian hemp, but nowadays Manila fibre is the usual raw material. This is produced mainly in the Philippines, and during the war it was very difficult to obtain. Sisal, a British Empire product grown mostly in East Africa, is also largely used, more so since supplies of Manila became scarce.

Rope-making can be divided into three stages—preparing the fibres for spinning, the spinning itself and the building up and laying of the ropes from the yarns.

The bales of Manila, or sisal, fibre are brought into the mill and opened. The fibre is sometimes too long to be combed successfully and has to be cut into lengths of five or six feet. The fibre is then passed through a succession of machines which combs it and lays it evenly into a long ribbon of fibre known as a sliver. Combing and doubling of the slivers results in a long endless ribbon of fibre which is coiled into metal cylinders and put aside ready for twisting into yarn. In spinning the sliver enters the back of



3.—THE YARN FOR MAKING TWINE IS PRODUCED DIRECT FROM THE SLIVER ON SPINNING FRAMES



4.—A BANK OF SPINDLES ON WHICH ARE PLACED BOBBINS OF YARN. (Right) 5.—STRANDS COME OUT FROM THE BOBBINS AND ARE DRAWN INTO A TUBE TO BE BOUND TOGETHER



6.—THE TOP-CART MOVES ALONG THE ROPE-WALK AS THREE STRANDS ARE TWISTED INTO A ROPE

the spinning frame and is spun into yarn. The size of the yarn can be varied by altering the size of the spindles and the various wheels on the spinning frame.

The yarns when spun are ready for the final process of rope-making. This is done in a rope-walk, but not by hand as it used to be.

The rope-walk is approximately 1,000 feet in length. At the top is a bank of spindles, and on these are placed the bobbins of yarn which are to be made into rope. The yarns are then run through the register plates, and are passed through different hole circles for various sizes of ropes. On the correct placing of yarns in this

way depends their ultimate position in the rope. Many of the ropes have red or blue yarns running through them. This not only looks attractive but forms a distinguishing mark, and many shipping lines and yacht owners have their own combination of colour woven into every rope made for them.

The strands are gathered together and passed through a cast iron "tube" which binds the yarns together to make thick and solid strands. These strands are attached to a "travelling twister," a machine that travels up and down the rope-walk on a set of rails. The machine is driven by power, and as it moves it pulls the yarn through the tubes and imparts twist to the strands.

When the strands are long enough for the rope that is being made, they are cut near the tubes and attached to separate hooks at the top end of the walk. At the other end the strands are taken from the separate hooks and the correct number of strands for the rope being made are put on to one hook.

The top-cart, which is a small truck which moves up and down the rails, is then brought into use. The strands are laid in separate grooves in the "top"; then the hooks of the machine at the top of the rope-walk and those of the travelling twister at the bottom are set in

7.—THE 1,000-FT. ROPE-WALK

motion, and the strands of the rope being formed are twisted together.

This twisting action forces the top-cart slowly along the rails back towards the top end of the walk, where the rope began its life on the banks of spindles. Between the traveller machine, now stationary at the bottom of the walk, and the top-cart is an ever-lengthening piece of complete rope, while between the top-cart and the fore-board machine at the top of the walk is a shortening length of separate strands.

The ropes are then reeled and taken to a great storehouse, where they are packed ready for despatch.

A COUNTRYWOMAN'S NOTES

By EILUNED LEWIS

IT was a joy to see the Welsh hounds on their native heath and under the soft, pigeon-coloured skies of Carmarthen at the meeting of the Royal Welsh Agricultural Society, remembering, as one did, the pleasant things that had been said of them recently in India, where these hounds are prized for qualities that make them invaluable at home. It is a far cry from the kennels of the Bombay Hunt Club to the green banks of Towy, but here were the wiry lemon-and-white coat last discovered at Choler, the distinguishing build of leg and shoulder and the great voice which, like all its countrymen, the Welsh hound is not afraid to use.

The origin of this breed is interesting, and goes back to the French boar hounds, introduced into South Wales by Norman monks and Marcher lords. There is a written record of certain hounds being sent from France to the monks at Margam in the Middle Ages, and then handed on to the Lord of the Manor at the time of the Monasteries' dissolution. Certainly the strain has produced great hunting qualities, and finds its way into countless kennels outside Wales.

But if the protagonists at Carmarthen occasionally growled at one another (another native characteristic perhaps?), the atmosphere of the judging tent had a cathedral-like solemnity. Seated on narrow benches, the friends and relatives of the competing packs—Nant Fawr, Vale of Clew, David Davies, Plas Machynlleth, and other famous names—held their breath and spoke in subdued voices while the white-robed huntsmen, their keen faces masked by the awful solemnity of the moment, paraded their charges, and the two judges, "deep calling unto deep," conferred with each other and kept the balance trembling with immense deliberation.

Watching from the ring-side later in the day the procession of Welsh black cattle, Shorthorn milking cows and Ayrshire bulls, dapper cobs and ponies, the brood mares with their charming thoroughbred foals running beside them, and the great Shire horses with their feathered hocks,

one wondered how it was that just such shows as these were conducted in old days without the aid of a loud speaker.

Punctuating the animated buzz of the field, the floating sound of voices and laughter, the whinnying and lowing of distant horses and cattle, a stentorian voice demanded, "Attention! Attention!" every five minutes. At one moment it was to announce that a water-pipe had burst in the stock-yard, then to inform all parents that a four-year-old boy, wearing blue shorts and a fawn pull-over, and not answering to any name, was missing in such-and-such a field, and finally to tell us that Mr. John Evan Thomas, of Blaencwm, had mislaid his Russian book on the show-ground. Further research revealed the fact that it was his *ration* book that Mr. Thomas had lost, but not before one had toyed with the pleasant thought of the hardy Welsh farmer searching for the latest *Pravda* publication.

THIS summer's golden weather imparted a Mediterranean air to our remotest western shores. Day after day, cloudless skies, the clarity of light striking on rock, pebble and fronded seaweed, and most of all the silken sheen on the surface of the water brought to mind, not our misty Atlantic, but the clear-cut shapes of the Grecian Isles. An old inhabitant of the Pembrokeshire coast used to maintain that it was the Greek word for sea, *thalassa* (rather than the stormy Welsh *mor*) which best fitted the summer seas round these lovely bays and inlets, the very word conveying the whispering, caressing sound of little waves among the rocks.

Yet how empty are these western shores, how unfrequented the sea except for seals and ocean birds! If these were indeed the Isles of Greece there would be little towns crowning the cliffs, and vine-covered hostellers dispensing red wine. But here the traveller, having with difficulty persuaded a boatman to convey him thither, scrambles ashore with thermos flask and sandwiches, and shares his domain all day with

buzzards and rabbits, or at most with the few ponies and sheep belonging to a solitary farmhouse.

So many learned people have written about the bird life of the Pembrokeshire islands that I shall not presume to set foot on that particular preserve. But even an ignoramus can be amused by the marked differences of character shown by these ocean creatures. The gannets of Grassholm, huddled together on their elevated nests, put one in mind of the denizens of a vast block of flats in Westminster, or are they the nosy members of a new Holiday Camp? They are, in any case, the vast majority, although the kittiwakes, in neat detached houses on the cliff-side, have their own decorous existence. But the little puffins, with their clown faces, scudding over the sea are a small minority. Do the gannets call them "foreigners," and are they reckoned humorous good fellows, or absolute outsiders? Seals, no doubt, are the county magnates, enjoying their aquatic sports in secluded resorts, but not above a frolic when no one is looking.

HOW would it feel to own an island? Would there be much pride of possession, so that the exquisite natural arrangement of heather, lichen, thrift and gaily round a blue-grey boulder gave the same satisfaction as a carefully made rock-garden? Would the owner treasure his solitude and feel alarmed resentment at sight of a stranger on the sky-line, or delight in entertaining his special friends, despite the problems of supply which island life must entail?

Or would he welcome every vagrant hiker, naturalist, botanist or modern pilgrim, thus reversing the inopportune behaviour of the one-time devil of Ramsey, who went so far as cutting off a Saint's head, though unavailing, since we are told that the Saint was able to swim with his head under his arm back to the mainland where, on account of his virtue, it was immediately reunited to his body.

1.—FROM THE SOUTH. THE HOUSE IN ITS WALLED ENCLOSURE

ARLESCOTE, WARWICKSHIRE

An Elizabethan house, brought up to date towards the end of the 17th century, Arlescote has come down in continuous descent since it was purchased by William Goodwin in 1648. The garden pavilions are survivals of an interesting formal lay-out of the kind shown in Kip's engravings

By ARTHUR OSWALD

ARLESCOTE lies on the lower slopes of Knowle End, the great promontory which is formed by the angle of Edge Hill where the escarpment turns abruptly at right angles from the Warwickshire plain and

runs back south-eastward to Warmington. On Knowle End King Charles stood and surveyed Essex's lines in front of Kineton, on that Sunday morning in October, 1642, when he arrived with the main body of his troops

to occupy the commanding position on the hill already seized by Rupert's cavalry. The spot where he halted is marked by a clump of trees planted in the 18th century. The battle, however, was fought in the vale between Radway and Kineton, round the shoulder of the hill from Arlescote, above which, on the northward-facing edge, there is a far older relic of warfare in the shape of Nadbury Camp and its ramparts, green and worn with age long before the Civil Wars were fought. Arlescote, nestling below the hill, is one of the many hamlets in the neighbourhood with the "cote" place-name ending, signifying originally no more than cottage or dwelling. Orilscote and, farther back, Ordlaivescote, seem to indicate that one Ordlaif first made his home here.

The front of the house, which faces the hillside, wears the dress which became fashionable after the Civil Wars, when hipped roofs and cornices replaced gables, and upright windows of a uniform size, which later lent themselves so well to sashed frames, were substituted for mullioned and leaded lights. In the centre of the front the older form of window remains (Fig. 2), hinting at what is only fully disclosed behind (Fig. 6), that this is really an Elizabethan building re-fronted in late Stuart times. The re-fashioning which the house then underwent extended also to its immediate surroundings. The three gazebos with their ogee-shaped roofs—there was probably a fourth which has disappeared—are survivals of a formal lay-out of the kind that Kip shows in his engravings of country houses. They are strikingly reminiscent of the garden pavilions of certain Scottish houses, for example, Traquair in Peeblesshire (COUNTRY LIFE, August 11, 1906), which are similarly roofed with "dish covers" of ogee form. No direct influence need be suspected beyond the general vogue of French and Dutch ideas in garden design which were affecting England and Scotland alike at the time. Behind the house to the north-east there is a massive yew hedge with an arch cut through it leading into the howling green from which Fig. 6 was taken: this enclosed plot may be another survival of the formal gardening of the end of the 17th century.



2.—A CLOSE-UP OF THE SOUTH FRONT AS ALTERED IN THE GOODWINS' TIME



3.—FROM THE SLOPES OF EDGE HILL, LOOKING OUT OVER THE WIDE WARWICKSHIRE PLAIN

There is also at the far end of the garden one of those oblong pools or "canals" favoured at the time. It has two outlets, which are said to flow respectively and eventually into the Severn and the Thames. The Edge Hills divide these two great river systems, but where the valley from Banbury has cut back into them, the distance between the head waters of eastward and westward flowing streams is measurable in yards.

Arlescote's history is that of many smaller country houses: first Saxon holding, later monastic estate, then mansion house of a yeoman farmer, subsequently rising to the status of gentleman's seat. Domesday Book records that the Saxon holder was one Bovi, but at the Conquest, or soon after, Arlescote must have been granted to Roger de Beaumont, since he bestowed five hides in Orlavescote on the Norman Abbey of Préaux of his foundation, as is recorded in its cartulary. Although Roger did not accompany William to England and in old age entered the monastery of Préaux, his son Robert, Count de Meulan, came over and distinguished himself in the



4.—THE EASTERN ENTRY AND A GAZEBO



5.—ONE OF THE THREE GARDEN PAVILIONS. LOOKING ALONG THE EAST WALL



6.—THE NORTH SIDE OF THE HOUSE. THE ELIZABETHAN WINDOWS REMAIN UNALTERED ON THIS SIDE



7.—THE VIEW SOUTHWARD OVER THE FORECOURT TO THE HOME FARM AND THE HILLSIDE

Battle of Hastings, being suitably rewarded with large estates in Warwickshire and elsewhere. Warmington, to which parish Arlescote belongs, was also given to Préaux, which held both possessions until the lands of the alien priories were confiscated. They were then given to the Carthusian monks of Wytham in Somerset, who held them until the Dissolution. A smaller holding of three hides in Arlescote was excepted from the gift of Préaux, and this passed in time to the monks of Stoneleigh Abbey.

There was brisk trafficking in church lands all over England after the dissolution of the monasteries, and estates often changed hands several times within a few years. The Wytham lands in Arlescote formed part of an omnibus grant of monastic property made in 1542 to Leonard Chamberlain and Richard Andrewes. They disposed of Arlescote in that year to John Leke of Astrop, Northamptonshire, whose son Edward, in 1548, sold to John Crocker, of Hook Norton. Crocker also acquired the manor of Warmington, but his son, Sir Gerald Crocker, in 1572 sold both Warmington and Arlescote to Richard Cooper, a yeoman farmer. He lost no time in disposing of a portion of Arlescote—one message and "four yards of land"—to Thomas Burrows, another yeoman. These yards were not our yards but the old Domesday virgates of 30 acres. The principal house at Arlescote, however, continued in the occupation of its copyhold tenant, Richard Davies, until in 1594 Richard Cooper made it over to his younger son, who rejoiced in, or suffered under, the Christian name of Manasses. In 1618, after his father's death, Manasses added to his property by buying for £840 a further 150 acres with two "messages" from his elder brother, Henry of Warmington. But soon afterwards the deeds tell a story of growing indebtedness in the form of loans and mortgages. To cut a long story short, the mortgaged property was acquired in 1648 by William Goodwin, and the Coopers disappear from the scene.

The Goodwins were already considerable landowners in the neighbourhood at Alkerton, Epwell, Sherrington, Swalcliffe, Horley and Hornton, all villages in the hills. William Goodwin, when he purchased Arlescote, was described as "gentleman" of Hornton. The parish produces the fine stone of that name of which so many houses in the district, including Arlescote, are built, and which in recent years has found a far wider sale. When the Warwickshire Visitation of 1682 took place William Goodwin was an old man of 83, living at Alkerton, but his two sons were seated down in the vale, the elder (William) at Arlescote, and the younger (Thomas) at Radway. It is clear from the deeds belonging to Dr. Thomas Loveday of Williamscothe that Arlescote had been bought by the father for his elder son. He lived there for half a century, but before 1704 had been succeeded by his son, William III. Like his father and grandfather, the third William lived to a great age, but his second wife, Abigail Bartlett, whom he married when over fifty, not only long outlived him but had entered her 99th year when she died in 1788. She was an expert needlewoman, and Dr. Loveday has a carpet worked by her in a floral design in the 1740s and still wrapped up with newspapers and tallow candle of the time—for it has never been used. William III's two sons, William and Timothy, both died unmarried, the latter in 1784. Through the marriage of their sister, Anna Maria, to John Loveday, of Caversham, Arlescote then passed to his family, which also acquired Williamscothe, near Banbury, when their son married the heiress of that property. Both estates remain in the hands of their descendants. In recent years Dr. Loveday of Williamscothe has made over Arlescote to his daughters, Mrs. Markham and Mrs. James, and the house is now let on lease. Our photographs were taken during the tenancy of Mrs. Wilson, who has but recently left.

To-day the entrance to Arlescote is on the east side between the gate piers seen in Fig. 4. A new porch was added to this end of the house in the 19th century. But the older entry is from the south (Figs. 1 and 7), between another pair of gate piers on the axis of the front door. Here the bounding wall of the forecourt is broken down, to knee level, giving an open view of the front, but the wall shutting

off the brewhouse block to the west has interrupted the symmetry of the original design. To picture the house in its earlier form we must imagine it with gables instead of hipped roofs and all the windows having the mullions and leaded lights that remain at the back (Fig. 8). The identity of the builder remains a problem. The older work and the H-shaped plan suggest an Elizabethan date, which leaves us with the Coopers—Richard, or his son Manasses—as the owners of the time. They were yeomen farmers, but the manor house at Warmington shows that they were prosperous and had money to build. If it was Manasses Cooper who rebuilt Arlescote, the expense may have been the cause of the mortgages that led to his insolvency.

In the centre of the house is the hall with the entrance in the middle of its south side (Fig. 2). The west wing contained the kitchen and offices—the old kitchen is now the dining-room (Fig. 9)—and in the east wing are the parlour (Fig. 10) and the principal bedroom above. The staircase is in the projection, on the north side of the hall, with the small hipped gable between the two wings (Fig. 6). Doubtless the



8.—A FINE MAHOGANY FOUR-POSTER WITH PATCHWORK QUILT

hall, according to the traditional arrangement, was entered at one end until the alterations made by the Goodwins. The doorway was then squeezed in rather uncomfortably between the two hall windows, which may have been re-arranged in the interests of symmetry.

There is a tradition, as so often, associating Inigo Jones with the 17th-century alterations, perhaps on account of the stone windmill at Chesterton, not far away, the design of which Jones may have supplied to its builder, Sir Edward Peto. The most that can be said is that the Goodwin alterations at Arlescote are in the new manner which through Inigo Jones's innovations became accepted through the length and breadth of England by the end of the century. The bolection mouldings of the fireplaces and of the panelling in the parlour (Fig. 10) make it unlikely that the work was carried out long before 1700 and it may even have been due to the third William Goodwin. Whoever the architect was he had a nice feeling for proportions, as shown by the slope of his stone-slatted roofs and the size and placing of the dormers that peep out of them so happily. Evidently money did not run to a complete re-fenestration of the house. The sash windows in the wings are an 18th-century substitution for the mullion and transom type. The west wing is slightly wider than the east wing, although the difference is barely



9.—THE DINING-ROOM, ORIGINALLY THE KITCHEN

noticeable, and the walls of both have a slight inward batter. In spite of its cramped position, the doorway with its swan-necked pediment is a nice piece of vernacular classic design. The brewhouse block to the west (Fig. 1), now connected to the house and re-planned internally for offices and additional bedrooms, would be taken to be contemporary with the Goodwin alterations to the house, having the same type of roof with dormers and windows with intersecting mullion and transom. Dr. Loveday tells me, however, that it is believed to have been an 18th-century addition.

The blue-green Hornton stone was used for the fireplaces introduced by the Goodwins. Their parlour (Fig. 10), cosily lined with panelling, which we may call William and Mary for lack of a more precise date, is redolent of its period, retaining even the contemporary brass lock-plate on its paneled door. The bedroom over the hall has a similar bolection-moulded fireplace. Fig. 8 shows a fine mahogany four-poster with curved canopy and delicately reeded and carved uprights. The bed, and the patchwork quilt, bearing the date when it was made (1833), belonged to Mrs. Wilson, and are now no longer in the house.

As already mentioned, the present dining-room (Fig. 9) was originally the kitchen. It retains its old leaded panes and the original beautifully wrought Elizabethan ironwork fastenings. In one of the window lights was a pane, still preserved by the Lovedays, with "Charles" scratched on it in a 17th-century hand. Prince Charles and the Duke of York were present at the battle of Edgehill, boys of twelve and nine respectively. Aubrey relates that they were left in the charge of William Harvey, the celebrated physician, who was their tutor, and that while the battle was being fought he sat reading a book which he had brought in his pocket. Local tradition adds that he took the princes to Arlescote to spend the night, and that the future king left this souvenir of his visit. If faith must supply the "P" there is yet no disproof of the story. So we may leave our account of the house at the point where we began, with the battle in progress just round the corner.

Charles



10.—WILLIAM AND MARY PANELLING IN THE PARLOUR

TROUT-FISHING WITH A NET

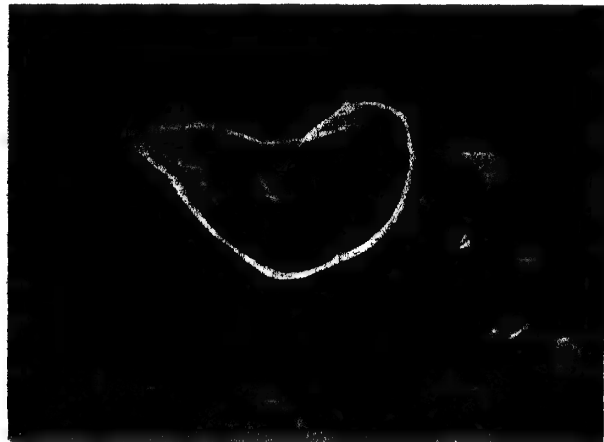
Written and Illustrated by J. ALLAN CASH

TROUT-FISHING among the peasants of Bulgaria is more a business than a sport; they need the fish for food, and they cannot rely on the vagaries of fly-fishing to get it. They use large circular nets, weighted with lead at the edges, for trapping the fish in the streams.

One warm summer afternoon I followed a peasant on a fishing expedition up a mountain stream in Central Bulgaria. He was well equipped, with a pair of raw-hide shoes which did not slip on the wet rocks, old clothes which he did not mind getting wet, a ruck-sack on his back to hold the fish and, of course, his large net. This was made of strong cord, closely woven, with a thin rope running round the edge and through the centre. The loose end of the rope was tied to the man's left arm and round the edge of the net there were round lead weights, the size of large marbles. The whole thing weighed about twenty pounds when wet.

The peasant held the net, partly coiled up in a very careful manner, in his hands and his teeth. He selected a spot where trout might be lying—either a pool below little rapids or perhaps a shallow riffle—stood close by and swung his whole body, flinging the net outwards with his hands and letting go with his teeth at exactly the right moment, so that the net landed flat on the water. Here the lead weights carried it quickly to the bottom of the stream, trapping any fish which might be underneath it. The fisherman would then draw the net carefully in towards him, looking down at it to see if a fish had been caught. If so, he drew the net in with particular care, because if it caught on a rock it might raise one corner enough for the trout to dart away to safety. If the net became torn on a rock he would mend it at once, so that there should be no risk of losing a fish through a hole.

He would cast the net only two or three



BULGARIAN FISHING. THE NET IS THROWN WELL OUT, AND SHOULD LAND FLAT ON THE WATER

times in each place, then move on upstream if he did not get a fish. I imagined that one throw would be enough to scare any self-respecting trout miles away, but on more than one occasion I saw him catch a fish at the second or third attempt. He let me try and was

most patient in correcting my clumsy attempts to hold the net. When I had everything right he told me to swing. I did so and out went the net fairly correctly, but suddenly I felt a terrific jerk in my mouth and I nearly lost my front teeth! I had forgotten to let go. I quickly decided that I



THIS IS THE CORRECT WAY TO HOLD THE NET BEFORE THROWING IT. FINGERS, HANDS AND TEETH ALL COME INTO ACTION. (Right) THE LEAD WEIGHTS ROUND THE EDGE OF THE NET BESIDE ONE OF THE FISHERMAN'S SHOES

made a better photographer than fisherman—*la-Bulgaria*, so I concentrated on catching the peasant in action while he caught the fish.

It was a pleasure to watch this man work. His motions were quite graceful. Rarely did he fail to make a good throw; more often than not the net landed as nearly flat on the water as it would be possible to make it. Time after time he gathered it up and threw again. It was no easy work throwing a twenty pound net about all afternoon in blazing sunshine, and this peasant was nearly seventy years of age. But he seemed to be tireless, and when it was time to be going home to the near-by village it was hard to drag him out of the stream.

Despite the fact that he had been fishing thus for most of his life he could not suppress some slight excitement each time he netted a fish. We could not speak to each other, as we had no common language, but he would whistle to me each time a fish appeared under his net. Then he waited while I approached so that I could watch him draw the net in, lift it carefully out of the water and place it well away from the stream's edge before he ran his hand up inside to secure the trout. He would grasp it firmly by the gills before removing it; he was taking no chances of its jumping back into the water. Before starting he crossed himself and muttered a word of prayer. He raised his first fish to his lips and kissed it. When we entered the village of Koprivtchitsa in the cool of the evening my friend proudly bore a catch of thirteen trout, the basis of an excellent meal later on.



THE FISHERMAN WATCHES CAREFULLY AS HE DRAWS THE NET IN

THE HAPPY HIGHWAY

By G. RIDSDILL SMITH

WE were walking along the high Icknield Way that ran sometimes through rustling beech groves and thickets of young oak and ash but more often over the open down. The grass was soft underfoot and sprigged with wild flowers (dwarf thistle and mignonette, gentian, scabious, bedstraw and the odding marsh-marigold) with moths and butterflies. Below us, ahead and to right and left, spread the plain standing thick with corn—barley bright against the dark woods, pale oats, yellow wheat, tanned wheat ripe for cutting. On the distant rim low wooded hills supported the blue and white vault of the sky.

We sat for a time under the trees on the vallum of a camp and looked over its terraced defences at the view. I had last been here in the first month of the war, when we attacked this camp in respirators, blindly, wheezily, blasphemously, but with such Territorial zeal that one of the "enemy" got bayoneted in the backside. The map reference of the Battle of this distressing incident I still have, for I made up a map-reading crossword for the N.C.O.s of the company from such potentially promising place names as Puddephat, The Twist, Up End, Dropshot, Old Bottom and Mentmore, names that meant much more in their contexts. That was all eight years ago, but what were eight years to the age of this prehistoric earthwork or the ageless down?

A car, still out of sight, was whining in low gear up the steep dry hillside. At last it appeared and stopped beside us and a family got out—children with dog, mother with picnic baskets and finally father with bow and arrows and a telescope. The children pitched stumps in the grass and the father began to play cricket, while father went off mysteriously with his bow and telescope.

We moved on, lest our dog should join in the game and our children in the hunt, and came to a stark stretch of down with a deep glacial valley curling into its heart. Here the hills, once tamed (twixt man's plough and down their flanks) had reverted to wildness and surveyed aloft the rich gold of the plain. "Wizard for sledding!" exclaimed one of the boys. "Let's bring the Yankee Clipper here next winter!" The dog, a Welsh corgi, decided to rabbit on its own, its pale rump wedged rabbit-like down the steep hillside, and the children debated among themselves as to how

far they could get in one jump downhill and what would happen when they landed. We left them to find out themselves and lay down on the edge.

Those words of Housman:
*Into my heart an air that kills
From you far country blows
What are those blue remembered hills,
What spires, what farms are those?*

kept running in my head, and the voice of the singer who sang them one summer's night in a Cambridge room overlooking the green gliding river. The poet's words matched the burnished beauty of this day—its twelve-winded sky and coloured country, this idle hill of summer and the blowing realms of woodland and sunstruck vales afield. So too did the nymphs and sunburned sicklemen of Prospero's prothalamion dancing in the fields. What an evocative time is this crown of the year, when Demeter, goddess of the sheaves, stands, as Pater sees East, "with her hair yellow like the ripe corn, at the threshing-floor and takes her share in the toil."

A clamour for tea aroused me. We had planned to have it in the coaching inn of the market town at the foot of the downs. This inn had been our mess for the first few months of the war and the dining-room, where an hour later we sat round a table on ye olde straight-backed chairs under the simpering colour prints, was crowded with memories of that golden autumn when men of all sorts from the four ends of the county were welded into a fighting unit in much the same way. I suppose, as were their great-grandfathers in 1805, whose names, inscribed on a manuscript roll, hung framed on the wall. We were under orders then (or thought we were) for Egypt and listened with some respect to our C.S.M., who had soldiered there and had much to say about sand in the stomach and stomach-pumps. We never got there, (so he was saved) but the Yeomanry reached the Far East, and many of them a Japanese prisoner-of-war camp.

Remembering that, one found it odd to see in the 1914-18 war-memorial window in the church (whether we went after tea) the rising sun of Japan figuring among the shields of the allies. Or altogether to be back in this church where we marched each Sunday on church parade, the padre with us, his betman in the

centre rank discreetly carrying the attaché case containing his vestments; and to see again the alabaster effigies of the knight in chain-mail with a lion at his feet and his lady, in tight bodice and flowing skirt, by his side. He had fought at Crécy and Poitiers (and so must eye with approval the subaltern who used to hang his hat on the lion's head and now, after leading commando raids on French ports, farms the manor) and in middle age had been one of the lords appointed to enforce the Statute of Labourers, a policy doomed to failure. Then, however, we could live on the land; and now we cannot, having, as Mr. Kott says, in *High Horse Ridless*: "led the world to perdition by pioneering the Industrial Revolution."

"Look!" cried the younger boy. "A yellow underwing!" and he picked up a dead moth from the crook of the knight's mailed arm and spread out its wings to show us the colour. Dead moth, dead knight, and the same sunlight slanting through the latticed window on folded wing and chiselled features as shone on the shimmering cornfields and green swelling down, on tractor in the field and car on the Way, on harvester's shirt and picnicker's vacuum flask.

In the empty stillness of this church the riddle of mortality and of bustling time outside, whipping up the horses of the sun, seemed to press for an answer. But what answer to give? "All flesh is as grass and all the glory of man as the flower of grass"—is that the only answer, man no more and no less than the grass? When, with Emily Brontë, we stand and listen to "the soft wind breathing through the grass," we may envy the slumber of the "sleepers in that quiet earth." But grass does more than whisper over the dead. It invades the living, infiltrating man's most elaborate defences, overrunning his ruined cities. There is a sort of green immortality about grass that I (even though I speak as a gardener) find comforting in this mechanical age. Did not Walt Whitman call grass the flag of his disposition "out of hopeful green stuff woven?"

So it was with gladness that I stole back in spirit to that humped-down thrust out like a green promontory into the yellow harvest sea. There, under the open sky on sweet-scented wind-swept grass, with the wide plain shining below, the riddle ceased to exist.

A WEST INDIES SANCTUARY FOR BIRDS OF PARADISE

By COLLINGWOOD INGRAM



1.—A DISTANT VIEW OF LITTLE TOBAGO, THE WEST INDIAN ISLAND SANCTUARY FOR THE GREATER BIRD OF PARADISE

LITTLE TOBAGO lies about a mile and a half from the north-east coast of the larger island of that name. Being within twelve degrees of the Equator, it is essentially tropical in character—a small, verdant, rock-girt isle, of rather less than three hundred acres in extent. Its hilly surface is everywhere covered with a luxuriant vegetation, including palms, giant aroids (Fig. 3) and broad-leaved trees of noble stature, and on its salt-sprayed windward cliffs grow thickets of spiny candelabra cacti among which the graceful snow-white Tropic Birds (*Phadthon lepturus Catesbyi*) (Fig. 2) nest in complete security. A short stretch of sandy beach on its southern shore constitutes its only means of access.

But for the lack of a reliable spring of fresh water one might have said that Little Tobago fulfils one's conception of an ideal island. With its perpetual summer warmth cooled by gentle ocean breezes, it enjoys an almost perfect climate. Moreover, it is enchantingly beautiful, set, as it is, in a sea of sapphire blue between the enfolding arms of a crescent-shaped bay.

This, in brief, is the West Indian island purchased by my father in 1908 for turning into a sanctuary for the Greater Bird of Paradise (*Paradisea apoda*), a species which, at that time, was thought to be in imminent danger of extinction in its natural habitat in the Malay Archipelago. Its threatened extermination was directly due to the fact that its ornamental side plumes were then regarded as the height of fashion and realised extravagant prices in London. Subsequent legislation forbidding their sale, and a consequent change in millinery modes, later brought this traffic to a virtual end, though not before the species had apparently become extremely rare in the Aru Islands, the only part of the world in which the bird is found in Nature.

To secure the Birds of Paradise for his project, my father sent a man named Wilfred Stalker to the East Indies with instructions to collect as many living specimens as possible. This expedition yielded forty-four birds. As all these were in immature plumage when captured, it was impossible to determine their sex, but for reasons that will be explained later it seems likely that the majority were young males. This consignment was liberated in 1909. The following year three other birds were purchased from a Belgian aviculturist and in due course these also were released on the island, making a total of forty-seven.

Although the Greater Bird of Paradise has been known to science since the 16th century, our knowledge of it was, until quite recent times, extremely meagre. In fact, at first that knowledge was limited to a few imperfect specimens and some idle tales invented by the earlier Portuguese and Spanish navigators. Of all the

travellers' tales possibly the most fanciful was the one that described the species as a bird "without any feet, which flies about continuously and never sleeps." This fable undoubtedly arose from the fact that in all the old native-made skins the feet were wanting, and unfortunately Linnaeus perpetuated the fallacy by naming the species *Paradisea apoda*—the meaning of the specific epithet *apoda* being, of course, footless.

Since then our knowledge has steadily grown. Wallace met with this and other members of the genus *Paradisea* during his wanderings in the Malay Archipelago, and his researches once and for all dispelled the fantastic legend. Then came the discovery of the bird's strangely marked eggs—for so long the unsatisfied desire of every ornithologist. The first to reach

this country was collected by Charles Pratt in December, 1906, and was described and illustrated by the author in the *Avicultural Magazine* the following year. Measuring little more than an inch and a half in length, the egg is phenomenally small for the size of the bird. Its ground-colour is creamy-buff, upon which, radiating from its greater pole, are curious splash-like streaks of lavender grey heavily overlaid by others of a rich umber-brown tint. From the evidence obtained by Pratt from the natives, it seems that the species has no regular nesting season in the Aru Islands, although there is reason to suppose that it usually breeds some time towards the end of the year. Still later the living birds themselves were imported into Europe and it then became possible for naturalists to study at leisure, and at close quarters, the remarkable display performances of the courting males.

Whereas the females and immature birds wear a uniform, rather drab, coffee-coloured attire when fully adult (which state they apparently do not attain until the fourth or fifth year) the males assume the gorgeous yellow, green and brown dress, adorned with long flowing side-plumes,

that has made them world-famous. It is in this plumage that the males annually assemble to perform their nuptial display. Much as our British Blackcocks will forgo their very spring at a given spot—technically known as a lek—to spar playfully for their future mates, so do the Birds of Paradise congregate in particular trees to flaunt their beauty and to fight for possession of the females. The trees used for this purpose are well known to the natives of the Aru Islands, and it is said that each is regarded as a kind of reserve by the ruling chief of the district. It is at these points that the natives lie in wait to capture the birds. In the circumstances it is only to be expected that the majority caught should prove to be either adult or adolescent males—the former being killed at once for the sake of their feathers while apparently the latter alone are sold alive. One can only suppose, therefore, that the bulk of the birds obtained by my father were of this sex.

In January, 1913, I visited Little Tobago in order to see for myself the progress of this interesting attempt to acclimatise a Malayan species on a West Indian island situated approximately twelve thousand miles from its native home.

Although the climatic conditions of the two localities are probably not dissimilar, there must undoubtedly exist a very marked difference in the vegetable, insect and animal life, all of which are, of course, important factors in the ecology of any species. That is why at first I was somewhat sceptical about the ultimate success of the experiment. I knew that the only artificial assistance that was being given to the Birds of Paradise was the planting of a small number of pawpaw and banana trees upon whose fruit, we were told, they are accustomed to feed in the Aru Islands. In all other respects they would have to fend for themselves. True, a guardian was appointed to keep birds of prey in check and to protect the newcomers from human interference, but these duties constituted his only contribution to their welfare.

However, my fears for the success of the



2.—A TROPIC BIRD NESTING AMONG CACTI ON LITTLE TOBAGO

venture were very soon to be dispelled, for I had scarcely set foot on the island before I heard the distinctive challenging cries of the male Birds of Paradise. First from one quarter and then from another came their unmistakable call, a loud and resonant *uauk, uauk, uauk*—a far-reaching sound which rises in pitch and increases in volume with each successive note. As a matter of fact, it was almost solely by this means that they made their presence known. Very rarely a solitary individual could be seen crossing a valley, flying from hill-top to hill-top with an irregular flicking flight like that of a Jay. But for the most part they remained throughout the day completely hidden from view in the deep shadows of the forest. One morning, however, having previously concealed myself in the dense undergrowth close to the papaw plantation, I did succeed in obtaining a view of four that had come to feed on the pulpy fruits of those trees. From these observations I came to the conclusion that there could not be fewer than twenty Birds of Paradise remaining on the island at the time of my visit.

That was in 1913, and I have recently been told that the birds are still there. This encouraging news came from an American lady I chanced to meet in Portugal last winter who had visited Little Tobago in 1943. Her experiences on that occasion seem to have been much the same as my own in 1913. She saw, and even photographed, a few individuals and, of course, many more were



3.—IN A LITTLE TOBAGO FOREST
The native is standing beside a giant aroid
(*Anthurium Hookeri*)

SOME AMERICAN NOTES

SO the long negotiations as to the Ryder Cup match are over at last and it is to be played in November at Portland, Oregon. As to whether these hard and critical times are best suited to sending a team overseas I am not wholly easy in my mind, but doubtless the F.G.A. know their own business and do not propose to teach my grandmother. We shall have a good side, and shall wish it all possible luck, but whether it will be good enough to win is, to say the least, doubtful. Our professionals have done very well in Ryder Cup matches at home, far better than have our amateurs in the corresponding West Coast Cup, but they have never won in America or come near to winning there, and it would be unmeaning flattery to say that they are likely to do so now. Playing in the other fellow's country is a hard job, as anyone knows who has tried it, and the standard of American professional golf is to-day very high indeed. In any case winning is not everything; it will be an interesting match, and the experience will be of great value to our players, especially to the younger ones who can gain a place in the team.

It may be that I am too gloomy about our prospects, but I have just been wallowing in the statistics of American golf in its *Official Guide* for 1947, which has been kindly sent me. It is full of interesting facts and figures, and it must impress and indeed almost overwhelm the British reader with the bigness of American golf, not merely its quality but its quantity. There is, for instance, in this book a short article by an old friend of mine, Grantland Rice, called *Golf—The Billion Dollar Game* full of those, *my*, quite terrifying statistics in which, I think, Americans particularly revel. He says that there are 5,000 courses and at least 600,000 men employed on them, and that a billion dollars a week are spent on caddies who will altogether "pick up" for a payroll somewhere about \$30,000,000. "This may sound incredible," Mr. Rice goes on, "but do your own figuring."

I am quite incapable of doing any kind of figuring; I just accept his statement and gape awestruck at it, and at others, such as that golf uses up at least 400,000 acres and that golfers spend over \$250,000,000 a year "in travelling costs, transportation, and hotel bills." It is all too much for me; I am in an agony of anxiety as to copying out the right number of noughts, but I think I have done so, and the

conclusion I arrive at, with which the reader must surely agree, is that golf in the United States is an alarmingly big thing.

I have been dipping and diving here and there in the pages of this tremendous book and naturally turned to read about the amateurs, whom we have seen here this summer. The Editor, Mr. W. D. Richardson, another old acquaintance of mine, has compiled "All-America" teams of Amateurs, Professionals and Ladies, founded on their achievements in the previous season, and it is interesting to see how he places those whom we have lately been watching. His amateur list is, in order: Bishop, Smiley Quick, Riegel, Stranahan, Ward, Hamer, Middlecoff, Givan, Chapman, Lind. The Walker Cup players figure prominently (Middlecoff was chosen but did not come here), but it is curious to see that Willie Turnesa, now our Amateur Champion, does not get a place in those first ten. I think this is probably due to his having played a good deal less golf than some others, for on his form here it is incredible that he should be left out.

The first two owe their places to the facts that they were the finalists in the Championship and I must write down the sentence in which that fact is recorded, for it is in a language before which my mild pen falters and gives it up as a bad job. "Ted Bishop, six-foot three-inch bean pole from Dedham, Mass., won the first post-war U.S. Amateur Championship by defeating barrel-chested, sawed-off Smiley Quick, 37-year-old ex-Navy chief electrician from Inglewood, Calif., in a 37-hole match." Incidentally there is given a little fact about Smiley Quick which I did not know and which makes his win play the more remarkable. It appears that when he was serving on an island in the Pacific, a Japanese bomb landed close by and broke his wrist. Then, after it had healed, he had to have it re-broken."

Mr. Zaharias, the famous "Babe," another of our, this summer's competitors, naturally comes at the head of the ladies, for she not only won the Championship but various other big events as well. I notice that she was once beaten and that in a tournament, to which we have nothing corresponding in this country, namely the Ladies' Open Championship. It was won by Miss Patty Berg, who became a professional in 1940. Those who saw her here before the war, when she was very young, will remember her fierce red head and her fine swing.

heard calling in the forest. Seeking further information, I then wrote to the former warden of the island, Mr. H. Tucker. Although his answer was somewhat vague, I gathered that the birds were at least holding their own, even if they had not actually increased. He was not, however, able to give me conclusive proof that they had ever nested on the island. Replying to my question on this point, he merely stated that "the authorities had seen what they believed to be young birds," but unfortunately omitted to say who these "authorities" were.

While their long residence on Little Tobago certainly points to their having bred there (in which case they can now be regarded as satisfactorily naturalised) it must not be forgotten that the Greater Bird of Paradise is probably a very long-lived species—this is indicated by the length of time needed for the males to acquire their full adult plumage—so the possibility that the birds still existing on the island are those that were liberated in 1909 and 1910 must not be ruled out altogether.

After my father's death his three sons presented Little Tobago to the Trinidad Government, so that for the last twenty years, or more the welfare of the Birds of Paradise has been in official hands. One of the conditions agreed upon in the deed of gift was that the island should be retained in perpetuity as a sanctuary for the birds my father had secured. It is to be sincerely hoped that this clause may always be respected.

A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

Now let us turn to the All-America list of professionals, in which are assuredly some of those against whom our men will be playing. It is: Ben Hogan, Byron Nelson, Sam Snead, Lloyd Mangrum, Jimmy Demaret, Herman Ghersi, Ed Oliver. In the list it will be noticed that the Open Champion did not automatically come top of the list; Mangrum, who won after a tie with Nelson and Ghersi, is only placed fourth. Hogan, however, certainly earned his eminence for he was—here—another engaging player in the leading Doughbagger, having won \$42,000 dollars in prize money and also the professional match play championship.

I suppose Bobby Locke will have equalled or beaten those figures this summer, but I do not know whether he will have crushed Byron Nelson's record in 1945 of \$68,000. I do not know quite enough about American professional golf to predict how many of those ten will play against us. There will clearly be one new name, for Worsham won this summer's championship after a tie with the luckless Snead, who, by all accounts, held the palm as one of the holders of his name, but he altered at the last and let it slip once again. Incidentally the desperately close competition in the American championship is shown by the number of ties that there have been. In the course of many years' watching I have only seen three ties in our own, though I have often been at one of the holes, and I have put the last green this year was a great relief to my mind. The American golfing reporter has been much harder worked.

I am not going to try to predict our Ryder Cup side, if not going to a good reason, that it may have been chosen before these words see the light. A certain number, as always, pick themselves, and as to the rest I do not envy the selectors their task. When in doubt I hope they will give the preference to youth. I shall perhaps know a little more about it when I come back from St. Anne in September from watching the *News of the World* tournament there. It is sad for the spectator that it clashes with the Amateur Internationals at Hoylake, and that he cannot be in two places at once. St. Anne is a fine, stern battlement, and I look forward to that pleasant little copse by the twelfth green which makes so good a spot for watching and resting and gathering of news; for is a bottle of beer there wholly to be despised.

CORRESPONDENCE

OUR RIVAL MINISTERS

SIR—In your issue of July 11 you published a most interesting article by Mr. Clyde Higgs dealing with the great damage done to agricultural land by open-cast coal working at Wentworth Woodhouse in South Yorkshire

in the accompanying photographs is not easy, but it is probably a matter of the weight of the head and the bill in relation to the weight of the body. Herons, in spite of their size, are comparatively light in the body and their centre of gravity would probably be too far forward if their heads and necks were extended, as that of the

of coke, and one of them suffered a cut of 28 per cent. This puts coals out tremendously as one must keep trained staff and a reduction in output due to a shortage of coke of 10 to 15 tons per week puts all overheads up. Both of these companies are selling at 225 per ton this year. Other difficulties experienced are

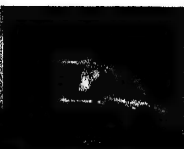
began to make the pendulum weight driven clock in a long case (1688-80) took trouble over enriching the hood and giving it a decorative termination. With the earlier long-case clocks regulated by a short pendulum and with small 8 inch to 9 inch dials they succeeded in doing this by mounting the hood with an architect



R. E. Johnson



R. L. Turner



Dr. Hugo Adolf Bernhart

MODES OF BIRD FLIGHT (Left to right) PELICAN AND HERON, SWAN, SPOONBILL AND GOOSE

See letter: Bird Flight Problem

Wherever there have been workings he wrote the soil lacks vitality and also having seen the damage I sympathise with any farmer who is over shallow coal.

Your readers will doubtless be amazed to learn that within two days of the Minister of Agriculture's

pelican the heaviness of whose head and bill needs no stressing certainly would.

At first sight one might expect stories and spoonbills to fly with their necks retracted but they are probably in fact a good deal heavier in the body than herons. The weight of the heads and bills of swans, geese, and ducks must be much less in proportion to the weights of their bodies.—C. D. Midon, S. 121

GRASS DRYING COSTS

SIR—I was very much interested in (Incunabula) remarks about grass drying in his Farm Notes of August 22. He mentions a price of 415 per ton but does not state whether this is baled or ground into powder and it may be somewhat misleading.

No doubt the Milk Marketing Board can obtain all the supplies of coke they require for drying. The two companies of which I am managing director are finding difficulty in obtaining their supplies

the obtaining of the necessary supplies of building material and steel even though one has licences.

Another large overhead is that for haulage. One of my companies takes the grass from aerodromes 25 miles away.

I sincerely hope this letter catches the eye of the Ministry of Fuel and Power. We might then be allowed all the coke we require to produce dried grass meal which has such excellent feeding value and is so badly needed for the national effort at the present moment, although I am afraid that by the time the instructions get down to the local office of Fuel and Power the grass season may be finished this year. R. H. HAMBERLIN, Wheat Limited, Hildesheim, 11, 111, Gateshead-on-Tyne, Durham.

(The price of 415 per ton mentioned by Incunabula is for iron frames in bales. F.D.)

CARVED CRESTINGS ON CLOCKS

SIR—The photograph of the long case clock surmounted by a cresting carved with the royal arms which was reproduced in your issue of June 27 and Mr. Cottrell-Dormer's letter published last week and illustrated by another clock with carved cresting bearing the royal arms raise the question why these clock came to be decorated in this way.

Our ancestors when they first

tural moulded pediment. These early grandfather clocks usually had their cases veneered with ebony. The long pendulum beating seconds came in (circa 1670) dials became 10 inches square and the cases were proportionately wider. Olive wood and walnut veneer now competed with the ebony.

With the larger cases in particular those veneered with olive or walnut wood, the case makers decorated the hood with carved crestings instead of pediments. Such crestings on English clocks were of an architectural character, the usual design being a swan neck pediment centred by a cupid's head as in my first photograph. Originally, these crestings appear to have been carried round the two sides but owing to the fragile nature of the carving it is rare to find the original cresting, in the front of the hood, let alone to have the side pieces intact as well.

About 1680 crestings began to get out of fashion and domes with turned finials then became the termination of the hood above the straight cornice.

In the late 17th century mirrors and picture frames were also decorated with carved crestings. Mirror and picture frame crestings sometimes contained the coat of arms or cyphers of their owners. Particularly was this so with frames of royal portraits as in that of William III illustrated in the other photograph which is reproduced by permission of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea. A cresting with a royal coat of

arms on a clock like that on Mr. Cottrell-Dormer's clock, has I consider no reason d'être. The only solution to my mind therefore is that the cresting came originally from a frame that carried a portrait of the King or Queen or a member of the Royal Family. The mistakes in the spelling of the mottoes on the cresting (1. Mr. Cottrell-Dormer's clock (*pass for sense and droll for droll*) suggest that the cresting was the work of a Dutch carver and originally came from a picture frame made in Holland. The clock which the cresting now decorates is certainly of English workmanship. W. A. S. W. M. N. 8, Shelton Court, The Street, Chelsea, S. 3.

A BUTTERFLY YEAR

SIR—I have never seen such a swarm of small tortoiseshell butterflies as there were at this hour in Warwickshire towards the end of August and I can remember since 1870. They came into the house and settled upon anyone and it was not easy to avoid treading on some of the many that settled on the gravel drive.

There were also many peacocks and painted ladies but only a few red admirals and commas.

I saw some female brimstones in mid August and on the 17th and the 18th I saw a cloud of yellow. I understood that there were then many clouded yellows on the west coast but I am not aware that they have been recorded from Warwickshire before.—GEOFFREY J. GAWTH, 98 Sharners Cross Road, Solihull, Warwickshire.

[It has certainly been a year for butterflies and in particular for clouded yellows. Large numbers of these spasmodic immigrants from the Continent arrived in Cornwall in early August and quickly spread eastwards into Hampshire and

CARVED CRESTING ON A LONG-CASE CLOCK (circa 1680) and (right) ON THE ORNATE FRAME OF A PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM III (circa 1695)

See letter: Carved Crestings on Clocks

announcing the vital need of this country to increase its food production to the value of £100,000,000 the Ministry of Fuel declared its intention of seizing a further 251 acres north of Wentworth village. Of this area less than a third is growing timber, the rest is good food producing land and its requisitioning will bring the total acreage of agricultural land taken from the farmers on the Wentworth estate alone to 1,780 acres. (One farmer whose land was visited by Mr. Higgs will have had the use of his farm reduced to half its pre-war size.)

What is the use of one Cabinet Minister urging farmers to increase production and asking that they step up their output to 50 per cent above the 1939 level, if at the same time another Cabinet Minister reduces the acreage available by 50 per cent? LESLIE SHERIDAN (Public Relations Adviser to Earl Fitzwilliam) Datchet House, 140 Strand, W.C.2

BIRD FLIGHT PROBLEM

SIR—Your correspondent C. (August 1) is wrong in stating that storks fly with their necks doubled back. Like spoonbills, flamingoes and most other long-necked birds they fly with them extended. In fact so far as I am aware, the only birds other than pelicans that retract their necks in flight are the various herons which, of course, include bitterns.

To explain this difference, which is illustrated



Sussex. It would be interesting to know how far north they penetrated. In some years they spread right over the British Isles.—Ed.]

KENSINGTON SQUARE THREAT

SIR.—In a letter in COUNTRY LIFE of August 15, I drew attention to the damage that Kensington Square would suffer if the projected passage-way through No. 42 (on the north side) was constructed. Damage would be done to (1) the house (No. 42) not only by the alteration of the front but by the gutting of the interior on the ground floor; (2) the houses on either side, by the noise and disturbance of commercial traffic using the proposed archway; (3) the north side of the square by the destruction of the court of No. 42. None of these three points is answered in Mr. Carthy's letter in last week's issue.

He raises, however, other questions.—

(1) He states that "It is beyond question that Kensington Square has



A MEDIAEVAL BRONZE BUTTON FOUND DURING EXCAVATIONS IN HAMPSHIRE (Magnified 1½ times)

See letter: On The Pilgrims' Way

not been a 'residential square' for a very long time," and that few houses are occupied as single family residences.

Kensington Square is residential and has been so zoned from March, 1947. In a section of the Kensington Borough Council agenda, it is recorded that the London County Council "have decided to amend the zoning of Kensington Square from 'Special business' to 'Residential II.'" This amendment follows a request to the London County Council by the Kensington Borough Council (November 5, 1946) to rezone the square for residential purposes. The majority in favour of this request was very large. A little earlier (August 24, 1946), in a letter to the Kensington Borough Council from the acting clerk of the London County Council, it is stated that "the square still maintains to a large degree its residential amenities, combined with acknowledged architectural interest." The houses in the square are of a size and character that make them much sought after as dwelling-houses.

(2) Your correspondent writes that there are already three passage-ways through the various premises in the Square, which have existed without complaint for very many years. From these passage-ways (which have been in existence for a considerable time) the traffic is negligible.

(3) Your correspondent perhaps missed that part of the discussion at the public enquiry by the Ministry of Town and Country Planning in which it was stated that the opening of the projected passage-way through No. 42 would be only a temporary and partial solution. A speaker gave his opinion that something like a method of using the ground floor of stores for parking and delivery purposes might be necessary in the future.

(4) Your correspondent claims that the alteration to No. 42 could be effected without material damage to



WILD WHITE CATTLE AT CHARTLEY, STAFFORDSHIRE, AT THE BEGINNING OF THE CENTURY

See letter: Wild White Cattle

the appearance of the house." That is not so; the facade will no longer be in its original condition. A house gutted is a house spoilt.—M. JOURDAN, Kensington, S.W.7.

ON THE PILGRIMS' WAY

SIR.—While cutting a trench for a sewer at the cross-roads at Bentley, Hampshire, recently, the foreman very kindly saved for me all the bits and pieces, such as pottery and metal, that his men found. The trench is 5 feet deep and is cut at right angles through the main road—the Pilgrims' Way.

In this wise an excellent section of the road was exposed, which showed that the original surface was 2 ft. 6 in. below the present one. The original road was made by putting layers of local "free stone," which I found immediately below the chalk here, edgewise on to the hard clay subsoil, and from this surface were recovered some Roman nails, half a pack-horse shoe, animal bones and a medieval bronze button—illustrated in my sketch.

The decoration of the button is hand engraved and much finer and more delicate in every way than I have drawn it but the sketch will, I hope, give some idea of the design.—A. G. WADE (Major), Ash Cottage, Benlly, Hampshire.

FOR MEASURING MALT

From Lord Abernethy.

SIR.—An old and valued farm tenant on my estate, who is about to retire, presented me with a measuring staff used by her grandfather, who became tenant of the farm in 1823. At that time there was a malt kiln on the farm, and the malt had to be measured for excise and other purposes.

This staff, which is like a very slender Malacca walking-stick with a round head, is inscribed with two scales—one of inches, 40 in all, and the other of imperial gallons. The units at the bottom of the staff in the gallon scale are very much longer than those at the top of the staff, which measures up to 180 gallons.

The first 10 gallons measure 16 ins. in diameter, the last 10 (140-150 gallons), ending 1½ ins. from the top of the staff, cover only 7½ in., i.e. only 7/80 in. each.

It would appear therefore that this staff was used for measuring the contents of a conical pile or pyramid of either barley or malt, the slope of the pile being probably the natural angle of repose of the grain. A gallon was an old measure of grain as well as of liquid.

The staff is inscribed as being made by Loftus of London—Abernethy, Ash Cottage, Benlly, Hampshire.

WILD WHITE CATTLE

SIR.—In his recent article, *The White Cattle of Dynor*, Mr. Lionel Edwards refers to the Chartley, Staffordshire,

herd. In May, 1905, when this herd was about to be dispersed, I happened to be with the Staffordshire Yeomanry at their camp at Chartley, and took the enclosed photograph, which you may care to publish as an addendum to Mr. Edwards's article.—GERARD CLAY, Abbots' Wood, Hurmure, Godalming, Surrey.

HOW TO FIX HARNESS BELLS

SIR.—With reference to Mr. Lionel Edwards's letter about the fixing of harness bells in your issue of August 1, I remember, as a small boy seventy-one years ago, hearing the bells of my father's team of four horses jingling miles away as they returned from Lewes with the annual load of lime. Each horse had a set of brass bells on a frame (similar to that in Mr. Edwards's illustration) which fitted into slots in the collars. The bells were all of different tones, and the effect as the horses moved was very musical.

I have six of these bells mounted on the original frame on an oak stand in use as a dinner gong.—CHARLES J. PARRIS, Croudborough, Sussex.

ANCIENT AND MODERN

SIR.—I think the answer to Mr. Lionel Edwards's problem is simple, namely, that he has been trying to fit latten bells to a modern cart collar, which makes no provision for them, instead of to a cart collar of the period when it, or the harness (usually of wooden construction), had the requisite fittings.

If the latten bells he purchased have a small hole in one prong only, possibly the other

prong has had the end damaged or broken off at some time.

Although the bells could be fitted as illustrated by his sketch, such a method was not customary.—LAWTON R. FORD, Broad Chalk, Wiltshire.

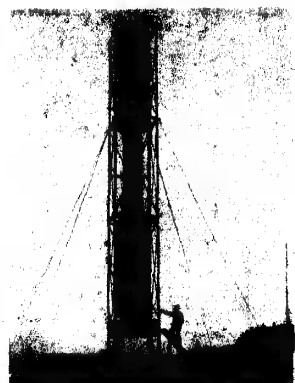
POWER FROM THE WIND

SIR.—I was much interested in the article in COUNTRY LIFE of August 15 about the use of wind as a source of power, since during the years between 1924 and 1931 my engineer father, the late Sigurd J. Savonius, carried out a great many experiments in Finland with a wind motor of his own invention.

This is known as the S-rotor, and is of extremely simple construction. If a cylinder is cut lengthwise, and the two halves moved away from each other along the line of the cut, a two-winged structure is formed, which in cross section resembles the letter "S."

This arrangement, equipped with end plates, a central shaft and ball bearings at the base forms the S-rotor or wing-rotor.

The rotor, a powerful three-tiered example of which is illustrated in my first photograph, needs no vase to keep it to the wind, as winds from any quarter will make it rotate. The frictional losses, which in an ordinary wind motor are considerable, are in a wing-rotor very small indeed, and no power is lost in transmission, since the power shaft is a direct continuation of the vertical axis of the rotor. There are few wearing parts, servicing



A THREE-TIERED S-ROTOR AS USED FOR GENERATING ELECTRICITY IN FINLAND. (Left) A BOAT PROPELLED BY S-ROTOR ON A FINNISH LAKE

See letter: Power from the Wind

is simple and the cost of construction much less than that of a complicated windmill.

As a generator of electricity the S-rotor has the same drawbacks as any other wind-driven generator, but extensive tests over a long period showed it to be over fifty per cent. more efficient than a windmill type of plant of equal size. It has been extensively used for water-pumping on farms throughout Finland, frequently erected merely on a strong stanchion instead of a tower or placed on the roof of one of the farm buildings.

Another application of the S-rotor is to work a rotor ventilator, such as is often seen on food vans in this country. A centrifugal fan is joined to the lower end plate of the rotor, and the combination mounted on a central shaft on ball bearings over a suction pipe. An uncommonly strong suction is developed as soon as the rotor moves in the wind, and air can



A COLLECTION OF KNITTING SHEATHS

See letter *The Knitter's Craft*

be drawn through long ventilating ducts even when it is heavier than normal owing to the presence of heavy gases gasoline fumes etc. All ships built in England are now fitted with rotor ventilators which are also used on a very efficient type of



A CHINESE FISHERMAN WITH HIS CATCH IN MALAYA

See letter *Blair Fishermen*

grain drier as well as for ordinary ventilating purposes on public building stores factories schools cinemas and private houses

The S rotor was also tested in running water and in waves and it was found that it is capable of turning wave action into one way rotary movement for power purposes. A plant of this type with a total area of ten square feet was used for many years at Monaco pumping sea water to the aquariums of the Musée Océanographique where the water had to be raised to a height of 200 feet.

My other photograph shows a small boat being driven by S rotors and unlike the German rotor ship *Huchau* relying merely on the power of the wind—MORIS, NAWMAN 7 Mansini Road Beale Kapai

GEORGE DEVAL

Sir—May I comment on what appears to me to be a confusion of thought in your recent correspondence about George Deval the mason of the Palladian Bridge at Wilton? What is it?

Provided a man were a member of some City Company he could present as a mason. Thus there was a Painter Stainer Grinling Gibbons a Haberdasher William Kidwell a Painter Stainer Joseph Cattens (author of the lovely monument to Finch and Bates at Clare College Cambridge) a Joiner and the list could be greatly extended. It was the right to call himself a Freeman of the City not the membership of a particular Company that ensured a man the right to practise a craft in London though those free of provincial Masons' Guilds were compelled to join the Masons' Company and this pre-

sumably applied elsewhere—KATHA RINE A ESDALE Lams End West Hootley Fald Grinstead Sussex

BLASE FISHERMAN

Sir—It is a remarkable country in which the successful angler may pedal homeward through his village with 3 cwt of hah lashed to the carrier of his bicycle—and attract no notice whatever

I've thought the catch depicted in my photograph was taken off the coast of Malacca and consists of one bright pink 15 pounder, one normal shark and a species of hammer head shark. I think the blasé expression of the Chinese fisherman is a shade overdone—J. D. GOWTS (Lt Col RF) CRI Works Central Malaya

THE KNITTER'S CRAFT

Sir—In Mr James Walton's most interesting article *The Knitter's Craft* in your issue of August 15 a knitting sheath dated 1686 is illustrated and it is stated that only two other 17th century examples have been recorded.

I enclose a photograph of some of the various sheaths in my collection. The one with the chain and wooden case or knitting holder which occupies the whole of the third row from the top is dated 1688 the final nought being omitted as so often occurs with carved wood. This particular example is the only one that I have seen with

the hook for the wool or knitting made of wood.

Incidentally the wooden chain at the foot of this picture has nothing to do with knitting and is a pathetic relic which may bring back recent and memories to many. It was carved by a French prisoner of war in England during the Napoleonic Wars is out of a single piece of wood 29 ins long and includes a revolving link, two balls and lanterns and a clenched hand. One wonders how many months each link commemorated—EDWARD H. FINRO Hyde Park W 2

DUCKS v. SPARROWS

Sir—I was interested to read Dr Pickford's letter in your issue of August 15 about a mallard in St James's Park meeting out justice to a sparrow which had seized crumbs thrown to the ducklings since I with others recently saw a mallard duck there catch a sparrow which it shook about on the bank and then having entered the lake held under water.

Twice this year I have seen ducks in St James's Park fly into boys who tried to seize ducklings on the bank. Both boys retreated hastily.

On another occasion recently

some sparrows and two or three starlings were seen to form a ring round two sparrows fighting on the grass. One starling left the ring to peck at the combatants and then resumed its place in the ring having failed to separate them. C. PUNNELL London Library St James's Square S W 1

A MOTOR-CAR OF 1832

Sir—Mr F. Jones Edwards a article in your issue of August 15 on coaching in the days of motor-cars suggests to me that your readers might like to see an illustration of a motor car which ran in the days of coaching.

It is an old print of a steam driven vehicle that carried passengers between London and Birmingham in 1832 and a daily newspaper which reproduced it nearly fifty years ago told its readers that had it and other similar carriages been allowed to remain in Britain we should have been easily first in the motor car industry.

This replica of a stage coach however was we are told driven off the road—not as one might now expect through mechanical uncertainties or lack of manoeuvrability or driving skill—but by legislative enactments. The notice on the side of the vehicle describes it as a steam coach and states that it has 21 inside and 4 outside seats—a total of 48 compared with a modern London omnibus 56—M A P. LEITCH S E 5

FOR WEIGHING WOOL

Sir—On a garden wall at Sedburgh, Yorkshire are two old stone weights with iron rings at the top and each weight is carved with the figure 80. The owner Mr James Handley stated that the weights had been on his wall for over forty years and were originally used for weighing packs of wool on an old beam scale 56 lb of each pack being wool and 4 lb for the wrapper.

The weights were probably in use in the 18th or 17th century and would doubtless be used for weighing wool for dispatch to the wool merchants at Kendal 10 miles away as at that time Kendal was an important



OLD STONE WOOL WEIGHTS IN A YORKSHIRE GARDEN

See letter *For Weighing Wool*

textile centre. There is another similar weight of 20 lb at a farm in the Sedburgh district—ARNOULD JOWETT 310 Hopwood Lane Halifax Yorkshire

A COLLECTION OF EEL SPEARS

Sir—With reference to your recent correspondence about eel spears starting from the large collection made by my friend the late Dr O H Wild which he presented to the Gloucester Folk Museum, and I have made a survey of all British eel spears and have been able to classify them in regional groups. The results of this work will I hope shortly be published.

The spear owned by Brigadier Stirling illustrated in your number of August 8 belongs to the type which we called the North Eastern type which is marked by the socket and lines being made in one piece. The best examples of this type are to be seen in the Hull Museum. As the Brigadier's spear has a tang and not a socket it would seem to be an interesting variation.

My Committee would be most grateful for any additions to our collection so as to make it fully representative of British spears—CHARLES GREEN Curator Public Museum Gloucester



ON THE WAY FROM LONDON TO BIRMINGHAM

See letter *A Motor-car of 1832*

The King's Manor, York.—It is unfortunate that your correspondence about A. Casson (August 22) should have chosen to illustrate his letter about the King's Manor in York by a photograph of the Prin cipal house and the Sanatorium wing built in 1900 to the designs of the late Mr Walter Brierley the York architect. The building associated with the Abbots of St Mary's and the Council of the North lies to the right and to the left of the modern building illustrated—D. D. HAW (Rev) Yorkshire Architectural and York Archaeological Society 8 Spicers Terrace York

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"Do my senses deceive me?" exclaimed the customer, excitedly. "Or do I truly see a most gratifying sight suspended, without visible means of support, in the middle altitude of your establishment?"

"It is a mirage, Sir," said Mr. Hock the hosier, "Or, so be absolutely accurate, two mirages."

"I concede the point as regards plurality; there are two socks, alike in their splendid symmetry. 'Viella' socks, Mr. Hock! I have pinned for their return—and here they are!"

"Merely in mirage form, Sir."
"But, Mr. Hock!" cried the customer, "Mirage form my foot! Their superb texture is almost tangible—it says 'Viella', 'Viella', and nothing but 'Viella'!"

"Alas, Sir, you are but another victim of the universal wish for 'Viella': these spectral phenomena are a common symptom."

"And when will wishes be translated into 'Viella'?"
"Soon, I hope with all my heart," said Mr. Hock the hosier, fervently.

Viella

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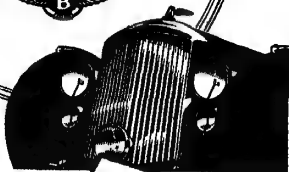


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It shows the distance to Bow Bells.

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THE CITROEN FIFTEEN

By J. EASON GIBSON

ALTHOUGH the current model Citroen shows no fundamental change since its initial production in 1934, had it been launched to-day it would have been accepted as an advanced design by both experts and the general public. Some people may feel put off by the front-wheel drive, but they should remember that in pre-war days slightly over one car in every four sold on the Continent was fitted with f.w.d. The advantages of this drive require to be experienced to be appreciated fully.

It may be of interest to summarise the features that make the Citroen, 13 years after its design, still ahead of the times. The front-wheel drive tends to pull the car in the direction in which it is steered, with consequent elimination of any tendency to skidding. It has also the further advantages that the entire wheelbase can be devoted to passenger and luggage carrying (which is after all the primary function of any car) and that the transmission tunnel and

more obvious on an examination of the bodywork, since immediately one opens the doors one is impressed by the roominess of the car in proportion to its overall dimensions. There is, of course, no gearbox hump or transmission tunnel whatever, so one has the benefits of a completely flat and unobstructed floor. Although the seats are nearer the ground than on any average car, the measurement from the seat to the floor is greater, permitting one to sit up properly in a comfortable and efficient position. Naturally, there is no gear-lever encumbering the driving compartment, the lever connecting with the forward-mounted gearbox coming through the dashboard for operation by the driver's left hand. The handbrake, which connects by cable to the rear wheels only, is operated by a lever mounted under the dashboard. It would be a convenience if this lever were mounted rather nearer to the driver. The horn button, dipping switch and the traffic

gun are carried in a fitted case in a recess under the luggage space.

The model submitted for test had already covered a total mileage, in various hands, of over 12,000 and can be taken as an every-day example. I covered just under 700 miles under varying but always arduous conditions, and the petrol consumption for the entire mileage worked out at the very good average of 25 m.p.g. While the maximum speed is not high, as present-day cars of similar capacity go, the high and thoroughly reliable cruising speed is what really matters. On long straight stretches of A5 or A40 it could be kept at 66 to 68 mile after mile and with a complete lack of fuss and noise. I tried the car on the most notoriously slippery West-End streets after a severe rain storm, and confirmed that the advantages of front-wheel drive are well worth having. On the sharpest of corners the rear wheels follow the front in an accurate manner, even if one



IN THE FRONT-WHEEL-DRIVE CITROEN SALOON THE BODY AND MAIN FRAME ARE ONE INTEGRAL GIRDER-LIKE CONSTRUCTION. The engine/gearbox assembly fits between the forward extensions

footwells in the rear compartment are eliminated. The suspension is by torsion bar on all four wheels, that at the front being independent. A secondary benefit from this type of suspension is that the normal attention required by the conventional laminated spring is unnecessary. No chassis frame is employed, the body and main frame being one integral girder-like construction, which is not only strong but light. The complete car is, in fact, the lightest in proportion to wheelbase of any car on the British market to-day. The engine employs detachable cylinder barrels, the engine casting being, in effect, nothing more than an iron tank for the cooling water. This system of construction permits the use of a more wear-resisting iron in the cylinder barrels than could be used if the engine were cast in one. Other advantages follow: nearly the entire length of the cylinders is in contact with the cooling water, and, instead of reboring being required after extended mileage, all that is necessary is the changing of the liners.

The engine is an overhead-valve four-cylinder, and develops its maximum power at the low engine speed of 1,850 r.p.m. That it is built to be obvious when one realises that at as high a speed as 66 m.p.h., the piston speed is not 2,500-feet/min., which is generally accepted as safe for continuous driving. The gearbox is mounted on the front of the engine, and in advance of the front-wheel centres. What would be the back axle portions of the transmission on a normal car are built in unit with the gear box, and short shafts run out to the driven front wheels. The steering is by a rack-and-pinion gear, laid out in such a way as to afford light but positive steering. The front wheels are connected to the car by two triangulated links, one above and the other below the driving shafts. The lower is attached to the torsion bar that supplies the springing. Newton direct-action dampers are employed to control the suspension. The principal "engine-room" components are easily reached, with the exception of the oil dipstick, which tends to become entangled with the sparking plug leads. The battery is carried in a recess on the scuttle.

The advantages of front-wheel drive become

indicator switch are all mounted on a bracket fitted to the steering column and can be operated by a finger without removing one's hand from the wheel at any time. The high seating position, in relation to the floor, gives the driver very good vision and a pleasant feeling of mastery. The car is well provided with receptacles for the usual impediments of the owner-driver. As all passengers sit well within the wheelbase, it has been easy to provide ample luggage space without any overhang. The spare wheel is carried on the lid of the luggage boot under a metal cover, and as the wheel is fastened from inside the boot, it is jack-proof when the boot has been locked. The tools, jack and grease

corners in a manner designed to provoke skidding. The car seems to be at its best on a typically English road, such as the stretch of A40 from Witney to Chittenham, where it is easily possible—traffic conditions permitting—to take corner after corner at one's cruising speed. Many readers will have noticed how difficult it often is to take right-hand corners with accuracy after darkness; one usually has to take more than one bite at the cherry. Owing to the stability of the suspension and the accuracy of the steering it is possible with the Citroen to develop an alternative technique, namely, to drive by the left-hand kerb, and, should the corner become sharper than was at first thought, merely to steer a bit more. Even when cornering at the highest speeds one cannot provoke roll or side-sway. As the steering has strong self-centring action, it is quite unnecessary to steer the car on straight roads. At all speeds within the car's compass it is possible to relax. This lack of nerve strain is assisted by the very good vision, which permits the car to be placed with great accuracy.

It has to be said that the front-board-mounted gear-lever might be found awkward, but I can refute this, as I found after a few minutes' use that its operation became as automatic as the more usual type of control. Motorists who have seen these cars in their land of origin will remember having observed the way in which they have equalled the front-board apparatus on flat out regardless of the road surface. On my test route there is a stretch of unmade road that entails drastic reduction of speed on practically all cars; on this model, however, it was possible to drive at well over 60 m.p.h. with comfort. So far only two other cars test have equalled this performer. The phrase so well known among light-hearted members of the Army during the war—"Press on, regardless"—could well be the watchword when coming on to very bumpy roads, that there is ample room in the car will be clear when I say that on one occasion during my tests I carried six people. Although this was exceptional, it is certainly possible to carry five with ease.

THE CITROEN

Makers:

Citroen Cars Ltd., Trading Estate, Slough, Buckinghamshire

SPECIFICATION

Price	£597 2s. 10d.	Brakes	Lockheed
(inc. P.T. £152 2s. 10d.)			hydraulic
Cable	£10 11s. 6d.	Suspension	Independent
B.S.	78 x 100 m.m.		(front)
Cylinders	Four	Wheelbase	9 ft. 6½ in.
Valves	Overhead	Track (front)	4 ft. 4½ in.
S.E.P.	56 at 4,350 r.p.m.	Track (rear)	4 ft. 4½ in.
Carb.	Solex	Overall length	14 ft.
Ignition	Lucas coil	Overall width	56½ in.
Oil filter	Electric	Overall height	4 ft. 11½ in.
1st gear	13.1 to 1	Ground clearance	7 in.
2nd gear	7.3 to 1	Turning circle	41 ft.
3rd gear	4.3 to 1	Weight	2½ cwt.
4th gear	1.75 to 1	Fuel cap.	9 gallons
Reverse	7.5 to 1	Oil cap.	11 pints
Final drive	Spiral bevel	Water cap.	1½ gallons
	(front)	Tyre size	16 x 400

PERFORMANCE

Acceleration	sec.	Maximum speed	76 m.p.h.
0-30	Top 12.2 and 6.6	Petrol consumption	25 m.p.g. at average speed
30-40	Top 12.4 and 7.9		of 45 m.p.h.
0-60	All gears 28 sec.		
30-40	15 ft.	Brakes	
30-0	34 ft.		per cent. efficiency on dry concrete road
40-0	60 ft.		

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NEW BOOKS

NEVILLE CARDUS'S DESIGN FOR LIVING

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

NEVILLE CARDUS'S *Autobiography* (Collins, 12s. 6d.), which will be published on Monday, is the story of a man who is pleased with himself and with life as he has found it; pleased, too, with the literary expression he has been able to give to those moments and emotions when life has seemed most worth living. Concerning his books about cricket he writes with complete confidence: "One or two of these books will, I think, last as long as *The Compleat Angler* or *The Hambleton Men*."

Be that as it may, it must at least be said that this author's satisfaction with himself and his achievement is as far removed as it could possibly be

worked in a marine insurance office in Manchester, music adding itself to the great passions of his life. So he reaches the age of twenty-one and the salary of one pound a week.

One day, seeing by chance an advertisement for an assistant cricket coach at Shrewsbury School, he applied for the job and got it. Thereafter things moved more swiftly to their climax. It chanced that Dr. Alington found the "deputy-pro" sitting under a tree and reading Gilbert Murray's translation of *Medea*. A few words were exchanged, Alington expressing the view that Murray was "an ingenious fellow," and one may be sure that he remembered this somewhat unusual conversation with the

AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By Neville Cardus
(Collins, 12s. 6d.)

BRIEF LIFE OF THE BRONTËS. By Royston Millmore
(W. R. Millmore, Bradford, 5s.)

THE FLAMES. By Olaf Stapledon
(Secker and Warburg, 6s.)

from that smug emotion which we call with deprecation self-satisfaction. Although this is not—and a good autobiography cannot be—a detached book, there is a point of view from which the author can look at himself, standing aside, assessing the aim and the achievement. The aim was "the savouring of life by a free and civilised mind as far as I could make mine free and civilised"; the achievement was a position without any challenge as a writer about cricket, and a position of acknowledged eminence as a writer about music and musicians. If this does not permit a man to feel that he has done something with himself, then what does?

HUMBLE ORIGIN

Neville Cardus's beginnings were of the humblest, and he writes of them without reservation. He never saw his father. He was brought up in a mean Manchester street, the household consisting of his grandfather, a retired policeman who bore on his pate marks of an encounter with Charles IVaco, his grandmother, his mother and two aunts. His mother and his aunts were not models of female propriety, but from them he imbibed a sense of the colour and adventure of life. It was all drab enough, but, looking back upon that time, he is able to exclaim: "I was born in a vintage year." There is no envy or malice in him. He thanks the gods for what they have to offer, and is always ready to play them "Double or quits."

How artistic stirrings arise in such a mind in such social conditions is one of the insoluble mysteries. But soon, left alone, living in a sombre room, doing mean jobs, the boy is haunted by the beauty and wonder of life. He spends hours in the free library. He develops "an imagination fed on penny dreadfuls, and on Dickens, Irving, Maclaren, Trumper and Gustave Doré." Later, there were comparatively settled years when he

"pro." Some time later he made Cardus his secretary; but then, when Dr. Alington went on to Eton, difficulties arose which made it impossible for Cardus to go with him.

There followed a time of "appalling shifts." Thrown back from brightness into the dark night of Manchester, "I became an agent for a Burial Society which specialised in policies covering funeral expenses among the poor, in places where the main ostensible problem was to keep alive." Out of this despair, he wrote to C. P. Scott, the Editor of the *Manchester Guardian*, asking for any sort of job on the paper. He got one. "Seven years afterwards, I am 'Cricket' of the *Manchester Guardian* declining offers from J. L. Garvin of the *Observer*. . . . And ten years after that I am music critic under Scott and Montague."

How had it all happened? Is the clue in these sentences: "Young Cardus hated all sorts of teaching. Early in life he hit upon the profound truth that enjoyment and education are very nearly one and the same, that that precedes the second, and that neither is much use without inherited temperament, unless one sets out with no more aim in life than to be wealthy and successful." I suppose it is there if anywhere.

A TESTAMENT OF BEAUTY

Once we have passed this point at which Neville Cardus became a journalist, we are in cricket and music up to the necks. We range from Lord's to Australia and from the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, to Salzburg. We are treated to a wealth of reminiscence about the writers, cricketers and musicians he has known. In all this we find the same lively observation, the same masterly presentation that we find in the boy reading under the gas lamps in the Manchester streets. It makes a book of absorbing

interest, one of the few great autobiographies of our time. It is a testament of beauty. "I do not believe in the contemporary idea of taking the arts to the people; let them seek and work for them. For the Kingdom of Heaven is there; it is in the arts that I have found the only religion that is real and, once found, omnipresent. . . . If I know that my Redeemer taketh it is not on the Church's testimony, but because of what Handel affirms." Still, it doesn't matter how one knows a thing like that: the thing is to know it, to keep garnished the one we are permitted to inhabit of the many mansions. And if the mansion has more rooms than one, why, so much the better.

A) BRONTË CENTENARY

In 1847, just a hundred years ago, there were published three novels: *Jane Eyre*, *Wuthering Heights*, and *Agnes Grey*, respectively by Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell. Ellis and Acton Bell, who were Emily and Anne Brontë, were both dead within eighteen months thereafter. Currer Bell, who was Charlotte, lived on to become one of the famous women of her time; the other two died unknown to fame. This is perhaps hardly surprising in the case of Anne; but that *Wuthering Heights* should have passed almost unnoticed is a sour comment on the critical insight of the times.

The centenary is marked by the publication of a small book called *Brief Life of the Brontës*, by Royston Millmore (W. R. Millmore, Bradford, 5s.). Mr. Millmore sets out to give, in the smallest compass, an account of how the Brontës lived and worked and died, shorn of the sentimental embroidery that has disguised so much writing about them. He succeeds well enough, correcting the notions that their existence was one of abject poverty, that their father was a tyrant, that the old rectory was a "badly built hovel."

There are those who say that the up-to-date Brontë Brontë wrote *Wuthering Heights* or at any rate had a hand in the work, and Mr. Millmore disposes of this neatly. He points out—what nobody could dispute—that all three of the girls were devoted to Branwell and did everything they could to keep him straight. Above all, they desired that he should "do well," and to a Brontë that meant "write well." This being so, says Mr. Millmore, "how gladly would any one of them have given him credit had he deserved it!" This strikes me as a sound piece of intuitive criticism. And, anyway, doesn't everything we know of Emily cry "Wuthering Heights" at the top of its voice?

There is one small point of fact in which Mr. Millmore makes a mistake. He says that Emily's and Anne's identities as authors were never discovered in their lifetime. It was in 1849 that Anne died, and about a year before that she and Charlotte made their celebrated journey to London to demonstrate to Messrs. Smith, Elder that Currer and Acton Bell were Charlotte and Anne Brontë. So Anne's identity was discovered at least to that small extent, though the secret was never made public.

THE FLAMES SPEAK

Mr. Old Stapledon, who has a genius for endowing the most unlikely things with thought and personality, makes flames sentient, and even eloquent, in his short fantasy, *The Flames* (Secker and Warburg, 6s.). These curious little burning creatures,

ejected from the sun when the planets were formed, go so far as to demand that men, with atomic power at their command, should set up a national home for the Flames in Africa or South America, a proposition which our experience of meddling in national homes might well cause us to consider with caution.

However, if we don't do it, goodness knows what may happen to us, because the Flames are desperate and powerful beings who might well set the world alight to gain a congenial environment. From all of which you may gather that Mr. Stapledon is once more preaching a good lesson. There is no one who does it more ably or with a juster sense of where the point applies.

CITY OF CONTRASTS

VISITORS to the Festival of Music and Drama now taking place at Edinburgh will find the city excellently illustrated in *Mr. George Scott-Moncrieff's Edinburgh* (Batsford, 18s.). Vigorous, witty and with just that touch of partisanship that gives spice to such a book, he takes one through the city's history with an eye that is both sympathetic and discriminating. Tracing first the development of the medieval city from the Castle, "riding on its rock like a full-rigged ship," down the Royal Mile to Holyrood, then the growth round about of the Old Town with its lands, wynds and cloes, and finally the rise of the New Town with its austere classical squares and crescents designed by Robert Adam and Gillespie Graham north of the New Loch at the end of the 18th and the beginning of the 19th century, he brings out well that juxtaposition of old and new, of splendour and evidence of intellectual vigour and stern religious discipline that has made Edinburgh above all else a city of contrasts.

Mr. Scott-Moncrieff is critical of the prolonged stifling effect of the Kirk upon the arts and has much good to say of Mary and Prince Charles and his following and little good of John Knox. A traditionalist in architecture as in much else, he deplores the way in which the best buildings of the High Street "have been sullied by concocted improvements" and dismisses the National War Memorial as self-conscious, without form and inherently pointless, a criticism which, though by no means isolated, is scarcely likely to pass unchallenged. About the development of Edinburgh in the face of a fabulous scale of industry from the west of Scotland to the east on a considerable scale he is rightly apprehensive, lest an increase in the city's size should destroy its unity. The illustrations of the book, which include 17th-century engravings, early 19th-century colour prints and photographs that after masterly by G. Hill, are excellent, but its glossary of Scottish terms would have been an advantage. Without one the mere English are liable to miss some of the author's finer points.

J. K. A.

THE MAGIC OF TREES

AT his home on the Essex-Suffolk A border Mr. S. L. Bensusan is the fortunate possessor of a small area of mixed woodland, including such notable trees as the hornbeam and the acacia. How much pleasure he has derived from it is clear from *My Woodland Friends* (Blandford, 10s. 6d.). But the book is more than an account of the virtues of the author's favourite trees. In it he gathers together and recounts, in a flowing, discursive style, the legends and superstitions that have grown up about trees in times both ancient and modern. The illustrations, by Joan Rickaby, similarly seek, with considerable success, to convey the associations of the trees represented and not merely their physical characteristics.

C. D.




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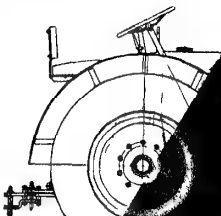
But the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund is still answering urgent calls on its resources, helping those airmen and airwomen who in war's aftermath find themselves in grievous need. It is also assisting many widows, dependants, fatherless and motherless children.

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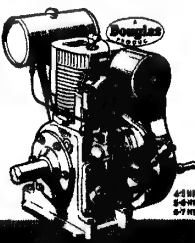
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POWER ON



FARMING NOTES

UP CORN, UP HORN

UP corn down horn was the rule in the war years when livestock rangings on permanent grass land had to make way for bread grains. Now it is up corn up horn. Farmers are being asked to restore the grain acreage with the long term view of converting the extra grain they grow into meat and eggs. We all want to get started on this programme, but we are not allowed yet to keep any more of our home grown grain for stock feeding. Not until after the harvest of 1948 will it be lawful to keep even 20 per cent of the wheat and barley we grow for feeding to poultry and pigs. Meantime we must rely on Ministers to be more successful in obtaining imported feed ingredients. Until feeding stuffs from one source or another can be got we cannot start in a big way on the programme of livestock expansion. But there should be enough feeding stuffs available this autumn and winter to provide the special calf rations for all those who take to calf rearing again. There is the new calf subsidy of £4 a head for steer calves and £3 a head for heifer calves reared satisfactorily to five months old. These are substantial premiums which will redress the balance between cattle rearing and milk selling which has gone awry in many western districts during the past five years. It has been said of good authority that another 20,000 calves a year could easily be reared in Devon alone. This is a job that the small farms of Devon managed exceptionally well. Their local breeds show strong beef type, although in recent years strains have been developed for milk production and it is milk selling that now mainly interests the Devon farmer. This is true of outlying farms which lack conveniences for milk collection and which make an uneconomic haul for the milk factories lorries. Many of these farms should now go back to calf rearing.

Calf Rearing on Contract

THERE are calves from the herds which will continue milk selling that can usefully be taken on to these outlying farms and reared well there. With the higher price for fat cattle promised in future years there should be a ready demand for well reared stores although they may not come of pure beef strain. It is the management of the calf in the first six months as much as its breeding that decides its ultimate value for feeding on a beef basis. Apart from the return of many thousands of small farmers to the calf rearing which they understand so well, then, it seems for the large scale rearing of dairy calves under attested licence. To-day there are many dairy farmers who could profitably expand their milking herds and concentrate on this line of production if they could rely on others to do a good job of calf rearing for them. Is there any reason why a contract system should not be developed in each county by which certain farmers undertake calf rearing on the most approved lines at a set scale of charges? A start on these lines might well be made this autumn.

Wheat Sowing

AN extra half million acres of wheat which is what the Government want grown in this country will take some getting. There are inducements now with the higher acreage payment of £3 an acre and ten acres of ground on each farm but I find a good deal of reluctance to put the plough into the grass and clover leys which have been established for three or four years. Farmers point naturally enough to the high cost of the seeds mixture in these days and once a sward is established which is some parts of the country is cheaper they are not keen to break it up if there is

the prospect of a fair growth of grass next year either for grazing or for mowing. They question whether to plough leys or not is apparently to be left to the individual decision of the farmer. Some will justifiably decide not to plough because they have enough young stock coming on to make full use of all the grass they can grow. Others who are not heavily stocked and have little prospect of buying store cattle at a reasonable price should put in the plough but some of them will not unless they are advised or indeed ordered by the county agricultural executive committee to do so. In my view it would be helpful all round if the district committee members do pay a round of visits in the next few weeks to see what every farmer intends to do. Some farmers are slow off the mark and some are tired. They will need to be told what they should do.

More Houses?

MANY owners vacillate and some hesitate to build new houses for farm workers. Some have been successful in getting licences and they have found local builders who have started to build. But some district councils which refuse to give any further licences for private enterprise building even if the houses are wanted by farm workers. I hold there is a new rule that the councils must not give any more of these licences without reference to White Hall but this has been going on for several months. The same councils have not given effective priority to farm workers in the allocation of the new council houses they have. Mr Tom Williams has been blamed the farmer members of these councils for not insisting on this priority but when they are extremely pressing cases of overcrowding in the district that must somehow be met it is understandable that the rural councils like the town councils have stuck to the points system of allocation recommended by the Ministry. Under this the farm worker has been given no special priority. Ministers are now busy hatching a new scheme which will give agriculture more priority in the allocation of new council houses. The quickest way of meeting the need would be to allocate specifically to farm workers the 15,000 or more Airey houses which the councils have been reluctant to place for their ordinary housing programme.

Advice on Dairying

THERE is plenty of sound advice to be had from the literature that is found in Mr V. C. Fishwick's *Dairy Farming* (Croby Lockwood 15s). Mr Fishwick has made a name for himself at Wyke Agriculture College as a practical teacher who has the knack of impressing students with the points that matter in making a success of the farming business. I like the layout of the book which is well dealt with milk as a product feeding cattle on modern lines rearing methods and quality in breeding stock. Rightly he says that a bull should be regarded as a unit. One or two outstanding animals will not make a good herd. They will be a source of weakness to the rest of the herd. The remainder of the herd are sacrificed to their requirements. The exceptional 1,000-gallon cow may bring an account of reward but a bad breeder but this may be costly if the rest of the herd does not get a fair share of attention. The second part of Mr Fishwick's book gives a breakdown account of the dairy farming practised on 20 farms up and down the country. Each has some special points of interest and together they give a fair picture of our dairy farming.

CINCINNATUS

ESTATE MARKET

YORKSHIRE GROUSE MOOR FOR SALE

LORD HOTHFIELD'S Blackpots grouse moor, part of the Silden estate of 5,000 acres, between Skipton and Kailghley, Yorkshire, was recently sold to a client of Messrs. John D. Wood by Messrs. Loftis and Warner. The estate, which adjoins the Kailghley Moor, is for re-sale by auction in lots, on October 11 and 16, at Skipton. The game bags ranged from 572 brace of grouse in 1934 to 182 in 1945. Last year the moor was shot over only twice, and 90 brace were recorded; there is a good stock of birds left, and the moor is at present in hand.

A FAMOUS SNOWDONIAN CENTRE

PEN-Y-GWYRD HOTEL has been sold since the auction by Messrs. Jackson-Stops and Staff. It is at Nant Gwynant, in Carnarvonshire, close to the Pass of Llanberis, and was first a small farm-house, then an inn, and, by reason of its situation which, though isolated, was convenient for climbers, a great deal was known and recorded about it. In 1947 Henry Owen, a farmer, bought the house and, as one writer says, "created its traditions." In *Two Years Ago*, published in 1887, Charles Kingsley gives a good description of the homely comfort of the house, which he often visited, and he says in one of his letters, that it was "the divinest pigsty beneath the canopy." In 1920 the house was rebuilt and enlarged. Many famous names were inscribed in the visitors' book. The Climbers' Club was founded in the old inn. Its first president was Charles Edward Mathews, a friend of Joseph Chamberlain, and for some time president of the Alpine Club. Snowdonian enthusiasts erected a tablet to Henry Owen's memory in Beddgelert church and this tablet stated that he was "for 44 years landlord of the Inn at Pen-y-Gwryd." Later, the inn has been conducted as a modern hotel.

THE LATE LORD BENNETT'S SURREY HOME

JUNIPER HILL, Mickleham, Surrey, is for sale by order of the trustees of the late Lord Bennett of Mickleham. The agents are Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. The extensively modernised Georgian house stands in the midst of 100 acres, which in turn are surrounded by property vested in the National Trust. There is an electric passenger lift to the suites into which the house is divided and there is also a private cinema. Lord Bennett was *Member of Parliament* for Canada from 1930 until October, 1935.

HOME FOR EX-OFFICERS

MRS. RALLI, for whom Messrs. Sadder and Baker acted as agents, has disposed of her Georgian mansion, Frimley Park, a Surrey seat of approximately 30 acres, to the Officers' Association and the Officers' Benelux Department of the British Legion. Elderly regular ex-officers will be eligible for admission, and the thirty for whom accommodation will be available will include eight bedridden cases.

Miss Vera Lynn has accepted an offer for her Sussex property, Clayton Holt, at Hasocks. It includes 107 acres of arable and woodland with some downland pasture. Her agents were Messrs. Fox and Sons and Messrs. Newell and Bailey.

Another Sussex sale is that of Hadlow, a house in 3 acres on the fringe of Ashdown Forest and close to East Grinstead. It stands 890 feet above sea level. Messrs. Powell and

Partner and Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley effected the sale. The late firm, with Messrs. Dyson, Baker and Moore, have sold The Grange, a residence in 33 acres, in the Whaddon Chase country, within easy reach of Bletchley. A large outbuilding has been made on improving the house. The grounds contain a swimming-pool.

REPUTED TO BE PARTLY PRE-TUDOR

IVY HOUSE, Gomshall, Surrey, has been sold privately by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley in conjunction with Messrs. Wallis and Wallis. This delightful old house is picturesque and, although the main portion is Tudor, other parts date from even earlier times. It has many interesting features, including the fine oak panelling, inglenook fireplaces and a beautiful carved oak staircase. It stands in pleasure grounds of five acres, intersected by Tillingbourne trout stream.

LABOUR-SAVING ON FARMS

THE cancellation of an auction is notified by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, the firm having sold Town House and Cockshate Farm, a 16th-century enlarged and restored farm-house four or five miles from Haywards Heath, Sussex. There are model farm buildings designed with an eye to the economy of labour, and the 185 acres include sporting woodlands.

The same firm, with Messrs. Simmons and Sons, will shortly offer the Northfield, Kingston Hill and North Audley Farms, near Abingdon, Berkshire, three holdings totalling 570 acres. All the farms have good houses and buildings, and there are cottages. The three lots have pastures covered by the Thames. The farms are situated in the parish of Kingston Bagpuse.

Marsh Court, near Sherborne, Dorset, a Queen Anne house in 80 acres, has been sold to a client of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, and a vendor for whom Messrs. Rawlence and Squarey and Messrs. George Troilope and Sons were agents.

NAMED AFTER DERBY

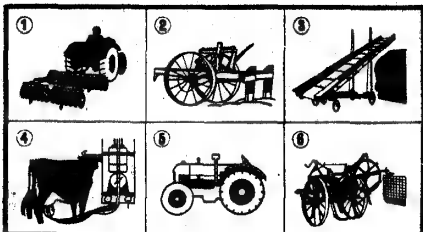
WINTER

PHANTOM HOUSE, Newmarket, named after the Derby winner of 1811, is for sale shortly with the stud buildings and 111 acres. Among the horses that have contributed to the fame of Phantom House was the Duke of Portland's St. Simon. Mr. Norman J. Hodgkinson (Messrs. Bidwell and Sons) is entrusted with the reaction of the property by Major W. V. Beatty, the well-known trainer, who is retiring at the end of this year.

STUD FARM SOLD TO ONLY BIDDER

OAK CROFT, Chirk, a stud farm of 111 acres, changed hands for £10,000 under the hammer at Cavendish, Shropshire. It belonged to Lord Howard de Walden. A peculiarity of the auction was that there was only one bid.

IN THE FYTHLEY COUNTRY FARMS, sporting and village property, situated at Maidwell, Northamptonshire, on the Northampton-Market Harborough road, just on 900 acres and producing over £1,100 a year, recently came under the hammer of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Messrs. Frank Newman and Son. The property includes a compact area of 400 acres, with two farm-houses and sets of buildings. A lake of 5 acres affords trout fishing. The property is well placed for meets of the Fythley. **ARRETER.**



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what these implements are used for
and how to use them?

But you may thank heaven the farmer knows. Indeed, no man must know so much: no man must so hold his trade at heart. From the skill and the toil which the farmer gives to his fields, comes the well-being of your cities and, as has happened, the life of these islands. But now the farmer's land which is your land is hungry for men to farm it, and farm it as it ought to be farmed in the future. More and more will

machinery be used. But tomorrow's carting load must match tomorrow's ploughing speed: thus more and more must fertilizers be concentrated to reduce their weight. So, too, must the form of the fertilizer match the form of the machines which spread it: thus more and more must fertilizers be granular to avoid stoppages. And that is why you will hear more and more farmers say—

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Fabrics and Shoes



(Left) Country suit in thick tweed jersey that is a new Walsey fabric for the winter. The suit is made in brown and green mixtures with double seaming on the jacket and box pleats in the shirt



(Right) Honey coloured suede and brown leather shoes with a platform of the leather that makes them practical and hard-wearing. Russell and Bromley

Photographs by COUNTRY LIFE Studio

THE new styles with their curves and gores require woollens with a soft, pliable texture. The majority of the coatings are plain, but when they are tweed they are patterned and the design is big and bold, outside plaids and enormous shadow checks or variegated stripes with solid stripes, dot and dash, feather-stitch and herring-bone stripes placed alongside in mixed shades or graded tones of one. Colours for these tweeds are mixtures of indeterminate pastels, misty blues that are almost grey, muted salmon and shrimp pinks, maize yellow tinged with stone and all the yellowed olive tones of green.

The Jacquard collection includes fleecy Cumberland tweeds in outside patterns; an arrangement of lozenges in differing fancy weaves, carried out in tones of grey, is amusing. Plaids and over checks come in tones of pink and beige, in yellowy or olive green tones with an undertone of brown. One of the few neat designs for coats shows an all-over criss-cross weave that looks like a honeycomb and is carried out in ice blue, shrimp pink or maize with mole. A tweed that would make a dashing coat is woven in deep bars resembling a backgammon board with the stripes graded in size from a foot wide in the centre to about three inches at either selvedge. A suiting tweed that looks like a hand-knitted jersey done in plain stitch is very attractive. Jacquard repeat the solid-coloured successes of last winter in the wool georgettes and crêpes ranges for dresses and have added some fancy basket weaves.

The position seems to be that good cloth is scarce but not unobtainable and that, as the designers here have wisely decided against any wild extravagances in the way of ten-yard gored skirts, there will be enough to go round. There is certainly a great variety to choose from.

The winter weave of Moygashel, a mixture of wool and rayon in a hopsack weave, is shown in many collections in some charming

(Continued on page 498)



Diced check tweed coat from the Harrells winter range made in mixed colours

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Fabrics family. These are wool-mixture fabrics which wash perfectly, in a suit weight called 'Scarborough' and a dress weight 'Harrogate'.

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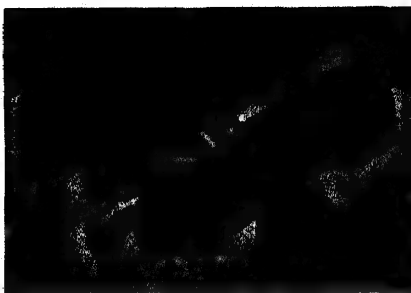
styles. It has a crisp springy texture and makes an admirable full-gathered or gored skirt. They make it in bright young colours—turquoise, rust, brick and royal blue.

A rayon jersey called laneyl is being shown by Horrocks in their winter collection of dresses and housecoats. This heavy, limp pliable material drapes extremely well, falls into classic folds, can be gathered, looped, folded without looking bulky. It is made in greyed pastels and in many neutrals, dove grey, mole, stone and golden-beige. A silver-grey housecoat, smocked about the shoulders, is delightful.

Tweeds in the collections show a preference for zigzag and Greek key weaves. A cross-stitch tweed is amusing, a double zigzag line effective in dark grey on a pale ground and the knitting design and lozenge tweed from Jacquard are being made up by Stiebel for his clients' collection. Some of the best coating tweeds shown by the London couturiers were flecked or in shadow stripes and the colours throughout were pale, subtle and mixed, while there was generally an undertone of a subtle neutral—a greyed green or a lavender grey. The velours that are being made in the North of England are a great success for winter coats. They are soft as thistledown to handle, and the surface has a bloom. They are shown in every great collection, and a limited amount will be available in the fabric departments of the big stores.

THE striped jerseys made cheerful winter dresses and were modelled by many of the big wholesalers. Plain jersey frocks in a thick, taut weave with sweater tops had their wide skirts put on with inverted pleats. These frocks were in strong colours in contrast to the pale tones of the tweeds with numbers of them in a bright Venetian red. Pin-striped jersey is being featured by Molyneux for the sweater top of a dress, scarlet stripes on navy with a gathered navy skirt.

Excellent nylon fabrics are also appearing on the market. A nylon taffeta with an engraved flower on it is most attractive, and the nylon



Square toes and heels on two Church shoes: a honey-coloured calf with a tongue saddle stitched in white and a dark brown suede with a lizard head to take the worst of the weather. Both these shoes are from Russell and Breville

nets and chiffons are excellent for a bride. Debenham and Freebody are making up the nylon taffetas which move well as a dance frock. It has a more ethereal look than a rayon and a shimmering, silvery sheen.

Numbers of new styles are being shown for shoes, which appear to be easier to obtain than for many years. Styles form two main groups; there are the shoes with comparatively high heels and light uppers intended for town and afternoon and evening wear and the easy, low-heeled shoes for walking and sports. The lighter type of shoe is mostly a court shoe with a closed back and often a peeper toe. The sling-backs have disappeared, except for a few sandals for dancing. The prettiest of these light shoes have a little ruffled bow or a buckle placed above the peeper toe, and they are made in lizard skin, snake skin, suede and calf.

Low-heeled shoes look lower and more streamlined than ever and very like a boy's slipper. Some of the neatest show a square heel and a square toe. Brevitts are putting out a most attractive walking shoe in this style with a buckle at the side and the other a laced shoe in suede with a band of lizard close to the sole. It is an excellent style for a larger size, as this square line definitely makes the foot look shorter. Brevitts are also making for the autumn a shoe with a rounded back and a tongue and a buckle on the front and a low leather heel. They also have a shoe which resembles a jester's in a Shakespearean play with a point at the back and a soft looking round toe. This shoe moulds the foot without a wrinkle to the ankle. For wearing with light afternoon frocks they show some charming sandals in black suede with Alice-in-Wonderland ankle straps and cut away either side to the low wedge heel. The heel is solid, the front composed of two wide bands which cross over and leave the toe open. A few of these sandals will be available in silver and gold kid, in brocade or in cherry-red kid.

P. JOYCE REYNOLDS.

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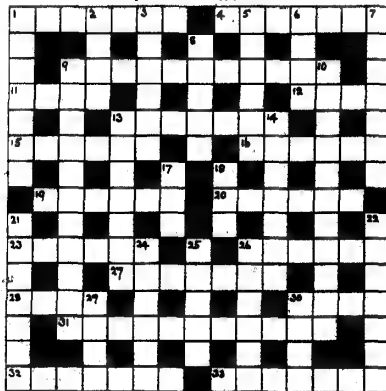
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CROSSWORD No. 917

Two guesses will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions (in a closed envelope) must reach "Crossword No. 917, COUNTRY LIFE, 1-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," not later than the first post on Thursday, September 11, 1947.
Note.—This Competition does not apply to the United States.



Name _____
(Mr., Mrs., etc.)
Address _____

SOLUTION TO No. 916. The winner of this Crossword, the first of which appeared in the issue of August 29, will be announced next week.

ACROSS.—1 and 9, Freehold estate; 9, Arch; 10, Ejaculation; 12, Cacao; 13, Crying; 18, Wh; 19, Spice; 19, Indolence; 22, Abandoned; 24, Attire; 25, Ice; 26, Baltic; 29, Tenon; 32, Peasants; 35, Anna; 34 and 35, Travellers' rest.
DOWN.—1, Franciscan; 2, Runcible; 4, Objection; 5, Desays; 6, Solan; 7, Arts; 8, Easy; 11, Coward; 14, Ice; 16, Abstention; 19, Descendant; 20, Dedicator; 21, Lean-to; 23, Owl; 27, Amice; 28, Traid; 30, Spot; 31, Asia.

ACROSS

- 1 and 4. They may be entertaining holiday-makers (7, 7).
9. A fragrant flower and what it makes (11).
- 11 and 12. What the carmen used to do before the pull-up (4, 4).
13. Extends (7).
15. His must be a business of considerable interest (6).
16. "Nor—of men, nor beasts we ken; 'The ice was all between.'"—Coleridge (6).
19. Where a distinguished almanac meets a friend (6).
20. Protest against the umpire's decision? (6).
23. Reused (square) (6).
26. Casque (6).
27. What Simon would be if he were more natural? (7).
- 28 and 30. Exposure, one of a pair (4, 4).
31. Platform, but not of the kind familiar to 1 and 32 and 33. Do they teach by time-table? (7, 7).

DOWN

1. Frank's natural characteristic? (7).
2. Sounds as though it might be the key to slinging a hammock (4).
3. Showing more colour either way (6).
5. In perpetuity (6).
6. It should give a clear view (4).
7. Sign of no confidence (7).
8. How to grow amiable (6).
9. But it seldom a hand-made process to-day (11).
10. Parent met me (anagram) (11).
12. There are 100 in 1,000 (7).
14. Used exclusively in photography (7).
- 17 and 18. The best time for an old salt (6).
21. What the Greek playwrights wrote in (7).
22. "Return, Alps, the dread voice is past 'That shrunk thy top.'"—Milton (7).
24. A famous bridge (6).
25. Unlimited room (5).
26. Lyander's love (6).
28. Time is up! (4).
30. Undone (it ceases to be) (4).

The winner of Crossword No. 915 is
Mrs. Shireen,
Buckler,
Whatfield,
Suffolk.

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SALES in Sporting Goods will be held at the Haver Square Bazaar House on Thursday, October 9. Entries closed on Wednesday 8. Auctioneers: Messrs. KINIGET, FRANK and J. H. HANCOCK, 10, St. James's Place, London, W.1. For valuations of clocks, antiques, oyster shells and real estate, see advertisement. Mortgages and other purposes. Auctioneers arranged in town and country. For more particulars apply to Messrs. KINIGET, FRANK and J. H. HANCOCK, 10, St. James's Place, London, W.1.

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MISCELLANEOUS

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

For Sale, Property, Trade, etc. (Continued from page 501)

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GLoucester, THE WHITE HAVEN HOTEL. This has been in premier position in Gloucester since its opening. Well furnished and recently decorated. Central heating and running water. Comfortable beds and the best English cooking. Special arrangements are being made for the warmth and comfort of visitors.

FOR SALE

TARSALE, 10, St. James's Place, London, W.1. Tel. 2412. A house in the west end, corner of Ireland. Good size and modern. Good view of the river. Very comfortable. Inclusive terms 7/6 to 9/6 per week.

WHITE SALE, 10, St. James's Place, London, W.1. Tel. 2412. A house in the west end, corner of Ireland. Good size and modern. Good view of the river. Very comfortable. Inclusive terms 7/6 to 9/6 per week.

BOOKS, Literature and Collections wanted: best prices paid. Please offer colour plate. Call on: 10, St. James's Place, London, W.1. Tel. 2412.

GENERATING PLANT, Latest Diesel Apparatus, 10, St. James's Place, London, W.1. Tel. 2412.

ADAM'S STOCKING, hand knitted, size 10-12. Call on: 10, St. James's Place, London, W.1. Tel. 2412.

EXPERIENCED Secretary/Accountant seeks position with private family or country club. Call on: 10, St. James's Place, London, W.1. Tel. 2412.

MECHANICAL ENGINEER as present on leave of absence. Call on: 10, St. James's Place, London, W.1. Tel. 2412.

NOBLEMAN wishes most thoroughly to recommend Secretary/Accountant. Call on: 10, St. James's Place, London, W.1. Tel. 2412.

RESIDENT Apartment free, no married, no family. Call on: 10, St. James's Place, London, W.1. Tel. 2412.

SITUATIONS VACANT. Call on: 10, St. James's Place, London, W.1. Tel. 2412.

ATRACTIVE modernized cottages available to two friends. Call on: 10, St. James's Place, London, W.1. Tel. 2412.

GENTLEMAN or young well-dressed Girl wanted to help mother look after little girl. Call on: 10, St. James's Place, London, W.1. Tel. 2412.

GENTLEMAN or Girl just finished domestic science course, wanted to cook or do light housework in warm modern house. Call on: 10, St. James's Place, London, W.1. Tel. 2412.

MARRIED couple required, experienced, to manage a small, delightful country house in the south of England. Call on: 10, St. James's Place, London, W.1. Tel. 2412.

WANTED, experienced Nurse Master to take complete charge of estate of 34 houses. Call on: 10, St. James's Place, London, W.1. Tel. 2412.

EDUCATIONAL. Call on: 10, St. James's Place, London, W.1. Tel. 2412.

WANTED, experienced Nurse Master to take complete charge of estate of 34 houses. Call on: 10, St. James's Place, London, W.1. Tel. 2412.

EDUCATIONAL. Call on: 10, St. James's Place, London, W.1. Tel. 2412.

WANTED, experienced Nurse Master to take complete charge of estate of 34 houses. Call on: 10, St. James's Place, London, W.1. Tel. 2412.

EDUCATIONAL. Call on: 10, St. James's Place, London, W.1. Tel. 2412.

WANTED, experienced Nurse Master to take complete charge of estate of 34 houses. Call on: 10, St. James's Place, London, W.1. Tel. 2412.

EDUCATIONAL. Call on: 10, St. James's Place, London, W.1. Tel. 2412.

COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. CII No. 2643

SEPTEMBER 12, 1947

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

BY DIRECTION OF HIS HIGHNESS THE MAHARAJAH GAEKWAR OF BARODA

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT

SUSSEX-SURREY BORDERS

720 feet up on the southern slope of Blackdown and commanding a wonderful view over the surrounding country
"ALDWORTH," NEAR HASLEMERE

FORMERLY THE HOME OF ALFRED LORD TENNYSON, POET LAUREATE.

The residence, a notable example of architecture of its period, is built of local sandstone with pinnaced gables, mullioned windows and arched fireplaces.

Hall, 5 reception rooms, nine principal and 4 servants' bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, convenient domestic offices.

Electric light. Central heating. Private water supply.

Beautiful terraced grounds. Garage block with two flats. Gardener's cottage.

Interesting farmhouse of Charles II period with buildings and farm land. Five other cottages.

70 acres of picturesque woodland with walks laid out by the Poet.

ABOUT 141 ACRES. FOR SALE PRIVATELY OR BY AUCTION LATER

Solicitors: Messrs. HORNE & BIRKETT, 4, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.2.

Auctioneers: Messrs. CUBITT & WEST, Haslemere, Surrey, and Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY.

A BEAUTIFUL OLD HOUSE OF QUEEN ANNE CHARACTER

Occupying a secluded position in beautiful grounds.

Two miles Kent coast. Close to three championship golf courses.



Built of brick with tiled roof. Fitted with modern improvements. Four reception rooms, 10 best bedrooms, 7 bathrooms, day and night nurseries, 8 staff rooms and complete offices. Central heating. Main water, electricity and gas. Garage for 5. Stabling.

Three cottages and fine old Tudor cottage converted into games room. Squash racquets court. Swimming pool.

Exceptionally beautiful grounds, fruit gardens, grass and woodland.

ABOUT 53 ACRES. FOR SALE WITH VACANT POSSESSION

Sole Agents: Messrs. CHARLES J. ELGAR, Bank Chambers, Wingham, Canterbury, and Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY. (43,176)

WEST SOMERSET

UNDER 1 MILE OF TROUT FISHING

10 miles from Minehead. 8 miles from Dunster.

HOE FARM, WHEDDON CROSS



An exceptionally attractive Residential Farm of 173 acres (a further 24 acres are rented).

It is in a beautiful part of the country and the house enjoys views over wooded valleys. It has great charm and character and contains 4 reception rooms, 11 principal bedrooms, 3 servants' bedrooms all with hot and cold water, dressing room, 4 bathrooms.

Excellent range of attached buildings occupied by pedigree T.T. Guernseys.

Three excellent flats with bathrooms and electric light and water.

TO BE SOLD FREEHOLD

Full particulars from Messrs. JAMES PHILLIPS & SONS, Town Mills, Minehead, and Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY. (43,743)

27 MILES NORTH OF LONDON

Adjoining a village and close to bus route.

A delightful old-fashioned

COUNTRY HOUSE

Built of brick with tiled roof and in good order throughout. Secluded position facing south and approached by long drive. Four reception rooms, 9 principal and 4 servants' bedrooms, day and night nurseries, 4 bathrooms.

Central heating throughout.

Main water and electricity.



Sole Agents: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY. (39,118)

Ample Garages.

Four good brick and tiled Cottages.

Charming gardens and grounds nicely timbered and well maintained. Fine old walled garden. Grass and arable land.

ABOUT 27 ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

With Vacant Possession.

ASHDOWN FOREST DISTRICT

In beautiful unspoiled country between Tunbridge Wells and East Grinstead

"WINDLESHAW," WYTHHAM

An attractive Country House occupying a retired situation facing S.E. with lovely views.

Approached by a drive it contains: Lounge hall, 2 reception rooms, garden room, 2 bed and dressing rooms, day and night nurseries, 2 bathrooms.

Auctioneers: Messrs. BRACKETT & SONS, 27-29, High Street, Tunbridge Wells, and Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY.



Electric light. Main water. Central heating.

Two cottages. Double garage. Gardens and grounds with partly walled kitchen garden and three paddocks.

ABOUT 11 ACRES

For Sale by Auction at Tonbridge on Friday, September 26, as a whole or in two Lots (unless sold privately).

VACANT POSSESSION.

Sole Agents: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY.

Magdalen 2771 (10 Lines)

20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

Telegrams: "Gallerton, Woods, London."



JACKSON-STOPS & STAFF

8, HANOVER ST., LONDON, W.1 MAYFAIR SW167
CIRENCESTER, NORTHAMPTON, LEEDS, YEovil, CHICHESTER, CHESTER, NEWMARKET AND DUBLIN

By Auction in September, unless previously sold privately.

WEST SUFFOLK

Situate in the best residential district near Bury St. Edmunds.



The small well-timbered Residential and Sporting Estate of **LITTLE HAUGH** with its Queen Anne Residence of exceptional charm set amidst a pleasantly timbered park, fern and woodlands. It contains hall, 3 reception, 11 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bath-rooms, self-contained servants' quarters. Main electricity. Central heating. Beautifully maintained gardens and park-like grounds. Four modern cottages. In all some 181 ACRES

Illustrated particulars (B-1) from the Joint Auctioneers: JACKSON-STOPS AND STAFF, Newmarket (Tel. 2288), or H. C. WOLTON, F.A.I., Bury St. Edmunds (Tel. 288); or Solicitors: Messrs. CLIFFORD-TURNER & CO., 1, Queen Victoria Street, London.

AUCTION WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24 WEST SUSSEX-HAMPSHIRE BORDERS

210 ft. above sea level in one of the most attractive villages in the county.

The very charming small Residence **THE FARNDEN, COMPTON, nr. CHICHESTER** Chichester 13 miles. **Polefield 7 1/2 miles.** Sitting hall, lounge, dining room, dramatic office with maid's room, bathroom, 4 bedrooms. Telephone. Water from state main. Main electricity. (Sewer) drainage.

Pleasant gardens. Garage and store sheds.

About 1/2 ACRE

Solicitors: Messrs. WANNOP & FALCONER, North Pallant, Chichester.

Auctioneers: JACKSON-STOPS & STAFF, 27, South Street, Chichester (Tel. 3343).

AUCTION, SEPTEMBER 23, 1947 THAMESFIELD, SHEPPERTON, MIDDLESEX

17 miles from Waterloo.

A WILLIAM AND MARY HOUSE

In secluded dignity in its own grounds.

Three reception rooms, 8 bed and dressing rooms, 2 staff rooms, 2 bathrooms. Main services. Cottage.

Lovely matured garden and paddock

In all about 7 1/2 ACRES

Auctioneers: JACKSON-STOPS & STAFF, 8 Hanover Street, London, W.1.

AUCTION, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1947 WEST SUSSEX COAST

By the sea, with gardens having direct access to the beach, and within easy reach of Chichester Harbour.

The attractive and well maintained modern Residence **SEASTOWN, WEST STRAND, WEST WITTERING** Chichester 8 miles.

Lounge, sun lounge, dining room, 6 bedrooms, sun balcony, cloakroom, bathroom, kitchen, etc. Telephone. Main water and electricity.

Modern drainage.

Pleasant formal gardens with private way to the beach.

Good garage.

VACANT POSSESSION.

Solicitors: Messrs. WANNOP & FALCONER, North Pallant, Chichester.

Auctioneers: JACKSON-STOPS & STAFF, 27, South Street, Chichester (Tel. 3343).

AUCTION WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24

By order of the Trustees of Mrs. V. M. M. Nickison, deceased, and Major J. D. Nickison, deceased.

HINTON PARVA, NEAR SWINDON, WILTSHIRE

at the foot of the Wiltsbury Down, about 400 ft. above sea level.



ELISABETH PERIOD RESIDENCE

Three reception, 3 principal bed and dressing rooms, 4 secondary bedrooms, 2 bath and domestic offices. Two cottages.

Fifteen loose boxes. Two stables. Garage. Granary. Main electric light and water.

Gardens, paddock, and woodland.

In all about 27 ACRES

Solicitors: Messrs. KINNEIR & CO., 11 High Street, Swindon, Wilts. (Tel. 2511). Particulars of the Auctioneers: JACKSON-STOPS, The Old Council Chambers, Cirencester (Tel. 25418), and LOVEDAY & LOVEDAY, 14, High Street, Swindon (Tel. 25716).

AUCTION TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30 WEST SOMERSET

By direction of Sir Francis F. M. Cook, Bart., his Trustees, and Colwyn Estate, Ltd.

Within 1 1/2 miles. Tenants 11 miles.

The exceptional and historic **Frethold Manor House, Agricultural and Sporting Estate**

COTWAY MANOR, GREENHAM, NEAR WELLINGTON

In unspoilt country, perfect

16th-century Manor, with

wonderful features including

panelling and 18th-

century fireplaces.

Contains great hall, 9

reception, 9 bed and dress-

ing, oratory, 3 bedrooms,

nursery suite, domestic

office, servants flat. Main

electricity. Garage, out-

buildings, 3 cottages, chan-

cel-Pe's flat. Gardens, swim-

ming pool, trout fishing.

Two valuable Mixed Farms

(as separate Lots).

426 ACRES

Vacant Possession.

Particulars, price 5/6, from the Auctioneers.

Solicitors: Messrs. WILLIAM CHARLES CROCKER, 42, Gracechurch Street, London, E.C.3 (for Sir Francis and his Trustees); Messrs. FISHER, DOWSON

AND WARBURTON, 7, St. James's Place, S.W.1 (for Colwyn Estate, Ltd.).

Auctioneers: JACKSON-STOPS & STAFF, Hendford, Yeovil (Tel. 1605).

Greensward 2121
(3 lines)

WINKWORTH & CO.

48 CURZON STREET MAYFAIR, LONDON W.1

SURREY HILLS

London 25 miles by road, 45 minutes by rail. Close market town.

A WELL-EQUIPPED MODERN RESIDENCE IN THE TUDOR STYLE



ALL MAIN SERVICES.

Beautiful panelling. Polished oak floors throughout. Vicious tiled bathrooms. Lodge. Garage. Stabling.

Two flats each with bath. Nine bed and dressing rooms, 4 excellent bathrooms, 4 fine reception rooms, white tiled offices.

Inexpensive gardens and grounds including kitchen garden, woodlands, etc., in all

ABOUT 5 ACRES. PRICE £14,000

Agents: WINKWORTH & CO., 48, Curzon Street, Mayfair, London, W.1.

BUCKS. BEECHWOODS

40 minutes by express rail. Delightful south view. Over 400 ft. above sea.

A picturesque and extensively fitted reproduction of AN EARLY ENGLISH MANOR HOUSE

containing every up-to-date requirement. Eight best bed, nursery wing, staff rooms and 6 bath-rooms, hall and 3 reception rooms.

CENTRAL HEATING. MAIN SERVICES. FITTED BASINS.

Garage and cottage. Squash and hard tennis courts. Ample kitchen garden and well-kept terraced grounds, farm and wood land, in all



OVER 25 ACRES. PRICE £25,000

(or with a quantity of the valuable contents, if desired).

Recommended by the Sole Agents: WINKWORTH & CO., 48, Curzon Street, Mayfair, London, W.1.



HAMPTON & SONS

6, ARLINGTON STREET, ST. JAMES'S, S.W.1

Regent 2222 (16 lines)

Telegrams: "Balanist, Plooy, London"



UNIQUE SITUATION IN GLORIOUS COUNTRY YET WITHIN TEN MINUTES OF MAIN LINE STATION

"THE DROVEWAY," HAYWARDS HEATH, SUSSEX

This choice modern Residence

in exceptional order throughout.

Principal rooms enjoying south aspect.

Spacious hall, 3 delightful reception rooms, loggia, 5 principal bedrooms with fitted beds and built-in cupboards, 2 well-equipped bathrooms, 3 staff bedrooms and third bathroom, excellent offices with maids' sitting room.

Detached playroom.

Two garages.



Electric boiler heating and power points. On 6 electric lights, hot and cold water.

LOVELY PLEASURE GARDENS

and grounds with rock and rose gardens, orchards, bracken and woodland clearing, also a lovely wild dell with a series of ponds and specimen shrubs, the whole extending to about

18½ ACRES

and forming the BUSINESS MAN'S IDEAL HOME

Price Freshhold on application.

Recommended by the Joint Agents: SCOTT PITCHER, F.A.I., Haywards Heath, and HAMPTON & SONS, 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1. (C.S.851)

HERTFORDSHIRE

20 miles from London, between Ware and Bishop's Stortford.

FRESHOLD RESIDENTIAL, SPORTING AND AGRICULTURAL ESTATE

"BONNINGTONE," STANSTEAD ABBEYS

LOVELY Queen Anne

Manor with 5 reception rooms

14 bedrooms, etc., 2 modern

cottages, gardens and

grounds of 6 acres offered

at an upset price of

£5,000

Hunting and fishing lake.

Woodlands and standing

timber. Four cottages.

Farm and accommodation

lands extending in all to

About 37½ ACRES

Possession of the manor,

lake and woodlands.

For Sale by Auction as a whole or in 5 lots at Long's Restaurant, Hatfield's Stortford, on October 20, 1947, at 2.30 p.m. (unless sold privately).

Solicitors: Messrs. POTTER & BARRATT, 73, King William Street, London, E.C.4.

Joint Auctioneers: G. E. NYWOLD & SONS, 5, St. James's Street;

HAMPTON & SONS, 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1.

By order of Trustees.

MID THE CHILTERN HILLS 420 FEET UP

"THE MANOR HOUSE," WENDOVER

A delightful old Manorial Residence

with C.O.'s electric light and

water. Central heating and

domestic hot water instal-

lations. Lounge hall, 4 re-

ception rooms, 11 bed and

dressing rooms, 5 bath-

rooms and offices. Two

excellent cottages, flat,

garage, stabling and useful

outbuildings.

Old-world gardens and

grounds, kitchen garden,

finely timbered small park,

in all nearly 2½ ACRES

With vacant possession

except about 12 ACRES of

parkland.

For Sale by Auction on Thursday, September 25 next, at 2.30 p.m.

Solicitors: Messrs. CARTON & CO., 9, Cavendish Square, London, W.1.

Joint Auctioneers: HAMPTON & SONS, 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1;

BLESLEY & SPYER, 321-3, Finchley Road, London, N.W.3.

BRANCH OFFICES: WIMBORNE COMMON, S.W.19 (Tel. 1. WIM. 0081) & BISHOP'S STORTFORD (Tel. 243)

QUEEN ANNE PERFECTION

SURREY/BERKSHIRE BORDERS

Auction October 22, 1947

"NEWELL HALL," WARFIELD, BRACKNELL, BERKS.

Origin—plain pine panelling to doors and architraves, casement shutters and linings, and the minimalist gallery staircase; moulded ceilings and cornices and paneled walls. IN EXCELLENT DECORATIVE ORDER.

Four recep., 7 beds, bondoir, powder closet, 3 baths, excellent modern kitchen quarters. Two self-contained modern staff flats, each with 3 rooms, kitchen and bath.

Double garage, stables, greenhouse, summer-house, stabled barn, and 4 acre Italian, formal kitchen gardens.

64 ACRES, now let as agricultural land.

GOODMAN & MANN

ESSEX (Embsaybrook 028/1)

And also at Hampton Court, Cobham, Sunbury, Walton, London and Dretwich Spa.

By order of Captain Harvey Combe.

SUSSEX

3 miles from Battle, 6 miles from Hastings.

FRESHOLD SMALL RESIDENTIAL ESTATE

"OAKLAND PARK," SEDEBOURNE, NEAR BATTLE

An old family seat, the first

time in the market. Fine

restored Georgian Resi-

dence, entrance hall, cloak-

room, a reception room,

7 principal and 4 servants' bedrooms, 3 dressing rooms

and 6 bathrooms.

Garages, stabling, char-

four's flat.

Delightful grounds and

park. Farmyard, buildings

5 cottages, extending in

to 7½ ACRES

Vacant Possession on

completion.

For Sale by Auction at the St. James's Estate Rooms, S.W.1, on October 15 next, at 2.30 p.m. (unless sold privately).

Solicitors: Messrs. N. A. WOODWISS & CO., 22, Sackville Street, W.1.

Land Agents: Messrs. MILLER & HARDING, 48, St. James's Place, S.W.1.

Auctioneers: HAMPTON & SONS, 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1.

KENT AND SURREY BORDERS

A MODERN WELL-FITTED FRESHOLD COUNTRY PROPERTY equipped with oak panelling, doors, flooring, etc., and planned to enjoy the maximum amount of sunshine.

Commanding lovely views over typical county country, close to Seven and Kidderbury Stations.

"HOWGREEN," HEVER

Lounge hall, 3 reception,

billiards room, 11 bed and

dressing rooms, 5 bath-

rooms, good offices. Large

garage. Gardener's cottage.

Chauffeur's quarters.

Companies' services.

Delightful pleasure grounds

of ABOUT 25 ACRES

VACANT POSSESSION

For Sale privately or by Auction on Thursday, September 25, 1947, at 2.30 p.m.

Solicitors: Messrs. HIRKBECK, JULIUS EDWARDS & COBURN, 40, Moorfields, L.C.C.

Auctioneers: HAMPTON & SONS, 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1.

Telegrams:

C. W. INGRAM F.S.I.

Tel. 93251

"Sales Edinburgh"

(8 lines)

FOR SALE BY PRIVATE TREATY

12 miles west of Dronfield.

KILBUCHO HOUSE, PEEBLESHIRE

With 6 ACRES of grass parks and woodland.

MODERN HOUSE

stone built and facing south

in the hills. On two floors

is 3 reception, 5 bedrooms,

maid's room, bathroom, etc.

Electric light supplied from

adjacent farm.

GARAGE AND

STABLEING.

Well-sheltered garden.

MODERN LODGE

of 3 rooms and bathroom.

For particulars and orders in view, apply to: C. W. INGRAM, F.S.I., 50, Princess Street, Edinburgh.

Regent
4204

OSBORN & MERCER

220, ALBEMARLE ST.,
PICCADILLY, W.1

MEMBERS OF THE CHARTERED SURVEYORS' AND AUCTIONEERS' INSTITUTES

IN ONE OF THE LOVELIEST REACHES
OF THE THAMES

To Be Sold

The Well Known and Historical
Monkey IslandIncluding the delightful Licenced known as
The Temple and the fully licensed Monkey
Island HotelTHE RESIDENCE, surrounded by finely timbered
garden and grounds, includes entrance hall, 3 bedrooms,
large reception, 2 bathrooms, kitchen, maid's room, 4 w.c.sTHE HOTEL contains cocktail and beer bars, public
dining room, 3 other sitting rooms and, above, 11 bedrooms,
bathroom, etc.

Early Possession can be obtained.

Electric light. Central heating. Private Ferry.

On the mainland are 2 cottages, 2 garages, and
about an acre of kitchen garden, the whole property
extending to

ABOUT 4 ACRES

THERE IS A TOTAL FRONTAGE TO THE RIVER
OF ABOUT TWO-THIRDS OF A MILE, PROVIDING
FIRST-CLASS FACILITIES FOR BOATING, BATH-
ING AND FISHINGFull details from the Sole Agents: OSBORN & MERCER
as above, (17,785)

WITHIN 25 MINUTES OF WATERLOO

Spectacular situation, near to the station, within easy daily access
to London and enjoying all the benefits of beautiful country.

A DELIGHTFUL MODERN HOUSE

In excellent order and ready for immediate occupation
Dining room, drawing room, 7 bedrooms, bathroom.

All main services. Large garage.

Charming well-landed gardens, orchard, etc.

ABOUT 1 ACRE

FOR SALE WITH EARLY POSSESSION

Sole Agents: OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (17,899)

NORTHANTS

Delightfully situated in the centre of the Fythley country.

AN ATTRACTIVE OLD HOUSE DATED 1739

ADJOINING AN OLD-WORLD VILLAGE

Three reception rooms, 11-12 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

Main Electricity and Drainage. Stabling.

Five cottages (two with possession).

CHARMING LAKE OF ABOUT 2 ACRES

Well timbered matured gardens, kitchen garden, grassland,
etc., in all

ABOUT 26 ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Agents: OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (17,957)

WEST SOMERSET

Occupying a unique situation facing south and commanding
extensive views.IN THE CENTRE OF THE STAG-HUNTING
COUNTRY IN THE HEART OF EXMOOR

With a mile of first-class fishing

AN EXCEPTIONALLY ATTRACTIVE SMALL
RESIDENTIAL, SPORTING AND AGRICULTURAL
ESTATE

Including

A CAPITAL MODERN RESIDENCE

containing 3 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms,
attractive rooms.

Central Heating. Electric Light

Ranges of stabling, garages and farm buildings.

TWO EXCELLENT COTTAGES

Delightful ornamental gardens.

PARKLIKE GROUNDS, BATHING POOL

Tennis court, fine kitchen garden, pasture and farmland
in all

ABOUT 120 ACRES

FOR SALE AT MODERATE PRICE TO ENSURE A
QUICK SALEJoint Agents: OSBORN & MERCER, as above, and
Messrs. CHANN & THOMAS, 1, Staple Street, Mincing,
Somerset. (17,842)2, MOUNT ST.,
LONDON, W.1

RALPH PAY & TAYLOR

Grosses 1058-73

HANTS ON FRINGE OF NEW FOREST

In favoured part on gravel soil.

HISTORICAL QUEEN ANNE HOUSE

RICH IN CHARACTERISTIC FEATURES AND PERIOD PANELLING
FASCINATING EXTERIOR OF AGE-TONED RED BRICKS WITH OLD
TILED ROOF.

In first-rate order with modern amenities.

Approached by drive and secluded in the midst of well timbered gardens and
grounds. Fine walled kitchen garden and paddocks, etc., in all about

7½ ACRES

Entrance hall, 4 reception rooms, 12 bedrooms, 5 bathrooms, good offices.

Main electricity and water. Complete central heating.

Stabling. Garages. Three cottages. Shooting. Trout fishing.

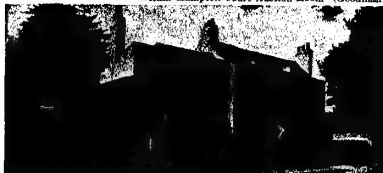
FOR DISPOSAL WITH EARLY POSSESSION

Strongly recommended from inspection by RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, as above

By direction of J. D. Barrington, Esq.

THE OLD BOOKERY, SUNBURY-ON-THAMES.
WITHIN 20 MILES OF LONDON

On bus route to station (electric services), Green Line coaches. Well above flood level.

TO BE OFFERED BY PUBLIC AUCTION ON THURSDAY NEXT, SEPTEMBER 18, AT 3 P.M.
Within Hampton Court Auction Rooms (Goodman & Mann).

Spotless order and condition.

Ready for occupancy

Delightful interior, 4 reception
rooms, 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.
All main services. Power points,
etc.Garage, etc. Shady garden. Tennis
lawn. Woodland of 20-elm trees.

IN ALL ABOUT 1 ACRE

Long Parish road frontage and
400 feet return frontage.Possession on Completion of
Purchase.Illustrated particulars and conditions of sale from the Joint Auctioneers: GOODMAN & MANN, Hampton Court and
Essex (Tel. Highway 44 and Rimberrbrook 5400); RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, 2, Mount Street, W.1. (Tel.: Gro. 1058-73).ALMOST ADJOINING HARPENDEN
COMMON

Station (L.M.S.) 1 mile. Golf course 1 mile.

ARCHITECT-DESIGNED HOUSE, erected in 1924,
"multicoloured facing bricks, farmhouse tiles, metal casements
and leaded lights, cavity walls, etc. Three reception,
sun lounge, maid's sitting room, 6 bedrooms, 2 luxurious
bathrooms. All main services. Central heating (oil
burning). Garage (2). Gardens a feature designed by
expert (Homes and Gardens). Orchard. Paddock of
2½ ACRES, in all well over 5 ACRES. FREEHOLD
£11,000. POSSESSION ON COMPLETION—Joint
Agents: SALVAGE & CO., Harpenden (Tel. 385), and
RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, as above.TOTTENHAM COURT RD., W.1
(Euston 7000)

MAPLE & Co., Ltd.

5, GRAFTON ST., MAYFAIR, W.1.
(Regent 4085)

TREE TOPS, MARLEY HEIGHTS, NEAR HASLEMERE

On the Sussex and Surrey borders, secluded, with lovely views.

A REALLY CHOICE HOUSE on two floors in the midst of gardens, woods and meadowland of about 7½ ACRES

Large hall, drawing room 29 ft. x 17 ft., small lounge,
dining room, 7 bed and dressing rooms, 4 fine bathrooms,
maid's sitting room.

Central heating, electric light, oak strip flooring, oak doors.

All in perfect order.

Excellent garage for 8 or 9 cars, with spacious flat over.

Small stable, etc.

LOVELY GARDENS.

With lawns, fine bowling green, clipped yew hedges,
rhododendron banks, kitchen garden, glasshouses,
enclosures of pasture and really beautiful woodland.

REMARKABLY CHOICE PROPERTY, FOR SALE BY PRIVATE TREATY

Illustrated particulars of the Auctioneers: MAPLE & CO., Ltd., 5, Grafton Street, Old Bond Street, W.1, and Messrs. FRODOX & CO., 7, Station Way, Chess, Surrey.

Grosvenor 1553
(4 lines)

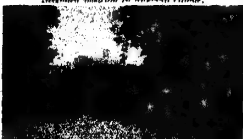
GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS

(ESTABLISHED 1778)

25, MOUNT ST., GROSVENOR SQ., W.1

Robert Place, Eaton Sq.,
West Mecklen Rd.,
Barnes Rd.,
and, Victoria St.,
Westminster, S.W.1

MINIMALLY SUITABLE FOR HOTEL, ETC.
A fine villa from the famous golf course at
SANDWICH AND DEAL
Residential location (in summer) either.



AN ATTRACTIVE BRICK-BUILT RESIDENCE
Three reception, 1 principal bed, 5 bath, servants' wing, 7 bed, 2 bathrooms, main elec. and water, C.H. Modern drainage, 'Gusset' cottage of 6 living rooms, 2 bath, 3 cottages, garage, stabling. Two endowments of ornate land (ideal for market gardening) and meadowland, in all about 12½ ACRES FOR SALE, VACANT POSSESSION
Owner's Agent: GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, (A.180)

SURREY—SUSSEX BORDERS
In beautiful surroundings near Chichester.
IDEAL FAMILY HOME FOR LONDON BUSINESS MAN



A DISTINCTIVE COUNTRY HOUSE
In good order and containing 10 bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms, etc.
Central heating. Main electric light and water.
COTTAGE.
FOR SALE FREEHOLD WITH 3 ACRES
at a very reasonable price. (A.1681)

SUSSEX, NEAR COAST
Picked position, beautiful views of South Downs.
10 minutes' station.



THIS DELIGHTFUL HOUSE built of brick with rough cast and red tiled roof, comprising: 4 bedrooms, dining room, 5 living rooms, usual office. Main electric light and water. Central drainage. Garden and grounds of about 7½ ACRES. To be let furnished for one year (with option to continue). Rent includes gardener's wages and garden produce. Further details of GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, (H.V.174)

F. L. MERCER & CO.

SACKVILLE HOUSE, 40, PICCADILLY W.1

Regent 2481

FAVOURITE WINCHESTER AREA

850 ft. up. Excluded but not isolated.



DELIGHTFUL MODERN HOUSE

Architect designed and built. Two floors only. In excellent order. Hall, parquet floor, cloakroom, lounge 24 ft. x 14 ft., dining room 11 ft. x 10 ft., 3 bedrooms, bathroom. Modern office. Main services. Garage and workshop. Tennis, flower garden, kitchen garden, Orchard.

2¼ ACRES. FREEHOLD. £9,500.

F. L. MERCER & Co., 40, Piccadilly, W.1. Regent 2481.

ESSEX. CHARMING GEOORGIAN RESIDENCE

SPRING, 10 MILES LONDON
Extremely convenient situation with fine service having extensive park.
MELLOWED RED BRICK HOUSE OF CONSIDERABLE CHARACTER
In delightful walled grounds. Carefully modernized, newly decorated, attractive interior. Lounge hall, 5 reception, 6 bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom. Main services. Garage. Stabling. Well timbered grounds, fruit and vegetable garden.
3 ACRES £7,500. F. L. MERCER & Co., as above.

RURAL HERTS. 14 MILES MARBLE ARCH
HIGHLY VALUABLE RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY.
Practically surrounded by noblemen's estate and facing a portion of the Green Belt.
EXTRAORDINARILY FITTED RESIDENCE OF DISTINCTIVE CHARACTER
Beautifully appointed and in first-class condition. Three reception, 6 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Central heating. Main services. Garage; excellent flat over. Superior bungalow with 6 rooms. Well stocked gardens, hard tennis court.
2 ACRES. FOR SALE FREEHOLD. F. L. MERCER & Co., as above.

WILTS. BETWEEN CHIPPENHAM AND BATH
SMALL ESTATE OF EXCEPTIONAL MERIT.
Surrounded by lovely rural country and facing the service estate park.
EXTREMELY WELL APPOINTED STONE-BUILT RESIDENCE
In a miniature park. Fitted for labour saving, compact and easy to run. Four reception, 3 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms. Central heating. Main services. Garden and stabling block with flat over. Superior stone-built entrance lodge. Inexpensive grounds with tennis court, walled fruit and vegetable garden, paddock and parkland. 4 ACRES.
Exceptional value at £18,750. Sole London Agents: F. L. MERCER & Co., as above.

BUNNINGHILL,
BERKS.

MRS. N. C. TUFNELL, F.V.A.

ABCOY 518

NEAR FARINGDON, BERKSHIRE

16th-CENTURY GREYSTONE COTTAGE

Fully modernised and recently decorated. In old-world village, with beautiful view across the Downs.



Five bed and 1 drawing room, all with h. and c. baths. 2 modern bathrooms, 2 reception rooms. Convenient domestic offices.

Working by electricity and Rayburn cooker. Power points throughout. Water softener. Central heating. Garage. Three loose boxes.

1 ACRE

FREEHOLD £7,000 OR OFFER

Highly recommended by Sole Agent: Mrs. N. C. TUFNELL, as above.

BERKSHIRE

Close to small market town and near station and omnibus route. 20 miles S.W. of London.

WELL-BUILT COMFORTABLE HOUSE, EASY TO RUN

Right bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms. Outside playground. Central heating. All Co.'s services. Garage with room over.

3 ACRES FREEHOLD £8,250 OR OFFER

Apply: Mrs. N. C. TUFNELL, as above.

CORNWALL

CHARMING SMALL COUNTRY HOUSE BUILT OF CORNISH STONE

Commanding an extensive view of the Atlantic in one of England's beauty spots. Close to shore, with excellent surf-bathing, fishing, etc. Close to village and omnibus route.

Five bed and dressing rooms (h. and c.), bathroom, 2 reception rooms. Usual offices. Co.'s services. Garage with room over.

½ ACRE FREEHOLD £7,000

Apply: Mrs. N. C. TUFNELL, as above.

JAMES HARRIS & SON

WINCHESTER

Tel.: 2951

EXECUTORS SALE.

LONDON 1¼ HOURS

AN EXCEPTIONALLY ATTRACTIVE MODERN RESIDENCE



"HEDGES,"
PARK ROAD,
WINCHESTER

Entrance hall with cloak-room, 3 rec., 7 bed, (4 fitted beds), 2 baths. Good offices. Garden room.

MAIN SERVICES.
CENTRAL HEATING.
GARAGES FOR 2 CARS.

1 ACRE

FOR SALE BY AUCTION, SEPTEMBER 18, 1947

Particulars (price 6d.) from the Auctioneers, JAMES HARRIS & SON, Jewry Chambers, Winchester.

VACANT POSSESSION

ON THE BORDERS OF THE NEW FOREST

1 mile from Romsey.

CHARMING SMALL COUNTRY RESIDENCE

"HALTERWORTH
ACRE," MR. ROMSEY,
HANTS.

Architect-designed.
Entrance hall, 2 rec., 5 bed,
2 baths. Well planned
office.

MAIN SERVICES.
GARAGE.

1 ACRE

FOR SALE BY AUCTION, SEPTEMBER 18, 1947

Particulars (price 6d.) from the Auctioneers, JAMES HARRIS & SON, Jewry Chambers, Winchester.

5, MOUNT ST.
LONDON, W.1

CURTIS & HENSON

Grosvenor 3131 (3 lines)
Established 1875

SURREY. UNIQUE POSITION 750 FEET UP SURROUNDED BY NATIONAL TRUST PROPERTY

Unspoilt panoramic views of the South Downs. Station 3½ miles (Waterloo 1 hour). Frequent Bus Service passes drive. A well-built Family House.

Well equipped and in excellent order.

Seven bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms. Domestic flat of 4 rooms, kitchen and bathroom. Three attractive reception rooms.

MAIN ELECTRIC LIGHT, GAS AND WATER.

CENTRAL HEATING. AGA COOKER.

GARAGES. TWO COTTAGES.

Inexpensive gardens and woodland.

ABOUT 10 ACRES

FREEHOLD FOR SALE WITH VACANT POSSESSION. HOUSE WOULD BE SOLD EXCLUDING ONE OR BOTH COTTAGES IF DESIRED

Joint Agents: MEERS, CURTIS & WEST, Hindhead, Surrey (Hindhead 68), and MEERS, CURTIS & HENSON, 5 Mount Street, W.1. (Grosvenor 3131)

SHIPPON, NR. ABINGDON, BERKS

A FINE EXAMPLE OF AN EARLY GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

Five miles from Oxford.

Comprising about 13 ACRES

Seven bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 2 reception rooms. Modern domestic offices. Self-contained staff quarters.

MAIN ELECTRIC LIGHT. COMPANY'S WATER.

Garage. Stabling. Orchard.

Telephone. Grass Enclosure. Gardens and Grounds Cottage.

Agents: CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1 (Gro. 3131).

WOKING 1 MILE

Local bus service passes the property

ATTRACTIVE MODERN RESIDENCE

Six bed and dressing rooms (4 with lavatory basins), hall, 3 good reception rooms.

MAIN ELECTRIC LIGHT, GAS, WATER AND DRAINAGE.

Domestic hot water, part central heating.

Garage and outbuildings, well-stocked gardens and grounds, over 1 acre.

FREEHOLD FOR SALE £2,300.

VACANT POSSESSION ON COMPLETION.

Sole Agents: CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1 (Gro. 3131).

CLAYGATE, SURREY

Within easy reach of Esher and Dorking. Standing on high ground with exceptional views of the South.

The house is in excellent order and comprises 8 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms. Excellent domestic offices.

ALL MAIN SERVICES INCLUDING ELECTRIC POWER PLUGS.

Central heating. Independent hot water.

Garage for 2 cars.

Charming gardens and grounds overlooking Crown property which cannot be built upon.

ABOUT 1 ACRE

FREEHOLD FOR SALE WITH VACANT POSSESSION

Agents: CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1 (Gro. 3131).

FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO.

Central
0244/6167

Established 1726
AUCTIONEERS, CHARTERED SURVEYORS, LAND AGENTS
29 FLEET STREET LONDON E.C.4

Telegrams:
"Farebrother, London"

BERKSHIRE

Newbury about 3 miles.

The Important Country Seat

BENHAM PARK

Fine suite of entertaining rooms, 26 principal and secondary bedrooms, 7 bathrooms. Ample staff accommodation.

Garages. Stabling. 3 cottages.

Pleasure and kitchen gardens. Well-timbered parklands with lake.

In all about 800 ACRES (or smaller area if required).

TO BE LET

Furnished or unfurnished ON LEASE for a term of years

Further particulars apply: MEERS, FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO., 29, Fleet Street, E.C.4. Central 8244.

S. W. SANDERS,
F.Y.A.

SANDERS'

T. S. SANDERS,
F.Y.A.

FORE STREET, SIDMOUTH. Tel: Sidmouth 41 & 109

SIDMOUTH

WITH MARINE AND COAST-LINE PANORAMA UNSURPASSED ON THE SOUTH COAST

A REALLY PERFECT AND HIGHLY ATTRACTIVE MODERN RESIDENCE

Lounge hall, 3 entertaining and 5 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, maid's sitting room 1½ ACRES garden. In apple-pie order.

FREEHOLD. EARLY POSSESSION. £12,000

NEWMARKET 3 MILES

ON THE SUFFOLK-CAMBS BORDER

CHARMING OLD COUNTRY HOUSE

well modernised, on outskirts of attractive village and with some 7 ACRES (including 6-acre paddock).

Lounge hall, 3 reception and 6 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, good offices. Garage for 3 cars. Stabling (3 loose boxes).

EXCELLENT MODERN COTTAGE

IMMEDIATE POSSESSION. FREEHOLD £7,600

RESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley St., W.1

Grosvenor 5911. Telegrams: "Residder, London."

COTSWOLDS nearly 400 ft. up, CHARMING 17th-CENTURY RESIDENCE restored and in good order throughout. Hall, 3 reception (one 40 ft. by 18 ft.), 3 bath, 10 bedrooms. Polished oak floors. Central heating. Aga cooker. Garage. Stabling. Lovely gardens and grounds and park-like land. (RESIDDER AND CO., 77, South Audley Street, London, W.1. (21,378))

NORTH RIDGE, 2½ miles main line junction (hour London). CHARMING HOUSE, BUILT 1850. Lounge hall, 3 reception, bath, 3 bedrooms. All main services. Central heating. Telephone. Stabling. Garage. Bathing pool. Well-stocked garden, madrocks, etc. 4 ACRES. £2,000. VACANT POSSESSION. (RESIDDER AND CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (22,928))

VINEY-GLEBE COUNTRY HOTEL (PLUS LICENCE) GLOS. FOREST OF DEAN. For sale, or letting, excellent modernised Country House Hotel, 600 ft. up, magnificent views. Five reception, 2 bath, 18 bed, (4 h. and c.), part central heating, electric light, Aga cooker. Garages, outhouses. Charming grounds, productive fruit and vegetable garden and meadow. 12 ACRES. Furniture and equipment can be purchased. LOGS, STOCK AND BARREL. (RESIDDER AND CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (22,460))

WICKS, 3 miles Aylesbury. In charming village. PICTUREFUL RESIDENCE 10 DATES FROM 18th CENTURY. Lounge hall, 3 reception, bathroom, 6-9 bedrooms (5 h. and c.). Main electric light, water and drains. Telephone. Two garages, stabling. Delightful secluded and well-stocked garden. Kitchen garden, etc. £2,750. FREEHOLD. (RESIDDER AND CO., 77, South Audley Street, London, W.1. (17,855))

17th-CENTURY STONE BUILDING COTSWOLDS, 4 miles from W. 1. 4 miles from London. 450 ft. up. In lovely old village. PICTUREFUL OLD HOUSE with stone-tiled roof. Lounge hall, 3 reception, studio, 2 bath, 8-9 bed. Main electricity and drainage. Central heating. Garages, loose boxes. Small house (40'). Grounds & ACRES bounded by river Windrush. £12,800. FREEHOLD. (RESIDDER AND CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (17,268))

22, MOUNT ST.,
GROSVENOR SQ., LONDON, W.1

WILSON & CO.

Grosvenor
1491

HILLIERS, BUCKLEBURY, BERKS

In a beautiful part of Berkshire between Reading and Newbury. High up, facing south, with lovely views, amidst unspoiled rural surroundings.

SPLENDIDLY APPORTIONED MODERN HOUSE IN FAULTLESS ORDER



Nine bed and dressing rooms, 8 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms, Aga cooker.

Main services. Central heating.

Two cottages. Garage and rooms over. Stabling.

Finely timbered old gardens of exceptional charm and grandeur, etc., about

20 ACRES

Certain items of furniture, carpets, curtains, etc., can be purchased.

For Sale privately or by Auction on September 24, 1947.
Solicitors: Messrs. FARMER, J. Hanks Buildings, Prince Street, E.C.2.
Sole Agents and Auctioneers: WILSON & CO., 22, Mount Street, W.1.

ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF DORKING

Enjoying the advantages of easy access to shops, stations, etc., yet in a quiet and secluded position.

DELIGHTFUL MODERN HOUSE



Fitted and equipped throughout in the best possible manner.

Long drive approach through beautifully timbered grounds.

Oak paneled hall, 4 paneled reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 4 modern bathrooms. Stabling.

Garage with 2 splendid cars over. Entrance lodge. All main services.

FOR SALE WITH 12 ACRES
Agents: WILSON & CO., 22, Mount Street, W.1.

KENT. 16 MILES LONDON

In unspoiled village. Easy reach Sevenoaks and Westerham.



500 ft. up with lovely views. Delightful Period House. Three fine paneled reception, 7 beds, 2 baths. All mains. Stabling. Garage. Cottage. Charming old gardens.

£12,750 WITH NEARLY 3 ACRES

Agents: WILSON & CO., 22, Mount Street, W.1.

BETWEEN ALTON AND BASINGSTOKE

Favourite sporting part of Hants. Beautiful unspoiled country.



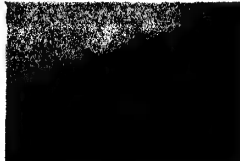
CHARMING GEORGIAN HOUSE on two floors. Eight beds, 2 baths, 3 reception. Main services. Central heating. Two cottages. Finely timbered garden and parking area.

FOR SALE WITH 24 ACRES

Sole Agents: WILSON & CO., as above.

OVERLOOKING THE SOLENT

An ideal property for the yachtman.



Facing south with lovely views to Isle of Wight. Five beds, bath, 3 reception. Electric light. Main water. Cottage. Mowed garden with stream and miniature lake.

FOR SALE WITH 8½ ACRES

Agents: WILSON & CO., 22, Mount Street, W.1.

By direction of the Rt. Hon. Lord Monson.

In and adjoining the City of

LINCOLN

OUTLYING PORTIONS OF THE BURTON HALL ESTATE

1,700 ACRES

6 FARMS, EXCEPTIONALLY WELL EQUIPPED WITH BUILDINGS.

MAINLY WITH VACANT POSSESSION

"STONE HOUSE," LINCOLN, an attractive residential property, accommodation land, cottages, and woodland freshhold.

All situated within 1 to 6 miles of the centre of Lincoln.

For Sale by Auction in 18 Lots at Upper Room, Exchange Arcade, Lincoln, on Friday, October 18, 1947, at 2 p.m.

Particulars from the Auctioneers:

MESSRS. BIDWELL & SONS

Chartered Surveyors and Land Agents, Head Office, 111 King's Parade, Cambridge, and at Ely, Ipswich and 48, St. James's Street, London, S.W.1.

By direction of Major W. V. Beatty.

NEWMARKET

PHANTOM HOUSE

TRAINING ESTABLISHMENT AND STUD FARM
together forming a COMPLETE RACING UNIT covering an area of about
53 ACRES

Splendidly situated between the Fordham and Epping roads and well known in racing circles as one of the most important Bloodstock Establishments in Newmarket.

VACANT POSSESSION ON COMPLETION

For Sale by Auction as a Whole or in 2 Lots (unless previously sold as a Whole by Private Treaty) at the Golden Lion Hotel, Newmarket, on Tuesday, October 21, 1947, at 2 p.m.

LOFTS & WARNER

41, BERKELEY SQ., LONDON, W.1

Gros 3056

Unusual opportunity.

ON THE EDGE OF EXMOOR

4 miles from Dulverton, 111 from Tiverton.

HENSPARK, EAST ANSTEEY

Having 8 reception, 8 bedrooms, bathroom.

ELECTRIC LIGHT. GOOD WATER. TELEPHONE.

TWO COTTAGES.

Excellent hunter stabling with 8 boxes.

18½ ACRES



VACANT POSSESSION of house, garden and one cottage.

A RIDING PARADISE.

Hunting with Devon and Somerset and Dulverton Packs. Shooting and fishing by arrangement.

For Sale by Auction (unless previously sold privately) at the Wyndham Hall, Taunton, on Wednesday, September 24, 1947, at 2.30 p.m.

Auction particulars with plan and conditions of sale may be obtained from the Solicitors: Messrs. HERBERT SMITH AND CO., 45, London Wall, E.C.4 or from the Auctioneers at their office: 41, Berkeley Square, London, W.1. (GRO. 3056.)

184, BROMPTON ROAD,
LONDON, S.W.2

BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDRY

Newington
9182-3

NEAR FARNHAM, SURREY

EXACTLY THE CLASS OF COUNTRY HOUSE REQUIRED TO-DAY
JUST OFFERED, WILL BE QUICKLY SOLD

MOST ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE IN PERFECT ORDER

Easy run and with every convenience. Beautiful drawing room, 24 ft. x 17 ft., 8 other reception rooms, excellent offices, 6 bedrooms, 2 baths. Main water. Co.'s electricity. Central heating. Telephone. Gardens including profile kitchen garden.

Small goldfish pond, and 7 ACRES. VACANT POSSESSION. FREEHOLD

Sole Agents: BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDRY, 184, Brompton Road, S.W.2.

VERY FINE ESTATE NEAR NORWICH

GENTLEMAN'S FIRST-CLASS RESIDENTIAL AND AGRICULTURAL ESTATE
710 ACRES

CHARMING RESIDENCE OF CHARACTER

Most attractively situated. Four res., 8 bed, 2 baths. Well-equipped domestic offices. Triple garage, ideal boiler, etc. Main electricity throughout.

Lovely gardens. Tennis court. Russian Dutch garden, etc. Secondary residence. Two sets of excellent modern farm buildings. Garage 4 cars.

Nine cottages. Very good shooting.

VACANT POSSESSION. FREEHOLD

Sole Agents: BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDRY, 184, Brompton Road, S.W.2 (Xen. 0152/3).

Telephone
"Wood, Agents, Woods,
London"

JOHN D. WOOD & CO.

23 BERKELEY SQUARE LONDON W1

Mayfair 9341
(10 lines)

BICESTER AND HEYTHROP COUNTRY

3 miles from station on main Birmingham line & 5 miles from Heythrop Station and Bicester In a picturesque old world village



BEAUTIFUL PERIOD HOUSE
(part dating from 1610)
Five bed 2 bath, lounge hall & sitting and lovely fern room 46 ft. by 17 ft. 6 in with figured oak dance floor
(CENTRAL HEATING MAIN ELECTRICITY AND POWER)

Delightful walled gardens

Five cottages

FOR SALE WITH 12 OR 4 ACRES

Personally inspected by JOHN D. WOOD & Co 23 Berkeley Square W1 (52 438)

ISLE OF WIGHT

CHARMING MODERN GEORGIAN HOUSE
In spotless order



Hall 8 reception rooms studio 4 bedrooms 2 bath rms

(CENTRAL HEATING) ALL MAIN SERVICES

Garage Outbuildings

Garden tennis court ab at 2 ACRES

Freehold for Sale or to be let furnished for 1 year

Inspected and highly recommended by JOHN D. WOOD & Co 23 Berkeley Square W1 (52 648)

OIRENCES-DE-TOURNAI

BEAUTIFUL STONE-BUILT QUEEN ANNE OATSWOLD MANOR HOUSE



Three reception rooms 8 principal bed 2 secondary bed, 3 servants rooms 5 bath compact offices

(CENTRAL HEATING AND POWER)

(CENTRAL HEATING)

100 ft. maintained garden paddock about 5 ACRES

Long lease for disposal at moderate rent

Particulars required for inquiries
See announced by JOHN D. WOOD & Co 23 Berkeley Square W1 (52 438)

THE RESIDENTIAL, DAIRYING AND SPORTING ESTATE FEN PLACE, TURNERS HILL, EAST GRINSTEAD.

Well-built Residence
22 bedrooms 6 bath
reception room electricity
and water Central heating
With lodge stabling
Garages

THREE COTTAGES and
25 ACRES

DAIRYING FARM OF
100 ACRES

Small Holdings
Accommodation land and
5 cottages

IN ALL ABOUT 300 ACRES



VACANT POSSESSION OF the major part
TURNERS HILL and TURNERS East Grinstead House (Tel 700) WITLER 508 and
GRINSTEAD Grinstead Surrey (Tel 3308), JOHN D. WOOD & Co 23 Berkeley Square
London, W1 (May 9341)

WITH FINEST POSITION RESIDENTIAL AND FARMING ESTATE KINNESLEY MANOR, REIGATE SURREY;



MANOR HOUSE: Four reception billiards 7 principal
& 7 secondary bed and dressing 5 bath Main water
and electricity (Central heating) Lodges and 4 cottages
Farm buildings cowhouse for 55. Well-wooded park

MIXED FARM 111 ACRES Paddocks and market
gardening lands 5 cottages and well timbered woodland

IN ALL ABOUT 327 ACRES

Auction as a whole or in Lots (unless sold privately)
at Redhill on September 18, 1947
Auctioneers WITLER 508 & GRINSTEAD, Guildford (Tel 3308) JOHN D. WOOD & Co 23 Berkeley Square W1

CHAMBERLAINE-BROTHERS & HARRISON

Phone
Oxford 2084
9430 (2 lines)

Phone:
Shrewsbury
2081 (2 lines)

NORTH OATSWOLD 67,500 OR OFFER

LOVELY SPOT NEAR NORTHLEACH Delight-
ful modernised (cleared) House included with 2
ACRES Six bed bath 2 reception Main electricity
Aga cooker Two cottages 4000 ft. garden etc.
(CHAMBERLAINE-BROTHERS & HARRISON (helenham) (as above)

SOUTH GLOUCESTERSHIRE 25,500

CHARMING GEORGIAN HOUSE 6 miles Bath and
Bristol Rural surroundings 6 bed 2 bath 1 1/2
light Cottage Ample buildings Garden and large
orchard 4 ACRES—sole Agents (CHAMBERLAINE-
BROTHERS & HARRISON (helenham) (as above)

MAGNIFICENT NEW FOREST PROPERTY

FINE HOUSE in absolutely perfect condition with
160 acres beautiful woodland etc Sixteen bed 4 new
bath 4 reception All conveniences All surrounded
by glorious forest lands 250,000 FREEHOLD—Oxford
Agents (CHAMBERLAINE-BROTHERS & HARRISON (helenham) (as above)

OATSWOLD 4 MILES CHELTENHAM

GEORGIAN HOUSE, beautifully situated near
Andoverford perfectly modernised lovely situation
Lounge hall 5 good reception 10 bedrooms (4 b and c)
2 bathrooms Aga cooker electric light central heating
Splendid stabling etc Three cottages Most charming
grounds about 5 ACRES 215,000 OR OFFER—
Agents (CHAMBERLAINE-BROTHERS & HARRISON (helenham) (as above)

FINE OATSWOLD PRIVATE HOTEL

**FIRST-CLASS SPORTING AND SOCIAL DIS-
TRICT** on main road Twenty bed (b and c) 12
bath Main services (Central heat Model kitchen Aga
cooker Extensive garage stables lovely grounds
Exceptionally well appointed and furnished 250,000 AS
GOING CONCERN, ALL INCLUSIVE Immediate
sale essential—(CHAMBERLAINE-BROTHERS & HARRISON
(helenham) (as above)

67,500 MINIATURE 50-ACRE ESTATE

WEST HENFORDSHIRE Lovely country Delight-
ful TIMBERED MANOR HOUSE OF CHARACTER
Six bed 8 bath 3 charming reception rooms
Electric light Central heat Aga cooker Stabling
Farmyard Pasture and wood OR 215,000 WITH 2 VERY
GOOD COTTAGE POSSESSION—(CHAMBERLAINE-
BROTHERS & HARRISON (helenham) (as above)

WILTSHIRE ELIZABETHAN MANOR IN VILLAGE

PERFECT ORDER (herminal walled garden 1 ACRE
at 700 Three rec 6 bath Main services
2570—(CHAMBERLAINE-BROTHERS & HARRISON (helenham) (as above)

WIMBORNE, DORSET 25,500

ATTRACTIVE MODERN RESIDENCE (facing south
in secluded grounds with 1 addick about 4 ACRES
in all Three good reception rooms 2 bathrooms 6 1/2
bedrooms Main drive and water Part out just. Cos-
tage POSSESSION—(CHAMBERLAINE-BROTHERS &
HARRISON (helenham) (as above)

Birmingham Central 2238 **BRIGHT WILLIS & SON F.A.I.** Solihull 0872
BIRMINGHAM—SOLIHULL

WORCESTERSHIRE—WEST HAGLEY

10 miles Birmingham & 5 miles Kidderminster 5 miles Stourbridge

VALUABLE FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL, AGRICULTURAL AND BUILDING ESTATE



"THE BIRCHES"
Handsome Colonial style
Residence with 6 entertaining
rooms 5 bed and
dressing rooms excellent
buildings, etc.

BIRCHES FARM
Lodge and gardeners
cottage

IN ALL 75 ACRES

For Auction at Grand
Hotel, Birmingham,
September 23, at 4 pm

Solicitor A PASTON SMYTH Esq., 118, Colmore Row, Birmingham 2
Auctioneers BERRY WILLIS & SON, 2, 1 & 2, Waterloo Street, Birmingham, 2
and Solihull, Warwickshire

HOLLIS & WEBB

Chartered Surveyors and Auctioneers

will sell by Auction at the Royal Station Hotel, York, on Friday, Sept. 26,
1947, at 2 p.m.

YORKSHIRE, NORTH RIDING

Between York and Malton

In the Derwent Valley and
near 1000 ft. Wolds
By direction of Her Admiral
Olympian

WITH VACANT POSSE-
SION ON COMPLETION
Charming small Country
Residence with Cottage

MINSTER HILL
HUTTONS AMBO

Three reception, 7 bed 1
dressing room, 2 bathrooms
Modern services Garage



Stabling for hunters (Middleton House)
Orchard gardens and grating 12 ACRES
Full particulars on application

BOURNEMOUTH
WILLIAM FOX, F.R.I.C.S., F.A.I.
S. STODDART FOX, F.R.I.C.S., F.A.I.
R. INSLY FOX, F.R.I.C.S., F.A.I.

FOX & SONS

LAND AGENTS
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C.2

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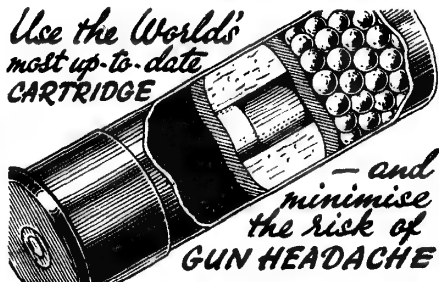
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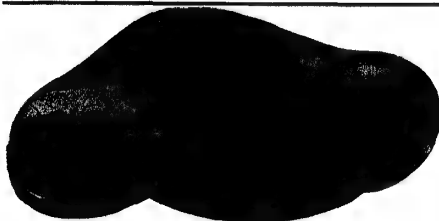
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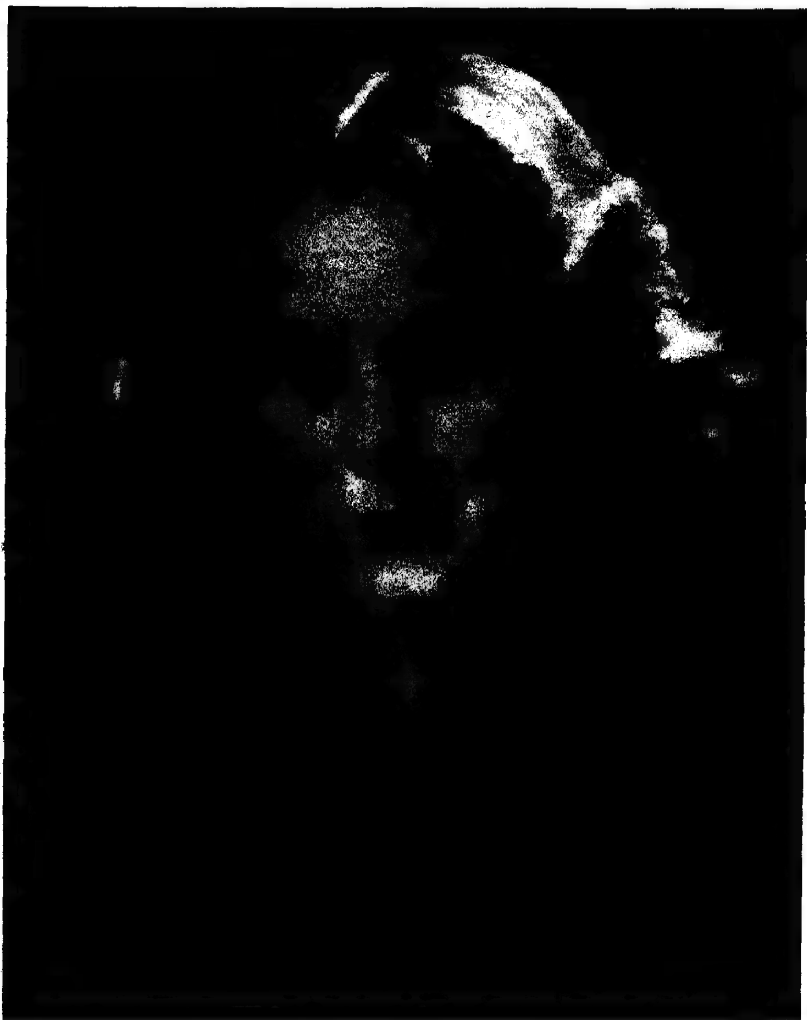
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COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. CII No. 2643

SEPTEMBER 12, 1947



Pearl Freeman

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COUNTRY LIFE

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ALL OUT EFFORT

MR. WALTER ELLIOT, in opening a discussion at the British Association meeting on "Could and Should Britain Feed Herself?" pointed out some main difficulties likely to arise in an attempt to feed our crowded and increasing population from a farming area which, so far as arable crops are concerned, already gives yields averaging a ton per acre—yields greater than those of more highly mechanised cereal-producing countries. The discussion was no doubt arranged at a time when the subject sounded more academic than it does now. To-day it is no longer a question of "could" or "should." Britain must feed herself to the limit her farming area will allow, and to the problem of deciding what are the right crops to grow is added that of keeping secure the greatest possible area to grow them on. It is a regrettable fact that many more crops which this nation has cherished as part of its scheme of post-war reconstruction will obviously have to be reconsidered in the light of the present situation, and, where that seems necessary, their execution postponed. To take a large-scale instance, the New Towns Plan with its demand for very considerable areas of agricultural land—even though the location of the towns has been chosen so as to minimise those demands—cannot be allowed to encroach for some years to come on farm land in cultivation.

From this point of view the readjustments of local boundaries demanded by county boroughs and boroughs, and now being adjudicated upon by the Local Government Boundaries Commission, assume a new complexion. The Commission is at present only in the early stages of its work, but it must be obvious that a new factor has now entered into all these problems and that the wholesale transfer of agricultural areas to planning and developing urban authorities for the purpose of rehousing their overgrown populations can no longer be contemplated as the matter of course it appeared when the Statutory Commission was appointed two years ago. Apart from this, a limit must be set immediately to the depredations of Whiffall. Many of the areas upon which the Service departments have cast covetous eyes, or which they have stoutly refused to return to public use, have an amenity rather than an agricultural value. But there are large areas of good agricultural land in the Eastern Counties and elsewhere still in Service retention, and the 150,000 acres in Wales which the Western Commission have declared it "still wants" includes much farm land. In the demands of some other Ministries, notably the Ministry of Fuel and Power, there is a direct question of economic priority involved, but those who realise what is happening at Wentworth Woodhouse to-day will

certainly endorse Lord Fitzwilliam's plea that when Mr. Shinwell proposes to open up food-producing land for coal, the last word should be with the Minister of Agriculture.

If the present area of agricultural land can be retained and, as it should be, increased by wise reclamation, what of the building and housing which will be required by the expanding industry? Mr. Bevan promises an absolute priority in building for agricultural and mining districts and "key industries," but this is coupled with a complete public monopoly of all house-building. Those in closest contact with



SEA-GULLS

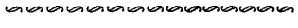
NIGHT'S cold fingers gaily scorning,
Came a grey, pink and pearly morning,
And a ploughman went a-ploughing
Up and down a field for corn.

And beyond lay sands all golden,
To that morning light beholden
For their beauty, and beyond them
Lay a pale and pearly sea.

Then came sea-gulls, flashing white,
Radiant wings that shone out brightly
As they flew about that ploughman
Ploughing in the early dawn.

Thus, thought I, Saint Francis taught them—
Birds he taught, and then besought them
To pass on his happy message
To all folk, to you and me.

M. F. NORMAN.



the problem are convinced that public enterprise alone cannot solve the farm-workers' cottage problem, and agree with Lord Portsmouth that private enterprise not only should be allowed to help in this, but could do so with minimum demands on competitive labour. In solving the problem, and solving it speedily, no expedient should be disregarded if this is to be an "all out effort"—as it must be.

THE SUPPRESSION OF MOTORING

THERE are at present 1,900,000 licensed cars on the roads of Britain, of which roughly half are allowed supplementary coupons, so that next month will see approximately 300,000 cars leave the roads. It is fair to assume that these 300,000 motorists spent an average of £100 per annum on their motoring or allied pursuits; consequently an additional £30,000,000 will now be free to join in the chase of other non-existent goods. The effect this considerable sum will have on the present inflationary tendencies should cause anxiety to the Chancellor, but perhaps he expects it to be invested in updated 2½ per cent. loans. The ex-Service man who spent his all to invest in a small garage is now confronted with financial extinction. For those members of the motor industry who do not market a car suitable for export or Government officials, there is no apparent alternative but bankruptcy. It is inconceivable that the decision was made in order to save a mere £2.7 millions. Its financial consequences will be too disastrous.

WASTEFUL EXHIBITIONS

WITH building starved of timber and labour, it came as something of a shock the other day to find apparently limitless amounts being used by crowds of workmen in erecting exhibition stands at Olympia. There is to be a succession of Exhibitions in the next few months, each lasting for two or three weeks—Marine Engineering, Welsh Industries, the Dairy Show, and so on—with hundreds of elaborate specially designed and erected stands. The holding of Exhibitions is presumably desirable; but, simply, permanent stands would be fully adequate and would enable hundreds of houses to be completed before the winter.

ANTIQUITIES RESTORED

IT is doubly appropriate that Messrs. Christie, temporarily lodged by Lord Derby when bombed out of King Street, should have moved

to Spencer House. Not only is there poetic if melancholy justice in the most famous distributors of works of art buying the last and most beautiful of London's great private houses, thereby ensuring their preservation, but the firm are almost exactly the same age. James Christie held his first sale in Pall Mall in 1768; James Stuart's elaborate internal decorations of the house, begun for the first Lord Spencer ten years earlier, were completed in 1769. The celebrated facade to the Green Park was designed by Robert George Gray, Secretary to the Society of Dilettanti, with John Vardy, who had completed the Horse Guards after Kent's death, as his professional assistant. The Dilettanti had financed Stuart's expedition to record the antiquities of Athens, and it followed from this connection that Stuart was engaged to complete the rooms of Spencer House in the new Grecian vogue—though his sumptuous décor is much more Roman than Athenian. Another welcome restoration to London's remaining art treasure-houses is the re-opening of Sir John Soane's Museum, 13, Lincoln's Inn Fields. Besides containing Hogarth's serial masterpieces, *The Rake's Progress*, and *The Election*, the museum, established by Soane in his house by an Act of Parliament in 1833, is perhaps the most curious repository of classical scholarship in the world.

ON MOOR AND STUBBLE

THE early harvest has enabled advantage to be taken promptly of the plentiful partridges already observed in nearly all districts. The grouse season, too, seems to be fulfilling expectations in that there are no highlights to vary a rather sombre picture. On some moors, in fact, conditions have proved to be rather worse than keepers anticipated in July; on others (as might be suggested in a pessimistic situation) the slight improvement noted during the nesting season is merely relative to the sadly depleted breeding stocks apparent at the end of the war in 1945, and moor owners for the most part are evidently convinced that to husband their resources now is the only way to ensure a return in future years. Many moors are not being shot at all; on others a typical programme is "only very light shooting by a couple of guns over dogs, primarily to break up the coveys." Since the season opened, the "No disease" reports, previously noted in COUNTRY LIFE, are confirmed. But even so, on normally high yielding moors there are not enough grouse for regular driving and unquestionably proprietors are acting prudently in confining themselves to simply killing off the old birds, while conserving the remainder of their stocks. As we have remarked before, the reconditioning of grouse moors is a long-term job, and fulfilment of the hopes expressed in several quarters of return to more normal conditions in 1948 or 1949 rest largely on the measure of restraint which individual shooters exercise this season.

SHAKESPEARE IN THE HOP GARDEN

EVEN as Alice asked whether bats are cats, so a good many people may have asked themselves whether the night should devour Shakespeare. This was on reading the other day that at Belting in the Weald, Mr. Waghorn, who has looked after hop gardens for many years, was entertaining his 4,000 hop-pickers with *Twelfth Night* on an open-air stage near the great east-house. On the face of it, it may seem rather a daring experiment, but it is a test well worth making to both the author and the audience. In the first place the general impression of hop-pickers, as decidedly "tough," is becoming very much out-of-date. They are made up of all sorts, and there are many of them who go hop-picking by way of a pleasant summer holiday in pleasant country. In the second place it is a great mistake, whether in play or music or literature, to believe that the "lowbrow" cannot appreciate the best. He likes certain kinds of entertainment, but, granted the kind, he likes it good and not bad. Deliberately to play down to him is wholly wrong, and we may hope and believe that *Twelfth Night* went with a swing.

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

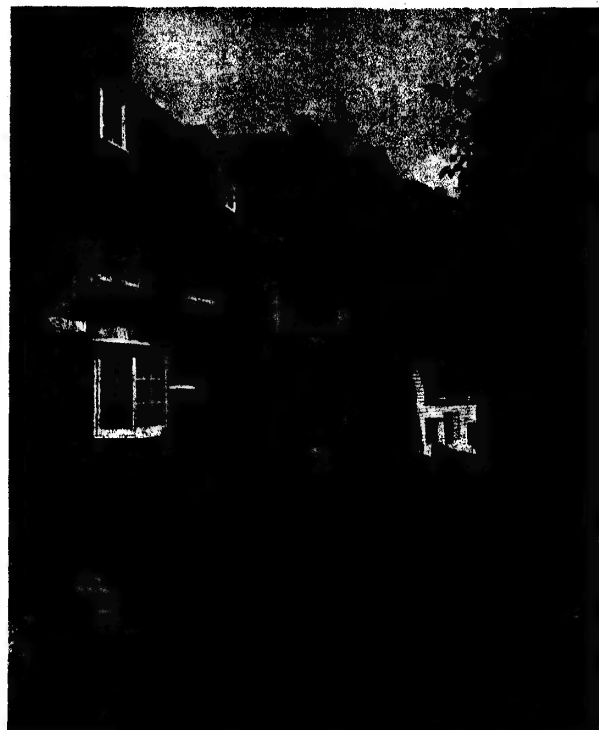
IT is now exactly eight years since I started to write my column of notes for COUNTRY LIFE, and a number of readers who from time to time correspond with me "wonder how I manage to do it." I wonder myself, and sometimes also I wonder ■ I do manage to do it, but in common with others who drive a pen to a time-table I find frequently that the most unsatisfactory effort in my eyes, which has been ground out laboriously to catch the post, proves to be quite acceptable to others and reads as if it were spontaneous.

Those readers who date back to the beginning of the war may remember that my Notes started under the inspiring title of *A Countryman Looks at the War*. It seemed reasonable on September 3, 1939, to suppose that a countryman would see something of the war and might be able to write about it, but in a very few weeks this proved to be quite wrong. It was realised that the title was not suitable, since every possible step was taken by those in authority to see that the average countryman did not look at the war, and if by chance he did snatch a fleeting glance he was certainly not allowed to write about it.

ALL that I, in common with most countrymen at that time, saw of the war was a small detachment of troops billeted in the neighbouring village, and an immensely bored anti-aircraft post in the corner of a field. If by any chance I dared to mention that ■ Company of the unit had changed billets with C Company in the next village three miles away, or that the A.A. post had planted some Brussels sprouts in their garden, I was guilty of imparting information calculated to be of assistance to the enemy, and was sentenced to drastic expurgation with the blue pencil, with the threat of "such punishment as in this Act mentioned" in the form of an extended stay at the crowded 18th holiday camp in the Isle of Man.

THERE was one thing that impressed itself on my memory during those early days when I tried unsuccessfully to look at the war, and I hope in the interests of the taxpayer that the War Office also remember it at the beginning of the next war. This is that, ■ it is really necessary to shift battalions on home service from one village to the next every month, one should bear in mind that the move is not really of very great significance to the enemy, and therefore need not be carried out with a rush and with great secrecy in the dead of night. If the desire was to keep the move as quiet as possible, so that the inhabitants of the village concerned did not talk about it, the method of doing it completely defeated the object, since when the people of Puddleford Magna woke up in the morning to find that their West Country friends of yesterday had stolen away secretly during the night to be replaced by a Northern Irish unit with kilted pipers they talked of nothing else for the next month. If the regiment had marched ■ with its band, they would have accepted it as being in the natural order of things.

AS the direct result of these unnecessarily hurried moves, units moved out of requisitioned houses with no proper Quartermaster's hand-over and check of damage to premises and, since in the Army it is a good old custom to put the blame for everything on the other regiment, matters went from bad to worse, so that after three occupations by different units a requisitioned house was little more than a shell with no windows, few floor boards and very little staircase. I do not know how much this feature of 1939 and the early



J. A. Brimble

A SUMMER AFTERNOON, GROOMBRIDGE, SUSSEX

part of 1940 added to the national debt, but it must be well in the seven-figure category.

I am most grateful that it is my lot to write regularly for COUNTRY LIFE, since it has been my experience that its readers are in a class by themselves—most knowledgeable, most kindly and above all things most sympathetic, and these particular qualities are not conspicuously common to-day.

A SUSSEX correspondent has asked me how it is that there is a firm belief among countryfolk in various parts of England that the legs of the badger on one side are shorter than they are on the other, and that Nature has designed its anatomy in this fashion in order to enable it to run more easily down the furrows of a ploughed field. I know that there is the same belief in Dorset, but I think the reason given in that county is that the unequal arrangement ■ to help the badger to go round corners quickly. ■ I never really believed that one even as a child, since it would mean that, though the badger might be able to go round, say, a right-handed corner with considerable ease, he would in the natural order of things turn a somersault if he tried to negotiate a left-handed one.

When one comes to think of it, there are a number of similar cases of strange beliefs about animals, birds and reptiles which are firmly believed all over the British Isles, and one wonders how they originated. One of these is that the shrew mouse invariably dies if ■ attempts to cross a path or road, and there would seem to be some foundation for this, since it is nearly always in the centre of a path

that one finds the corpse of this tiny animal, but I suppose the correct explanation of this is that if it died anywhere else, its body, being so extremely small, would not be noticed.

Another tale ■ that female adders swallow their young when alarmed, and I am assured by a reptile expert that there is not the slightest truth in this. Then there is the old accusation against the hedgehog that he sucks the milk from the cows if they lie out in the meadow by night, and I should hesitate to say that this is a false belief, since I have heard so many accounts of the small animal being caught in the act, or at any rate with a stomach full of milk in close proximity to a cow whose udder was empty. Moreover, the theory about the hedgehog behaving in this fashion is not confined to the British Isles, for I discovered that the Beduin Arab firmly believes that it sucks his nanny goats completely dry whenever it gets the chance.

WITH regard to eye-witnesses of improbable stories it would be highly satisfactory if the Loch Ness monster mystery could be cleared up and the creature clearly identified for all time. It is impossible to regard as pure imagination the many accounts of its appearance given by the most credible witnesses, who have certainly seen something that cannot by any stretch of the imagination have been a salmon, seal or porpoise. Lastly, of course, there is the story we were told as children that if one holds a guinea pig up by its tail its eyes will drop out, but until some member of the species grows a tail we shall be unable to discover if there is any truth in this story.

EYNHALLOW: ISLAND OF DELIGHT

Written and Illustrated by FRANCES PITT



1.—BLACK GUILLEMOTS ON THE ISLAND OF EYNHALLOW, ORKNEY

THE island lay as green as an emerald in a sea so blue that the Mediterranean would seem pale by comparison, with behind it the purple and green mass of the island of Rousay and afar the open Atlantic extending to meet the soft blueness of the sky. Eynhallow once more, the Island of Delight, the Island of Enchantment, the island with mysterious ruins, of many stories and of innumerable birds.

Eynhallow is a small island of the Orkney group and lies in the channel between Mainland and Rousay. Here the tidal currents strive so fiercely and form such formidable roosts that wind and weather must be studied before a landing can be attempted. This morning, however, the conditions were kind, the wind was right, the tide was right and the motor-boat sped gaily from Evie pier across the sound towards the sun-kissed gleaming green gem in its setting of brilliant blue.

I had not made the crossing since before the war, when Mr. Duncan Robertson owned the island and guarded its birds, when the elder ducks were so many that, in order to get an accurate count, he marked each nest with a numbered peg. I forget his final figure, but it was a fantastic one.

At that time fulmar petrels were not only on view on all sides but sat on their single eggs here, there and everywhere; while shags lined up on the rocks in bronze-green rows, terns wheeled and scolded and the black guillemots came ashore on the northern rocks in many delightful scores.

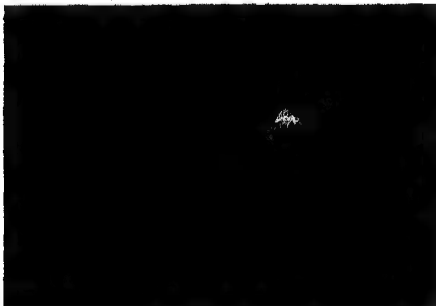
The motor-boat sped on across waters that were now varying shades of jade and now vividly, marvellously blue, towards the green,

grassy island known of old as the Enchanted Isle, being a place of whims and fancies, kind only to favoured visitors and capricious to others. We are told that when the unfavoured ones set foot on its enchanted shore the island sank beneath them and disappeared under the waves. I can but say that Eynhallow has never played any tricks with me, but has allowed me to land, explore its grassy summit, its ruins (where, it is said, monks formerly dwelt in holiness) and its rocky shores with their many attractions.

We scrambled ashore (it was strange not to be welcomed with kind greetings, though an oyster-catcher whistled shrilly) and dumped what were for the moment unwanted belongings. I, for one, was full of impatience—how were the black guillemots and how were the seals?

Leaving my companions to go their respective ways, I hurried off, proceeding towards the north-west corner of the island, escorted by abusive terns, whistling oyster-catchers and wheeling fulmars—the fulmars had certainly not decreased. Picture me approaching a tumbled-down wall that runs parallel to the shore, the remains, apparently, of a sheepfold, and taking advantage of this shelter to creep along and get close to the seal rocks, those shelving ledges on which the great grey seals lie and take their ease. I have seen a dozen or more sleeping in the sunshine, only one huge fellow having his eyes open. He was troubled by a tickle in the middle of the back. He rolled over and rubbed himself on the stones, moaning as he did so in the most dismal tones.

This time, alas! the seal rocks were tenanted; the departing motor-boat must have disturbed the seals. My careful creeping along under the wall resulted only in my getting well stung by the luxuriant nettles and in annoying several fulmar petrels. They were sitting, each on its single egg, among the nettles at the foot of the wall. All were sick at the sight of me, very sick indeed, throwing up a vile-smelling, oily, yellow liquid. We are told that the fulmar makes a practice of ejecting this stuff at the visitor, but I do not think the lady's manners are quite so bad as that. I have interviewed many sitting fulmars and, although none of them liked the look of me, and the majority were immediately taken ill, I cannot charge them with deliberately spitting in my face. All the same, I never think it is wise to attempt familiarities with a fulmar. When trying for a portrait I use a long-focus lens and keep at a discreet distance.



2.—AN ARCTIC SKUA (LIGHT PHASE) ON HER NEST, A MERE DEPRESSION IN THE SHEEP-BITTEN TURF



3.—WELL CAMOUFLAGED: AN EYNHALLOW EIDER DUCK BROODING AMONG THE HEATHER

It was interesting to view the number of fulmars around and to remember the recent history of the bird. It is not so long as time goes in the rise and fall of birds that the fulmar petrel was practically confined, so far as its breeding range in Britain was concerned, to the remote island of St. Kilda, where it nested in huge numbers. Kipperfulmars helped to swell the winter rations of the inhabitants. The story runs that when tinned salmon came their way they much preferred it and stopped killing the fulmars, which immediately began to increase. Serious opinion, however, was for a deeper cause than tinned salmon to account for the long and steady rise of this petrel, which in comparatively recent years has not only colonised the Shetlands, the Orkneys and the Scottish coasts but spread down the east side of England and looks like establishing itself on all coasts of these islands.

I would suggest that one factor in the success of the fulmar is its ability to nest almost anywhere, for example in the nettle forest under this wall. I sucked my stings, but looked in vain for the dock leaf that should be next applied, and turned to leave the fulmars. I cast one glance back at them, sitting there like large, fat, grey-and-white doves, each patiently brooding its egg (Fig. 6)—incubation takes some 50 or more days—while their friends and relatives came to sit beside them and cackle to them. Then I hurried on to the headquarters of the black guillemots (Fig. 1).

The black guillemot, or tystie as it is called in Orkney and Shetland, is a bird of the northern seas, in the British Isles being distributed about our rocky north-western shores, though seldom in any great number. Only on Eynhallow have I had the joy of meeting this quaint little fowl in dozens and scores, and quaint it most truly is. Picture a smallish but stout black bird with a large white patch on either shoulder, bright scarlet feet and legs and a bill with a crimson interior, which greets the visitor by *twittering* at him!

There is something incongruous yet charmingly attractive about this greeting; it is so ridiculously unexpected from a sea-bird. When twittering the bird opens its beak and one gets a good view of the red lining.

The name tystie fits this comical and delightful personage perfectly, whether it be bobbing about on the water or flying up to alight on those terraced rocks it loves so well. These rocks rise in tiers, like a giant's stairway, from the angry sea boiling at their feet to a tumble of rounded water-worn stones flung up to meet the island turf that slopes down to meet them.

It is among these stones that the black guillemots nest, laying two grey mottled eggs down some convenient crack or crevice, but in early June they have hardly begun serious business and on the day in question only a few of the crowd were concerned with the boulders. The majority of the tysties were taking life easily on one or other of the steps of the giant's stairway, sitting about in sociable groups and twittering open-billed at one another as if exchanging items of gossip, though the bowing, twittering and raised-wing displays suggested that it was not gossip but the sweet nothings of courtship that were passed from bill to ear. Apropos of display and courtship, the white shoulder-patches seemed to have considerable display value, the birds posturing so as to enhance their conspicuousness, but watch as carefully as I would I could not tell the sexes apart or be sure which was cock and which hen. In size, colour

and pattern male and female appeared identical.

What a picture was made by the birds and their surroundings. The sea was more vividly and intensely blue than ever, except where it broke against the rocks in a moaning, groaning smother of white surf.

It stretched away, except where broken by the troubled line of a tidal roost, in lazy wrinkles to meet the pearly verge of the sky with no land beyond that horizon but distant America. The disturbed line of the roost told of currents running fiercely and reminded one how formidable this roost can be. Countless white

specks wheeling like snowflakes driven by the wind stretched in a long band above the tide race. They were terns fishing in the troubled waters. Nearer at hand were a number of white-and-black birds, eider drakes floating idly on the waves while their mates brooded eggs ashore. Next the eye came to the cliff-foot, where the waves strove and seaweed swirled, where, too, an eider duck and her just-hatched ducklings paddled bravely forth, the fluffy babies riding the waves like bobbing corks while mother plotted them to join the dry land. "Oh! Oh!" said the latter, "Oh! Oh!" in exactly the tone of an old lady receiving a nice bit of scandal over her cup of tea. "Oh! Oh!" they repeated, "Oh! Oh!" and it

sounded as if it was a really delectable story. But who could listen to eider ducks with more and more tysties flying up from the sea to run about on the rocks or settle themselves in lazy attitudes? The rocks were in part covered with a brilliant yellow lichen and in places with a bright green growth; then there was the blue sea, the green, brown and purple checked bank of Rousay beyond, fading to purple-grey, with, above, a few fleeting white clouds chasing across the blue sky, all making a wonderful setting for the guillemots.

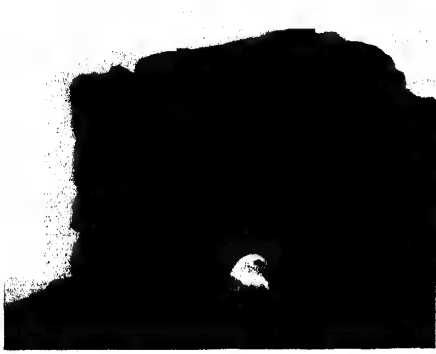
I took a cine film of them. I took still photographs and then I just sat and watched them, feeling I could sit and watch them for ever as they toddled to and fro, bowed and showed off at one another or just rested happily and did nothing. But even tysties must be left and I bethought me of the other birds that I must go and interview.

One of my most interesting interviews was with an arctic skua couple. The arctic, or Richardson's, skua, the smaller of the two species of skua that nest in the northern parts of the British Isles, occurs sparingly in Orkney. Its numbers here are nothing like those on Shetland, so that a nesting pair are viewed with interest, especially the couple that have recently made Eynhallow their headquarters, which were the first of their species I had seen there. They were interesting birds, for the one was a sooty individual of the extremely dark type and the other a very handsome light bird. This species of skua is dimorphic, a light form and dark form occurring together, the difference being irrespective of sex and age. Here the light-hued skua was the female and the dark bird was the male, but I have seen dark hens and light cocks, and, indeed, dark pairs and light pairs.

The nest, a mere depression in the short, sheep-bitten turf—there are a considerable number of sheep on the island—was on the higher



4.—"A FAIRY-LIKE BEING WITH SLENDER WINGS AND DELICATELY TINTED FORM": AN ARCTIC TERN ALIGHTING BESIDE ITS EGGS



5.—ONE OF THE EYNHALLOW FULMAR PETRELS ON HER NEST BESIDE THE CHIMNEY OF A RUINED BUILDING

ground, and its owners became much excited as I and my companion approached. When we stood and looked at the two olive-green eggs handsomely blotched with brown, they came swooping down on us as if intending to attack and then prostrated themselves on the ground in all the contortions of the "broken-wing trick," the dark male being particularly anxious and energetic in feigning injury.

A hiding tent was quickly erected and I was soon inside it. Would the skuas show resentment at such hurried treatment? I heard both the birds screaming "sku-arr! sku-arr!" as my companion departed, but believe that their abuse was directed more at certain patrolling herring-gulls than at him. The skuas did not like them, and they were unpopular with many other birds. The crying of the skuas, the screaming of gulls, the whistling of oyster-catchers and the scolding of terns died away and quiet descended. There was a swish of wings over the tent-top and the sound of a bird alighting on the turf close to the hide, and peeping through a spy-hole in its side. I saw the handsome creamy-grey skua walking quietly up to her nest, on which she settled down in the most happy and comfortable manner. She cuddled her eggs under her breast as if there was no such thing as a hiding tent ten feet way (Fig. 2) and showed no sign of suspecting the presence of a woman with cameras inside it. She sat there surveying her world, her dark mate on guard a little way off, and I thought how, in her round comfortable shape and with her creamy-buff colouring and dark extremities, she resembled a Siamese cat. It is true that her eyes were dark, not blue, and she did not squint, but the likeness was certainly there.

Seeing these skuas in their kindly homeliness I found it difficult to think of them as desperadoes among other birds, but one gets a hint of their true character when one sees them swoop past on hawk-like wings or watches their skill in aerial manoeuvres. To put the matter mildly, no skua is particular how it gets its living and some part of that living is by harrying its neighbouring sea-birds, hunting them until they give up the fish they have caught. I once watched a great skua or bonxie pursue a lesser black-backed gull high into the sky. The two circled up and up until they were mere specks aloft and I thought the gull would defeat the pirate, but no, the gull had to yield, to throw up the contents of its craw, which were caught by the skua as they fell. Then, and then only, was the gull allowed to depart in peace.

It was with much regret at leaving the couple that I presently crawled from my tent preparatory to pulling it down and moving on elsewhere, to receive a hearty cursing from two much-surprised birds. Up they flew in the air and down they came at me, and this time I thought I really should be smacked on the head. I have seen the great skuas attack a person and I have seen the arctic skua attack sheep, even riding on the head of a sorely bewildered ewe that had blundered too near the nest, but I have never seen this smaller species actually hit a human being; yet in Shetland it has a reputation in this respect.

I then set off on a tour of the island, occasionally stumbling over a sitting elder duck and continually abused by vociferous

oyster-catchers. Four eggs in an elder's ordinary clutch, five or six a good one, and anything above that in number probably a joint effort of two ducks, so my surprise was great when I found myself surveying a nest containing eleven eggs! Only one duck had been covering them and what a job she must have had to get them all beneath her, but I immediately jumped to the conclusion that these were the product of at least two and possibly three ducks.

This, however, was a digression from my tour, when I wandered along the cliff head looking down on sitting fulmars and on shags drawn up in bronze-green lines on the waterside rocks.

I did not on this occasion see a single cormorant, but there was certainly no lack of shags. How weird and reptilian they looked as they stood holding their wings spread to dry in the breeze. I never see a shag or a cormorant without recalling the evolution of the bird from a semi-reptilian ancestor such as that fossil form *Archaeopteryx* that had teeth in its jaw, though it had already gained feathers.

As for fulmar petrels, the farther one went the more one seemed to see. They were everywhere. Many were brooding eggs on cliff-ledges, recesses in banks, in shallow holes and even on the flat open ground; and many more were soaring aloft or gliding to and fro on stiffly held wings in the effortless flight of their kind. No bird has brought the art of flying without exertion to greater perfection than this petrel: witness the manner in which those I was watching rode the air currents. One, which had its mate, or a relative or friend, sitting in a recess of the bank that constituted the top of a gully that rose steeply from the sea, kept circling up to this fissure and letting the air currents sweeping up from the water bear it aloft. It was carried without any effort of its own slowly past the bird on the nest, to rise on high and circle back again. Thus it gyrated, rose and fell, with hardly a movement of its wings before its sitting comrade in what was evidently a happy game.

Past fulmars, shags, elder ducks and their drakes I wandered entranced, but it was back near the landing-place not far from Mr. Robertson's little house, now, alas! unoccupied, that I found the most lovely spot since leaving the tysties. A fulmar petrel with her head

peeping over the growth of grass and weeds on the roof of a ruined building beside the chimney of which she had her nest looked down on this spot (Fig. 5). There were several more fulmars brooding eggs in the nettles under an old wall and an elder duck sat amid the drift rubbish and water-rounded stones at high tide mark, while querulous terns fluttered like great butterflies overhead and chattered in anxiety for their eggs, which lay all over the place.

I sat down with my back against the old wall while an oyster-catcher piped distractedly (her chicks, just hatching, lay among the pebbles on my left) and the terns swore more energetically than ever. I took the hide cover that I had been carrying and draped it over my cine camera and myself, peeping through one of its many holes at the hovering white terns, the rippling waves and, across the sound, the Mainland lying like a patchwork quilt worked in squares of bright green, darker green and red-brown.

The sun shone warmly, the bird voices died away and I dreamt I was visiting Eynhallow in those days when the Viking pirates made the islands a rendezvous and a resting-place from which to organise their raids on prosperous southern lands. It seemed to me that there was the sound of the oars of the long boats, the clink of swords and chatter of strange voices, when consciousness returned to me and I woke to the knowledge that it was not Vikings who tripped over the shingle but terns and oyster-catchers.

A hen oyster-catcher had run home over the shingle on her shell-pink feet and was sitting close at hand brooding her new-born chicks with her sealing-wax bill gleaming like a flame against the grey stones. At my feet sat a tern, a fairy-like being with its long, slender wings and delicately tinted white and grey form (Fig. 4). Any doubts as to whether it was an arctic or a common tern were set at rest by its blood-red bill. In the common tern the bill is dark at the tip.

There were terns all round me and it was uncanny to sit in their midst, camouflaged only by a bit of flimsy canvas, and watch them at such close, intimate quarters. I could have watched them all evening and all night, too, but an oyster-catcher whistled afar, my bird jumped up, answered it, ran off, took wing and flew backwards and forwards calling excitedly, and then the terns rose in a cloud and scolded furiously.

A friend was coming to help me to pack up my goods and get them down to the boat, now rapidly approaching the shore. Soon we were aboard and waving farewell to the island of Enchantment and its many enchanting inhabitants, never more enchanting than on this latest visit. I had had in all two days on Eynhallow, but they had been all too short. A whole season would not be long enough really to explore, study and understand the island and its innumerable inhabitants.



6.—A FULMAR, LOOKING LIKE "A LARGE, FAT, GREY-AND-WHITE DOVE," BROODING HER SINGLE EGG ON A LEDGE

ACROSTICS IN GLASS

A JACOBITE PUZZLE ◊ By JOHN M. BACON



FIVE OUT OF A SET OF SIX JACOBITE GLASSES ENGRAVED WITH FLOWERS, THE INITIAL LETTERS OF WHICH FORMED AN ACROSTIC ON THE NAME CHARLES

Honeysuckle and lily are on the same glass; the glass for E (eglantine) is missing

THE following story of five early air-twist engraved glasses provides glass-lovers with an interesting puzzle. My guess is that, originally flowered glasses, they were engraved with the names of characters in Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso* to cover up the obvious Jacobite significance of the flowers on them.

The story begins with the privateer *Hazard*, which was captured in the late autumn of 1744 (cf. Lang, *Prince Charles Edward*, in which he informs us that she was then re-named *Prince Charles*). In a list of privateers given in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for January, 1745, page 49, the privateer *Prince Charles* is given; fitted out at Bristol, she carried 20 guns and 150 men. My further information is that she was re-captured with her crew and thousands of pounds in cash, probably pay for the soldiers, just before Culloden. She then presumably reverted to her original name, *Hazard*, for later on I find in an advertisement about privateers in the *London Chronicle*, December 2, 1758, the name *Hazard*.

According to Captain Dobson a girl sailed in her as a seaman, "and was not discovered for some time, and had served previously without detection."

In connection with the above there exists, in a private collection, a series of exquisite glasses of the finest quality and of the type made about 1744. Unfortunately, only five out of the original set of six are in existence, as far as my information goes. They are the "flowered" glasses of that date (1740). They came into the possession of the present owner from a Jacobite family. With them was a written statement of 1870 describing the names engraved on these glasses and saying that the set belonged to the late the Rev. William Monkhouse, Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, from 1840 to 1862.

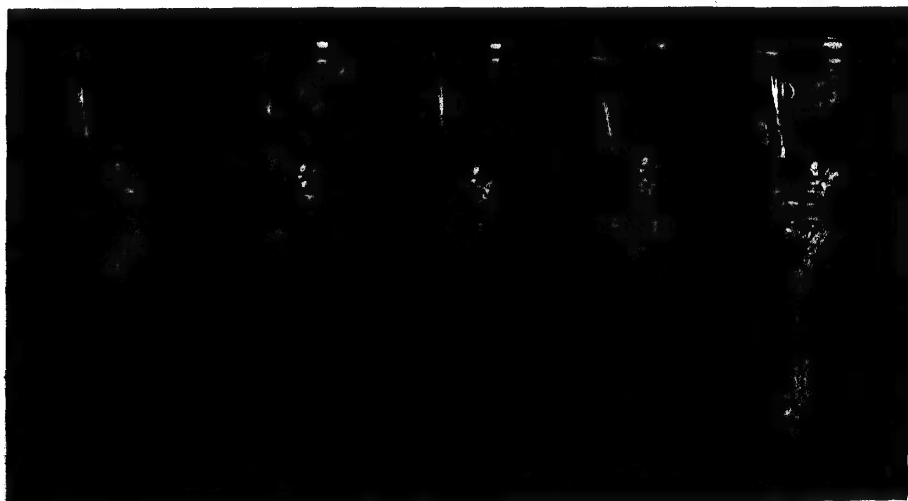
If the flowers engraved on the glasses are taken in the following order, the initials of the first letters of the flowers make an acrostic on the name CHARLES. The missing glass, representing the letter E, would, I suggest, have

been engraved with eglantine (sweet briar).
Columbine.
Honeysuckle.
Anemone.
Rose.
Lily (on the same glass as honeysuckle).
Eglantine (missing).
Stock.

Take, now, the names of the characters from *Orlando Furioso* engraved on each glass and the initial letters form an acrostic of the privateer's name *Hazard*. The first letter (from the missing glass) has to be supplied.

H (missing)—(*Hippalca*)
Atlante (*A magician*)
Zerbino (*Son of the King of Scotland*)
Agramant (*King of Africa*)
Rodomont (*King of Algiers*)
Doralice (*Retained to Rodomont*)

It would be interesting if some reader could help in providing some information of the missing glass.



THE NAMES OF HEROES FROM *ORLANDO FURIOSO* ENGRAVED ON THE SAME GLASSES FORM WITH THEIR INITIAL LETTERS THE NAME (H)AZARD, A PRIVATEER OF THE TIME OF THE '45

The H glass is missing

FACTS AND FABLES FROM FLORAL HISTORY—II

By D. T. MacFIE



1.—VASE WITH FLOWERS, FROM THE PAINTING BY JAN VAN HUYSUM (1682-1749) IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY. This work is considered by many critics to be the masterpiece of van Huisum the Younger. (Right). —A MEDIEVAL GARDEN WITH ROSE TRELLIS. FLEMISH, circa 1500

THE old garden roses are perhaps the most intriguing of all antique flowers. They are certainly the most plentiful, and the names that have been bestowed upon them are even more so, which is not surprising when one considers that roses have been cultivated as garden flowers since the 4th century B.C. Theophrastus of Eresus (born 370 B.C.) describes several, but it is desperately difficult to recognise

species from his descriptions. Even that great authority, the late Mr. E. A. Bunyard, would not commit himself beyond a "safe assumption" that Theophrastus's roses were the cabbage-rose, *R. centifolia*, the damask rose, *R. damascena*, probably the white rose, *R. alba*, and doubtfully *R. gallica*.

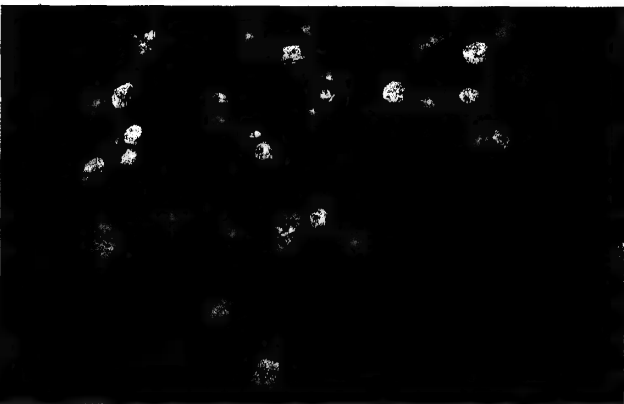
Nor is the history of the rose geographically confined. Greece, Rome, Islam, China, Holland,

France and England have all revered it as the supreme flower. Tracing the evolution of the modern rose is really something in the nature of a world-wide tour, in addition to the unravelling of a tangled skein of progress achieved by breeders here at home, on the Continent and, as one finds in an attempt to reach finality, receding into the mists of mythology.

There are five native British roses, but curiously enough they have played little or no part in the evolution of modern garden roses. There were, at the beginning of the 19th century, many varieties of the Burnet or Scots rose, *R. spinosissima*, quite a few of the Ayrshire rose, *R. arvensis*, including the double Dundee Rambler, and the sweet briar, *R. rubiginosa*, has produced some forms and Lord Penzance's justly famed hybrids. The dog-rose, *R. canina*, if it has done nothing else, has given yeoman service as the root-stock of by far the greater proportion of garden roses for many years past. Perhaps the only claim to fame of *R. villosa*, the fifth, is that it has produced the lovely Woolley Dod's variety—a very beautiful rose.

Even in Gerard's day a sharp distinction was drawn between garden and wild roses. Of the "Pimpinell" or Burnet rose he writes, "It grows very plentifully in a field as you go from a village in Essex, called Graies (upon the brink of the river Thames), unto Horndon on the Hill, inasmuch that the field is full fraught therewith all over. It groweth likewise in a pasture as you goe from a village hard by London called Knights brige unto Fulham, a village thereby." Would that it did so now.

Gerard's garden roses are the white rose, *R. alba*; the red rose that "groweth very low in respect of the former," which



3.—*ROSA CENTIFOLIA ALBA*. THIS ROSE IS THOUGHT BY SOME AUTHORITIES TO BE AN *ALBA* WITH DAMASK BLOOD

most authorities take to be *gallica* the damask rose pale red in colour the Holland or Province rose like the damask rose but greater and more double inasmuch that the yellow claws in the middle are hard to be seen which is doubtless the cabbage-rose *R. centifolia* the muske roses and some unidentifiables

It is in Parkinson's *Paradisus in Sole Paradisus terrestris* the title a pun on the author's name that we find first mention of the York and Lancaster rose that to-day is still grown in innumerable gardens and incidentally is still as variable in its colouring as it was then Parkinson describes it as one half of it sometimes of a pale whitish colour and the other half of a paler damask colour than the ordinary (damask) sometimes also the flower has divers stripes and marks on it as one leaf white or striped with white the other half bluish or striped with bluish sometimes also all striped or spotted over and all other times no stripes or marks at all as nature listeth to play with varieties in this as other flowers Could his description be bettered?

Parkinson also talks of the yellow Persian rose *R. hemisphaerica* and once again it is the public spirited Mr Nicholas Lete merchant of London who is credited with introducing it to this country It was then as it still is a difficult rose John Rhes in his *Flora* advocated double working as a possible means of succeeding with it the Frankfurt rose to be used as root stock the single yellow *R. foetida* to be worked on this and the double *hemisphaerica* to be budded on *foetida* Science may have advanced but are we after all so far removed in the arts and crafts that are purely gardening?

The striped Rosa Mundi is often associated with York and Lancaster but it is of course a *gallica* Here again is a really old rose The great bulk of the *gallicas* were raised on the Continent during the 19th century But of the hundreds that were sent out it is difficult now to find more than a few

So much for roses their place in history would fill a volume as indeed it has in F. A. Bunsard's marvellously authoritative *Old Garden Roses*

Lilium candidum Gerard's white lily is another plant that has its origins lost in the mists of antiquity In Egypt and in Crete it was



4.—THE RED *GALLICA* ROSE, ALSO KNOWN AS THE RED DAMASK, IT IS THE UNSTRIPED FORM OF *ROSA MUNDI*

zealously tended as a sacred plant some centuries before the birth of Christ Many civilisations have helped to distribute it throughout Europe and the Mediterranean countries until to day its native habitats are far from certain Gerard differentiates between the English white lily and the white lily of Constantinople the latter having flowers grow at the top like the former saying that the leaves do turn them selves more backward like the Turks Cap and beareth many more flowers than our English white lily doth Perhaps the various forms of *candidum* on which gardeners pride themselves to day are not after all so very new The great Mountains Lily the purple *L. Martagon* of numerous forms and the Persian lily are also described though the latter is of course no lily but a fritillaria *F. persica*

with bells of an overworn purple colour Nor is Gerard over-complimentary to the hemerocallis or Day Lilies This plant bringeth forth in the morning his bud which at noone is full blowne or spread abroad and the same day in the evening it shuts it selfe and in a short time after becomes as rotten and stinking as if it had been trodden in a dunghill a moneth together in foule and raine weather according to the old proverb sooner ripe, sooner rotten

Iris suseana the mourning iris is still apt to be looked upon as something out of the ordinary by other than iris enthusiasts the reason perhaps being its most unusual black and white colouring So it is just a little surprising to find it described and figured by Gerard under the name of Turkey flower de-luce a rare and beautiful flower to behold His great flower de-luce of Dalmatia is obviously *I. pallida* and his Flower de-luce of Florence whose root in shops and generally every where are called *Ireos* or *Orice* (whereof sweet waters sweet powders and such like are made) must surely be *I. florentina* which supplies the orris root of perfumers

The names of Peach bells and Steeple bells have a familiar ring and they refer to plants that not many people would associate with mediæval gardens *Campanulas persicifolia* and *pyramidalis* that grow in our London gardens and not wild in England And so one might continue without having done more than touch on the fringe of an inexhaustible and fascinating subject

It is quite possible that in quoting so freely from Gerard I may have incurred the wrath of those who affect to regard him as a copyist There is little doubt that he was to some extent But is there any author who has attempted a serious work covering so vast a field who can truthfully say that he has not been guilty of the crime—if crime it be? Life after all is too short for any one man to acquire from personal experience the original knowledge to compile so vast a work Surely it is more just—I will not use the word charitable—to be grateful to a great herbalist for his industry A medico primarily he may have been, he was also a great gardener



5.—THE MADONNA LILY, *L. CANDIDUM*, IN A MODERN GARDEN

The previous article on this subject was published on July 11

1.—GEORGIAN SUNSET. The equestrian statue of George I in the vast lawn stretching from the north front of Stowe

STOWE, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE—I

The Connection of Georgian Landscape with Whig Politics

By CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY

The main lines of the great landscape garden, initiated in 1713 by General Sir Richard Temple, later Lord Cobham, by Bridgeman and Vanbrugh, still exist, though loosened about 1740 by William Kent in accordance with the "liberal sentiments" of their patron which made

Stowe the shrine of Grand Whiggery

NATIONAL PARKS, Town and Country Planning, Preservation of Rural England, and the various movements and bodies now concerned with maintaining

the landscape of England have had the effect of throwing a different light upon the great artificial-natural gardens of the 18th century. The tendency to ridicule those Whig magnates

who expended their wealth on the creation of scenery, and a rather patronising view of their landscape architects' spectacular achievements, have changed to attention, and attention to admiration, as the aspect of England deteriorates despite mounting efforts to preserve the remnants of an arcadia and as we begin again attempting to do what they performed, though with another purpose. However, the social importance of landscape architecture is now recognised, and, after a poor start, notable progress is being made. Even big industrial firms are employing landscape architects to ameliorate their workings; planning schemes of most types consult trained designers on lay-out and planting; and in some cases, as should be the normal practice, they are required to advise from the outset on choice and use of sites. In all modern planning the prevailing tendency is away from symmetry and increasingly towards a free naturalism akin to that evolved by the Georgian landscapers, now, as then, for a combination of social, economic, and æsthetic reasons.

In the latter half of the century—roughly 1775-1825—the principles worked out during the preceding fifty years in the designing of landscape gardens were applied extensively, often to large tracts of property, in order to perfect the surrounding landscape. The function served by ornamental buildings in the gardens were then taken over in these bigger schemes by farms, churches, entire villages, or such utilitarian structures as bridges, which were designed or reconstructed to compose with the picture formed by natural features and timber. Woodlands particularly were viewed from the picturesque as much as from the productive and sporting angle. Thus, in addition to the amenity conferred on a neighbourhood by a park, whole estates were subjected to some degree of design, as Addison had foreseen that they might be in Queen Anne's reign.

Stowe, the headquarters of the Grenvilles, Earls Temple, Dukes of Buckingham—as heirs of Lord Cobham—is still the largest and most elaborate, as it was the most famous, of the arcadian laboratories. For the past twenty-five years it has housed a great public school, but the 400 acres of "garden" preserve their general character little impaired although playing fields occupy some of the lawns, and school buildings have been fitted unobtrusively into the surroundings of the vast classical mansion. Most of the symbolic temples are intact. In these articles the attempt is made, for the first time I believe, to illustrate the landscape architecture of Stowe, laying emphasis less on the incidental



2.—CLASSICAL LANDSCAPE. The south front of Stowe seen from one of Kent's temples, across the lake and up the broadened and simplified main vista

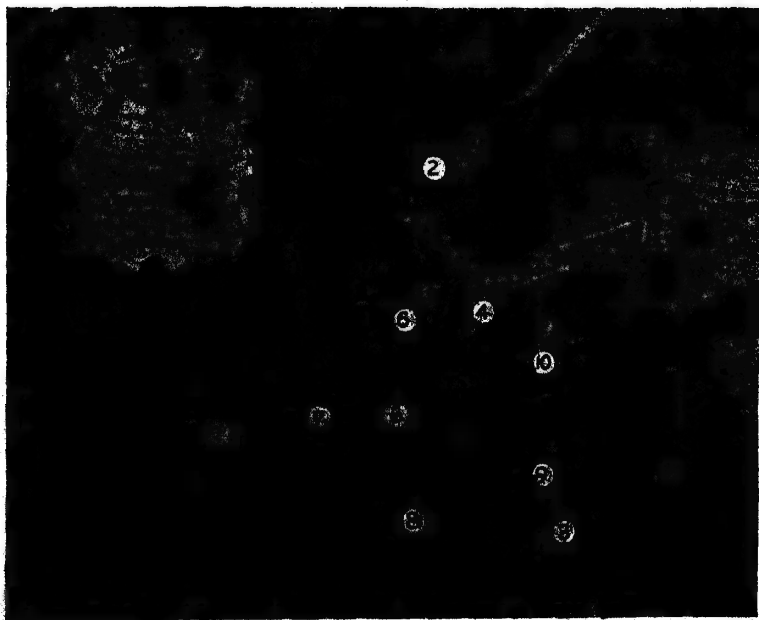


3.—THE MAIN SOUTH VISTA FROM THE GRAND PORTICO TOWARDS THE CORINTHIAN ARCH (Reverse of Fig. 2). The lawn in the centre was an enclosed parterre in Bridgeman's plan

4.—BRIDGEMAN'S
PLAN (1713-1739)

*The following references
are to the etched
numerals:*

1. Boysot Pavilions
and main entry.
2. Statue of George
I. original position.
3. Kent's temple and
entry to gardens.
4. Parterre and vista.
5. Vanbrugh's
Rotunda.
6. Temple of Bacchus.
7. Home Park.
8. Lake.
9. Octagon Lake.
10. Area chiefly
associated with
William Kent.





5.—WEST ENTRANCE TO THE PARK



6.—APPROACH TOWARDS THE BOYCOT PAVILIONS



7.—THE TEMPLE OF BACCHUS (Vauban)

buildings themselves (and ignoring the mansion entirely except as part of the landscape) than on the relationship of the buildings to one another and their setting. This presents considerable difficulties. Relationships have been obscured by the growth or felling of trees, by new enclosures for agriculture, by playing-fields where smooth turf was intended, by the disappearance of some of the features, and by the enormous scale of the original lay-out. The attempt, however, is well worth making, since maintenance will doubtless get no easier and general interest in landscape design is potentially widespread.

From the early years of the 18th till the middle of the 19th century, Stowe was always before the public eye, not only in Pope's phrase "as a place to wonder at," but as the capital seat of what has been called the Grand Whiggery. It became the geographical and artistic centre of the cult of humane and political liberty subscribed to by the successors of those country gentlemen and magnates whose ideals had been embodied in the "Glorious Revolution" of 1688. Taking their political principles from the elder Shaftesbury, they modelled their tastes and homes upon those of his grandson's *Characteristics* in which the grand manner of classical antiquity was rejuvenated by romantic sentiment and tempered by English puritanism. Stowe, as famous for its collection of classical books and early MSS. as for its Palladian architecture and poetic landscapes, owed those possessions as much to political as to aesthetic idealism. Had not General Sir Richard Temple's Whiggism brought a distinguished military career under Marlborough to a temporary end in 1713, and his falling out with Walpole in 1733 finally terminated both his military and political careers, his energies would not have been diverted to transforming his ancestral acres into a visual expression of his convictions. The political bias underlying the scenery of Stowe is emphasised in the dedications of its monuments as frequently to ideas or exponents of liberal sentiment as to the humanised abstractions of the classical way of life: to Concord, Victory, Friendship, King George I, British Worthies, General Wolfe, no less than to Venus, Bacchus, Ancient Virtue and pastoral nymphs. A public pleasure ground rather than a private seat, Stowe was the English 18th-century counterpart to the modern Russian "people's park of culture and rest" and scarcely less ideological.

The occasion of Temple, created Viscount Cobham by George I, quarrelling with the Walpole Government was characteristic of his ancestors' origins in one of those Tudor families that grew rich on sheep and wool. Individualism and free trade had been the keystones of their fortune; and it was Walpole's Excise policy coupled with support of South Sea speculation which led to his final retirement to Stowe, there to cultivate not only his garden but the dissident faction of Whigs known as the Boy Patriots or Cobham's Cubs who supported Frederick Prince of Wales against the Court party. Largely composed of "a mob of nephews"—Grenvilles of neighbouring Wotton who were to populate the Treasury bench intermittently for a century—the Stowe faction's greatest recruit was Cornet Pitt, a young officer in Lord Cobham's regiment, an impecunious Parliamentarian, and shortly to marry a Grenville sister. Stowe became his home, and however its combination of political and scenic designs influenced his ideals of statesmanship, he imbibed a lifelong addiction to landscape gardening, as did poor Prince Fred, who died of a chill caught lying out Kew Gardens.

Yet it is scarcely coincidence that the ideas of liberal imperialism, Whig humanism, and English idyllic landscape design germinated together here in the spacious atmosphere of Stowe. Their common factors will call for consideration again in the course of these articles, but here it can at least be suggested that each betokened a faith in disciplined freedom, a respect for natural qualities, a belief in the individual whether man or tree, and a hatred of tyranny.

In 1713 these notions were yet seeds of thought, though that of humanism in its moral and æsthetic aspects had recently inspired the published allegories of the philosopher Earl of Shaftesbury. Their practical application to statecraft on the one hand and garden-craft on the other took time. Yet the possibility of liberal landscape had been envisaged by that earlier Temple, Sir William, by Addison, and, in the practical sphere, by Stephen Switzer and Charles Bridgeman. It was the latter whom Cobham engaged to expand the older formal garden at Stowe by means of technical devices published by Switzer—chief of them the sunk fence or *haha*—in order to realise the conception of "natural," less formal, extensive landscape gardening envisaged by contemporary writers. At the outset Vanbrugh was engaged to design the incidental buildings, and it is possible that he also made his forceful influence felt in the lay-out.

For the purpose of these articles the interest of the Bridgeman-Vanbrugh scheme is in the modifications that were made to it later. But these scarcely affected its main lines. The plan published by Sarah Bridgeman in 1739 (the year following her husband's death) shows a pentagonal area two-thirds of a mile across (Fig. 4) formed by enclosing avenues which, around the periphery, were combined with *hahas* giving an illusion of continuity of surface outwards. The approach to the house was, and is still, at the west angle (Fig. 5) leading between the pair of domed pavilions called after



8.—VANBRUGH'S ROTUNDA

the hamlet of Boycot which they replace (Figs. 6, 9). On the axis of the main front the approach was aligned on the equestrian statue of George I—now re-erected much nearer to the house (Fig. 1)—where the approach turned south along a canal, no longer existing, to the forecourt.

Below the garden front, not then emphasised with Adam's great portico, lay a parterre enclosed by hedges clipped into arches and containing a basin. The axis was continued by a narrow vista to an octagonal lake beyond which, between a pair of small Doric temples, it was prolonged to the ridge later surmounted by a Corinthian triumphal arch. The usual entry to the garden was between these Doric temples designed by Kent (Fig. 2).

In the woodlands flanking the vista between the parterre and the octagon lake were geometrical alignments to the west and a more irregular lay-out, making use of the contours, to the east. The west section included a Rotunda by Vanbrugh (Fig. 8) at the intersection of three converging alignments but looking westwards over the turf of the Home Park. This was also overlooked by Vanbrugh's Temple of Bacchus (Fig. 7) from the north, and, from across the lake, by the Temple of Venus standing on the south-west bastion of the periphery.

The arrangement on the east side of the main vista, associated with William Kent owing to its greater irregularity and its buildings having been designed by him, will be illustrated next week. The views given here show how extensively Bridgeman's lay-out was altered. Contemporary references prove that this process was complete by 1750, though various works were going on till 1790. But by 1750 all the geometrical features were either eliminated or so much softened as to produce an effect of idealised natural landscape. The parterres and canals disappeared, the octagon lake became a lagoon, the south vista was greatly widened and sown with grass, and the Rotunda, with other temples originally having formal settings, became picturesque incidents in a prevalently informal landscape. Yet the very fact that this transformation could be effected without destroying the main lines of the Bridgeman scheme reveals the degree to which, in 1713, the scenic possibilities of the terrain had been grasped, though handled still with a rule rather than a brush.

(To be continued.)



9.—ONE OF THE BOYCOT PAVILIONS (Vanbrugh)

MOST ANCIENT BRITON

By J. WENTWORTH DAY

BADGER-DIGGING with the object of killing the badger is the sport of perverted minds; it depends for success not on the daring of the men engaged, but on the incredible bravery of a very small terrier which enters the sett, corners the badger and keeps him at bay until the brave warriors on top dig down with pick-axes and mattocks. These "sportsmen" grip the badger, preferably at the back of the neck, with a long pair of iron tongs and haul him out. They either kill him on the spot, or, if very bright and remarkable "sportsmen", indeed, take him off to some public-house back-yard, where the wretched animal is imprisoned in a box or a barrel and baited by dogs.

This beastliness goes on in far too many places. There is nothing to excuse or condone it. It is one of the lowest and most sadistic forms of entertainment on a par with dog-fighting or bull-baiting. The only people in the whole performance who display any admirable qualities are the badger and the terrier that draws him. Usually the latter is a Yorkshire terrier, which, though very small, has the heart of a lion.

I have known one or two badger-diggers at different times, but not one who had the courage to tackle this most ancient Briton with his bare hands. That is scarcely to be wondered at, for the bite of a badger can actually sever a man's hand from the wrist. Normally they will not attack anyone, man or dog, unless seriously provoked.

There is some excuse for badger-digging if the beasts' burrowings are causing damage to property. That was my excuse when I dug out a pair of badgers in the grounds of the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Roehampton. Badgers within seven miles of Hyde Park Corner! They had tunnelled under the foundations of the Calvary until it was in danger of collapsing.

The late Sir Alfred Pease used to dig a lot of badgers in the country that lies between Thirsk and Scarborough, in Yorkshire. There are supposed to be more badgers there, and in the New Forest, than in any other districts of like area in England. He dug them to send away to friends who wanted to re-introduce them on their estates, where the stock had died out or had been exterminated. Lord Rosebery and Sir Herbert Maxwell both turned out his badgers on their properties, and have given them every protection. The late Edward North Buxton, to whom London owes the preservation of Epping Forest, got a good many badgers from

Pease which were turned out in the forest. Their descendants are there to-day.

Sir Alfred often told me that it had taken him a full day to dig out badgers from some of the enormous setts in his dales country. Once he crawled bodily into a hillside tunnel, gripped the badger with a pair of tongs, and then signalled, by kicking his feet, to a man outside the hole. The man wormed his way in, gripped Sir Alfred's ankles, and the two of them, a sort of human train, were then dragged out into the open by other men. The badger, an enormous fellow weighing nearly 40 lb., appeared last, his loose, tough skin firmly gripped by the tongs.

A badger can dig at the rate of a foot a minute in loose soil. This is not surprising when one looks at him; he is cut out to be a miner. Look at that wedge-shaped head, the short, powerful legs, the fine long muzzle and the strongly sprung cheekbones. All his body bones and muscles are powerful and well-knit; his claws are like steel; the whole animal is a digging machine.

Those forefeet will work like steam navvies, throwing shovelfuls of earth, sand and bits of rock between his forelegs, which are set well apart, to his hindlegs, which work like pistons, sending a storm of debris flying out backwards. His powerful jaws will cut through roots and prise rocks and sand apart. A badger going all out can dig faster than a gang of men with pick-axes and shovels.

The power of those extraordinary jaws lies, first, in the fact that the lower jaw locks into a socket in the skull. That is found in no other English animal, so far as I know. Secondly, a high ridge of bone, standing straight up and running from the base of the skull to between the ears gives a firm hold to the ligaments and tendons and extra leverage length, which is made even more effective by the ligaments passing over the high cheekbones, pulley-wise, before reaching the jaws. It is an amazing piece of animal machinery. The teeth dovetail; that is why, if a badger bites your hand or a dog's leg, he will bite clean through it.

If you want to catch a badger either to make a pet of him or to send him away to someone who wants badgers on his land, the best way to do it is to stop up all the holes in the sett except one, just before dawn. The badger is then out feeding. Place a strong sack well

THE BOAR PAUSES AND TURNS ON HEARING SOME SLIGHT NOISE

down into the mouth of the unstopped hole with a running nose of cord round the mouth of the sack. Then hunt the adjoining fields and woods with a scratch pack of dogs. The moment they get on the badger's ankles, he will make straight for the hole, and blunder into the sack, where upon the noose draws tight round the mouth of the sack, and you have your badger.

Badgers make the most intelligent and lovable pets, and usually are perfectly safe unless they have been dug out in the first place by dogs and harried by them. A badger is a sensitive animal, with a long memory and he takes some time to forget that sort of experience.

When you have had a tame badger for about a fortnight he will look you straight in the eye as few other wild creatures ever will. He seems to understand and trust his master. Badgers prefer women to men and a woman can do almost anything with them. If you have to go away and leave your tame badger for six months he is likely to have forgotten you when you return.

I have known several people who kept tame badgers, some of them as household pets. The bees are extraordinarily clean, very faithful, and will follow one about like a tame dog. But be careful if you have any hives of bees in the garden, for Brock is quite likely to turn the hives over in order to get at the honey.

Although badgers are highly sociable animals, nearly every district has its wanderer—usually a wandering boar in search of a mate. When the badger is looking for a mate he leaves tell-tale marks wherever he goes to advertise his need. Thus, he will scratch on the back of a tree or rub his neck against roots or projecting rocks. This is to tell any spinster badger that a likely young man is on the look-out for her. Sometimes such a wandering badger will choose a rock and walk round and round it, rubbing his neck and flanks against its edges until he has walked a distinct path around the rock. Badgers also dig shallow prospect shafts, not in order to start a sett, but probably to tell any young female badger which comes along that a prospective husband is ready and willing to dig out a home for her.

Occasionally these wanderers go even further and dig out a regular warren of chambers and tunnels. Then they move on, leaving the whole place empty and deserted. So, if you do find what appears to be a sett, watch carefully for tell-tale footmarks for several successive days before you settle down seriously to study its inmates. It may be a false sett.

Badgers sometimes share their setts with both foxes and rabbits. They do not appreciate foxes as neighbours because foxes smell and are dirty in the home. But the badger is far too good-natured to turn them out. Equally, he lets the rabbits share his subterranean flat



Arthur Brock

A BOAR AND A SOW BADGER CAUGHT BY THE FLASHLIGHT

although a few young rabbits may occasionally pay the rent. Some setts consist of two or three storeys or floors. Each storey is three to six feet below the next one so that a sett may conceivably extend for forty or fifty feet down.

Badgers strike up odd friendships with other animals. Mr. Mortimer Batten says that in the United States badgers and coyotes have been known to associate and travel about together, perhaps because the badger digs out ground squirrels which the coyote chases and snaps up.

Every badger family has its playground, which is usually near running water and generally in the middle of a wood. The whole family goes there after feeding time in the dark hours of the morning. There is usually a fallen tree trunk on which the young ones play, and which father and mother use to scratch their backs against or to sharpen their claws. Such a playground is easily recognised by the shallow, blunt-ended holes that the badgers dig out. Some people believe that these holes are really beetle traps; the beetles fall in in the dark and the badger noses them out.

It seems to be a rule of Nature that there are almost always more dog or boar badgers than there are bitches or sows. Perhaps that is why two dog badgers will often share a sett together, living in perfect bachelor harmony. Equally, two or three families of badgers will share the same sett. Each family keeps to its own separate set of chambers just as human beings live in different flats in a block of buildings. The badger families use the same entrances and passages but have separate lavatories, sleeping chambers and food stores.

It is a curious fact that, although the badger possesses much glands like the ferret, the polecat or the weasel, he never uses them in order to advertise his presence. Ferrets and polecats will rub their glands on any branch or rock and leave it so highly scented that not even a day of heavy rain will wash it out. Not so the badger; the nearest he gets to any such self-advertisement is merely to scratch a tree or rub his neck on a rock or a root.

It seems undoubted that badgers are polygamous, but I am of the opinion that some of them do set up house with only one wife, and that they stick to her for quite an appreciable time, if not for life. Female badgers usually produce their young after six months of gestation, though they can carry them for close on twelve months. That splendid naturalist, the late Mr. J. E. Harting, proved this in 1888, when he had a female badger that went with young for sixteen days short of the full year. The late Sir Harry Johnston, who was an acute observer, also gave it as his opinion that "the female badger, like the roe deer, has the power of retarding the development of the foetus, so that cases are recorded of female badgers having gone with young for more than two years." Badgers will travel three miles easily from their holes when they are feeding at night, and will go considerably farther in search of their favourite foods—wild hyacinth bulbs, for example.

Nothing is more fascinating than to watch a family of badgers by moonlight. It is one of the most endearing sights of all Nature. The watcher must be prepared to lie absolutely still, bitten by midges, but without moving a muscle. The slightest movement and the badgers have vanished. It is even advisable to wear dark gloves and a veil over the face, for they quickly spot the lilly-white hands of the watcher. Windless nights are the worst, as the badgers about the sett are more than usually suspicious. They usually come to the mouth of the sett, listen intently, retreat again, then poke their snouts out once more, and for anything from five minutes to half an hour hover about at the mouth of the den.

The father badger will probably come three

or four feet from the mouth of the hole and squat on the huge mound of sand outside, listening. Meanwhile mother and young are just inside the entrance. Finally, they decide that all is well, and out comes the whole family. Father waddles away into the night to find food while mother and family proceed to play games. When they have begun to do this you can actually whisper without disturbing them, but it is wisest to avoid all movement.

Badgers occasionally make open-air nests, usually only in dense woodlands that are seldom visited. The nest is usually in deep bracken in a warm hollow out of the wind, but where a shaft of sunlight can catch it. Few people have ever seen such an outdoor lair, and fewer still have had the luck to see the whole family at home in it.

Major Fairfax-Blakeborough, the well-known North Country sportsman and naturalist, is one of the few. His description of what he saw is so interesting and of such importance to the naturalist that I will quote him in full:—"I remember some ten years ago finding a lair on Viscount Boyne's Baysdale property. There

all unconscious that one of the most friendly of their arch-enemy, man, had been within arm's length of them."

Oddly enough, few legends in this country centre round the badger, although one would imagine that his nocturnal habits would have built up a crop of strange beliefs about him. Fairfax-Blakeborough, however, says that in the north "a tuft of hair gotten from the head of a full-grown Boar is powerful to ward off all manner of witchcraft; these must be worn in a little bag made of cat-skin—a black cat—and tied about the neck when the moon be not more than seven days old, and under that aspect, when the planet Jupiter be mid-heaven at midnight."

Badger fat in the old days was used for all sorts of medicinal purposes. As an ointment it was supposed to cure rheumatism, chilblains, headaches, malignant growths and a lung cough—in fact, almost everything except drunkard's elbow. Badger skin was used for making pistol holsters, but to-day the only market for it is for shaving brushes and for children's tooth-brushes. Highlanders, of course, like to hang



AN UNATTACHED BOAR CAUGHT WANDERING IN SEARCH OF A MATE

Another flashlight photograph

were unmistakable signs of one or more badgers (for, as has been previously pointed out, the badger does not lead the solitary life generally attributed to him) having used it. The most conclusive evidence was the presence of grey hairs, and almost equally satisfying was the adjacent dunghill. On my next visit I actually came upon the family at home, to my intense delight and excitement.

It is hard to describe my feelings. Had I been stalking a royal for days and at last come within gunshot, had I been big-game hunting and the most coveted specimen was in my reach, I could not have been more "nervy." My heart palpitated, my hands shook, and I trembled in every limb. I dare not go forward in that condition, so I stood stock still—mesmerised! At last I controlled myself sufficiently to creep towards the open-air kennel. The wind favoured me, and I crept on gradually and got so that I could peep at the sleeping twain. They were not laid as I had usually seen badgers, they had not one foot in the mouth, they were not curled, but full length, pretty much like pigs, the nose of the one to the hind-quarters of the other. There was no noise of breathing, and inhaling only took place about once to thrice on my own part, though my own abnormal condition might have had something to do with this.

"I found them asleep and I left them asleep

half a badger in front of themselves in the form of a sporran—a decoration frequently affected by people who were never born in the Highlands.

But although there are few legends about the badger, the belief commonly exists in many parts that their setts are "as old as Domesday Book." Indeed, I actually know of a sett on the top of One Tree Hill in Essex that is seriously said to have been recorded in Domesday Book.

Badgers, like magpies, were believed in olden times to mean either good or bad luck. Fairfax-Blakeborough has in his possession a MS. written about 1800 by David Nalby, then Master of the Bedale Grammar School, in which the following verse occurs:—

*"Should one hear a badger call,
And then an ulloo (owl) cry,
Make thy peace with God, good soul,
For shortly thou shalt die.*

Here is a little more cheering verse:—

*"Should a badger cross the path
Which thou hast taken, then
Good luck is thine, so it be said,
Beyond the luck of man.*

*But if it cross in front of thee,
Beyond where thou shalt tread,
And, if, by chance, doth turn the mould,
Thou art numbered with the dead.*

It is on the fly-leaf of Mistress Brothwaite's Well-thumbed Copy of the Holy Writ.

BETWEEN THE RED LINES

By GEORGE W. HOUGHTON

WE were looking at a road map of England. "What a lot of red lines," said Ricky, who is ten years old. "They join up all the towns and villages. What's between the lines?"

"We'll find out," I answered.

On a large-scale ordnance survey map, starting and finishing at the point on the Great North Road at Baldock, in Hertfordshire, where we live, I pencilled a line covering about a hundred miles of footpath. Except for a few yards near our door and at ten other points, where we had to cross main roads, the route followed the thin dotted lines that on the map indicate footpaths and lanes. Occasionally, to complete my line where there were no paths, I cheated by going over the white spaces. It was fun working it out, dodging the towns, but touching villages from time to time to buy food.

For Rick and I had decided to walk for a week between "the red lines." We would throw ourselves on the mercy of farmers and the countryside for food and shelter. With one diversion—and then to see something rather extraordinary—we kept strictly to our itinerary. We averaged a daily fifteen miles of cross-country tramping for a week.

An authority had told me that in England alone there were more than a hundred thousand miles of metalled road, and that all the footpaths were added together they would go round

flavour. The Latin tablet reads, "... In the year 1664, being already mature in age and military science, he (Nicolls) was sent to North America with a command. He restored the well-known Long Island and other islands to their true master. ... For three years he ruled as Governor. ... Perhaps many people know of this, but it was news to those with whom I chatted, even in the district, and I cannot help thinking that if an American had ever been Lord Mayor of London the citizens of the United States would have given him a more impressive resting-place.

As the crow flies, at no time were we more than thirty miles from home, and yet, purely by accident, we saw the "oldest oak trees in the world" (so we were told) near Amphill; the largest brick works in the world, a disfigurement of thirty-four tall chimneys on the horizon at Stewarby; and—a heap of a million steel helmets! Years ago, in Valencia, a friend said he would show me an unusual sight. He took me to a domino factory and we saw three tons of double sixes! It was that sort of experience at Houghton Conquest.

On a trip such as ours inevitably there was bitterness in the cup. One thing is certain: had we followed the same route a century ago the details of arranging food and lodging would have been much simpler. I had arranged that each evening we should reach a village where,

could suggest where we might find a bed, also to a neighbouring farm, then to another friend, but all unsuccessfully. So the three of us (Rick and I rather wearily) climbed the hill to the old church for Evensong.

There is an interesting crypt and an eastern tower from which we could see for miles. But the sun was sinking red, and it was past our bed-time. Into the gloom the vicar went his way. Rick and I collected a pile of hassocks and pew covers, and curled up in a corner of the church. There were bats and draughts, but we slept soundly.

In the morning we finished the box of dates, washed in the stream which flows at the foot of the hill, and went our way.

What sort of a world is this where a cup of tea, in the heart of rural England, is served with tinned milk? That, and the inevitable sandwich, were all we could get at Clophill, at a point where we crossed a "red line." Shoddy and disappointing, but how we appreciated the host and hostess of an inn at Houghton Conquest. They gave us boiled eggs, and served them with warm hospitality.

There is one sure way of gleaming history and fable from the countryside—talk with the peasants. At Houghton Conquest the church was built in 1340 of the local ironstone, but who would have thought that the lofty tower cost only £40 to build? The builder's contract can



THE 13th-CENTURY CHURCH AT SHILLINGTON. "There were bats and draughts but we slept soundly on hassocks and pew covers"

the world twenty times. This I believe is incorrect. Of the hundred footpath miles I had charted in our little corner of Hertfordshire and Bedfordshire at least eighty miles had either been ploughed over, or, through long disuse, were obliterated. The stiles were three—we crossed about twenty a day—but the paths had gone, and we greatly increased our mileage by following hedges or losing direction in pathless fields.

Our course from Baldock was north-westerly, with the village of Houghton Conquest as the point farthest west; then south-east to Cox Green and steadily north-east until we reached Baldock and home again. The towns of Hitchin and Letchworth were within the triangle, and just beyond our boundaries were Bedford to the north and Luton to the south. We never sighted them, purposely. At Amphill we left our charted track because a knowledgeable lady told us that in the old church of St. Andrew lay the remains of one Richard Nicolls, an Englishman who once was Governor of New York; the man, in fact, who changed its name from New Amsterdam to New York.

To the left of the altar we found the plaque that tells the story, the cannon ball which killed Nicolls and a tiny Stars and Stripes to add

on the map, "inn" was clearly marked. We kept to the itinerary, but not one of these map-marked inns would supply shelter or food, other than sandwiches—tomato, cucumber, lettuce or meat paste—and those seldom. On the other hand, at stopping points such as Greenfield and Preston, neither of which has "inn" marked on the map, we did splendidly.

Shillington was marked as a likely place for the first night. The village straggles among giant elms and has a beautiful 13th-century church. "Inn" is marked on the map, and there are four in all, but at each we drew a blank. At one of them we saw a board announcing full catering, half-crown lunches, bacon and eggs, pies and other good things, but it was explained that the notice was twenty years old!

So we had sandwiches and lemonade, and I bought a box of dates. Almost in desperation we went to the vicar to see if he knew of any of his parishioners who might have beds which we could rent for the night. We had been refused at inns, farms and a dozen cottages. One woman said: "I wouldn't stay here if I were you—there's scarlet fever." It was as if the place were soured with the plague.

But the padre was kind. He gave us tea and we chatted about his church. Then he telephoned to the postmistress, to see if she

still be seen, and from it we learn that William Farele and Phillip Lessy did the job for only 13s. 4d. a foot. But the agreement also stipulated six quarts of "frumenty" beer! Henry VI, and Edward VI and most of the local barons pillaged the church at one time or another, and when, years later, wealthy Thomas Archer presented a grand silver chalice he had it engraved: "... whose shall steal it let him be accursed." In his papers, the same Thomas Archer described what must have been the longest frost of all times—from September 20, 1607, to March 6, 1608. He was Rector until 1626, and was followed just ten years after by a priest with the extraordinary name of Cheyne Row!

So continued our journey of discovery. We passed along the grass-grown alley known as Cartroast Lane, which climbs towards the ruin of Houghton House, and were curious to know why the Duke of Bedford tore the roof off Bunyan's "House Beautiful" in 1794. It was also interesting to learn that at least one room was designed by Inigo Jones. But everyone seems to have had a hand at stripping the old house. The room is not there now; it is in the Victoria and Albert Museum, and other parts of what must have been a lovely dwelling when it was built in 1616 by Mary, Countess of

Pembroke, have also been dispersed. The staircase embellishes the Swan Inn at Bedford, the iron gates guard the house of the Misses Barton at Amptill, and there are dozens of heirlooms dotted about the countryside which their possessors show with pride.

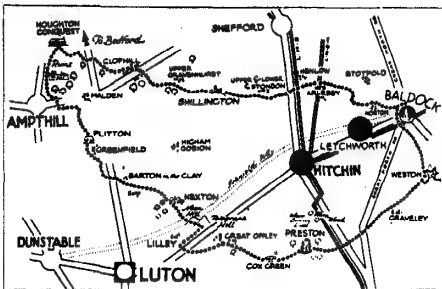
We slept at Greenfield, in the comfortable sitting-room of a cottage—who also gave us a lift. Then we pushed on, through the mown barley fields, past Kitchenend, Meadhook Farm, to Faldio Farm, where land girls gave us tumbler of delicious milk. We talked with a group of bronzed prisoners-of-war who were working a threshing machine. One was singing of Budapest, and another explained that the singer was Hungarian and spent twelve hours a day telling everybody who came within range. A youngster resting on a heap of hay pointed to my old service haversack and said, "R.A.F.?" I nodded, and he smilingly indicated that he was from the Luftwaffe. It pleased us to have something in common, but his friends, who were outside the pale, grinned and passed a remark which I did not catch.

Hexton village is "period" and tidy, but to us it was unsympathetic. We were hungry and at one o'clock the Raven Inn could offer was a glass of water passed through a window. Nor were we able to learn much about the countryside, for the vicar was on holiday and so was the village constable. So also was the Lord of the Manor. We made a meal of tomatoes, which we had bought at his lodge, and that was all we had to eat until evening, but by then we were far away.

Pre-Christian Phœnician traders used the old Icknield Way, and at Noon Hill, where we crossed the Way, we lay in the sun to enjoy the best view of our walk. Then, down a wild path called Lilley Hoo to Lilley village, where, in the garden of an inn, a parrot chattered, while we ate—more sandwiches.

The Sowerby family, in the old days, owned Lilley, and each of the thatched roof cottages bears their rampant lion crest. But the family left years ago when the squire was killed by his favourite stag; one or two council houses are rising their noses out of the hollyhocks to disturb a peaceful world.

Ward's Farm, Pond Farm and Manor Farm



are up the lane to the north, and in one of them we sought a bed, but eventually settled in dry, clean hay. Three yards away, rattling his chain, was Lord Lee, a magnificent 18-cwt bull of the Rothchild line. Night settled, he quietened down, and the three occupants of the stable were at peace until geese cackled in the dawn.

Down the long lane called Lilley Bottom, across the fields, past Kingswell End, to Cox Green, and, plodding in the heat of the day, Rick and I played "Parson's Cat" in order the easier to forget our empty stomachs.

Old Ralph Piggott has been beating the anvil at Cox Green for over sixty years, and his father, who bought the anvil for thirty pounds, was there for sixty years before him. We rested there and talked of the blacksmith's craft with Ralph, who works alone now. Two bellows and the long-handled hammers lie idle. "There used to be seven of us in the old days," he told us, "but horse-shoes aren't needed now. This is what they bring me to do." With his tongs and much contempt he turned over the red-hot vehicle-spring which he had been pounding. Cooling off on the ground were four fine horse-shoes.

"I can get a pound or a guinea for those," said the smith, "but my old dad only got three shillings, and he made 'em better. The metal's no good now. It's all right I suppose for them acetylene welders. . . ." Ralph spat into his fire.

Bunyan had begun to bore us. From the time we reached Houghton Conquest it had

been Bunyan's this and Bunyan's that. We had walked through his "Vale of Despair," climbed his hill of something else, and looked at the ruins of what had been his "House Beautiful." Now we were to get a little nearer. At the Hertfordshire village of Preston lives Mr. Beaumont in a lovely cottage, which he says he is going to pull down one day to look for the Dinsley treasure. He it was who directed us to Mr. Wood, and there we found Bunyan's Dell, with the old, moss-covered seat on which he sat, and right in the heart of the wood, the cottage where the author of *Pilgrim's Progress* actually lived. It is worth a visit, and you are lucky, Mr. Middlehurst, the gamekeeper who lives there now, will show you some fine timber and the fireplace cupboard in which reposed the famous Bible.

The inn at Preston is what one expects of a country inn, but it had taken us six days of tramping the countryside, to find it, and although the tavern has been there for nearly two hundred years, it is not shown on the map. The food was good, and in our comfortable room in the gables we reclined on beds both soft and sweet.

We swung round to the south of Hitchin, through Tipton Green, where the hedger bears signs "Beware. Poisonous Plants," towards our starting point.

A final queer tale, told to us as we neared the end of our journey. By the entrance to the old church at Weston there are two stones. They are fifteen feet apart, and between them lie the remains of the giant Jack o' Legs, or so it is said. He was a brigand who robbed people on the slope now known as Jack's Hill, and when he was finally caught while stealing bread in Baldock, the local bakers gouged out his eyes. Jack had been a mighty Bowman and there was a legend that his arrow could pin a rook when it was a mile away. But at last the Baldock bakers had got him and while he lay dying he called for his bow, as Robin Hood had done, and asked to be buried where his last arrow fell. Ricky said it was pretty good shooting for a blind Bowman, for Weston is a very pleasant spot.

The bakers of Baldock served us better, and we got food in plenty. But we were home then.

FIRST CATCH YOUR PEACOCK

By LADY BRAID-TAYLOR

PEAFOWL in India can be shot only in a very few districts, as they are holy birds.

We happened to be stationed near Damoh in the Central Provinces where they are allowed to be shot, though whether this still holds good I do not know, since it is many years since I was in that part of India.

It stands to reason that when you are miles away from civilisation and out of reach of tinied provisions you must rely to a great extent on what your gun procures for you. Now young peafowl are like young turkeys—very nice and succulent, and they live mainly in scrub jungle and never fly if they can possibly avoid it. They are extremely hard to shoot. My father found he was amply provided with peafowl, but why he could not for a long time understand, since he never shot one. Often he would go out shooting with a friend morning and evening; they shot many things but never a peafowl; yet it was always on the dinner-table *ad lib*. Where did it come from?

We found that the provider of this luxury was a police constable named Ali Khan. He had been given a gun and as many cartridges as birds required for the pot, and exactly that number was always brought in. His plan of campaign was as follows, and had my father not seen it himself, no doubt, like many others, he would have put it down as nonsense.

The constable took him out to a spot where he knew he would find the birds feeding, and stationed him in a good position for observing

his movements. He then removed all his clothes, and wriggled along the earth on his stomach in the cover of small low bushes. Then he put on his head a sort of conical mask, which he had made himself, painted yellow with black spots like a panther's face; and though it was



ALI KHAN RAISED HIMSELF ABOVE THE SCRUB UNTIL HIS PANTHER-LIKE HEADRESS WAS VISIBLE

more like the back piece of a camp chair than a panther's face it was good enough to hood-wink the peafowl.

Spotting some birds ahead he adjusted the mask and raised himself above the scrub until his head was visible. Then he did a weird sort of tango with his feet, all the time showing his head and suddenly withdrawing it; then he would give a horizontal movement until at last an old peacock, seeing him, called his family around him, and the fun began.

First one bird and then another uttered angry words of disapproval. You have no doubt seen a flock of sheep butting their heads and stamping their feet if a strange dog is around. For sheep imagine sixty or seventy peafowl, hens and young ones, all vehemently protesting against the presence of an enemy or stranger. Whether they were hypnotised or terror-stricken, or a little of both, my father didn't know. The constable continued the masked dancing, and as he became more energetic the birds became more assertive and angry, until it would have been perfectly possible for him to have put out his hand and caught what he required!

Ali Khan had his orders—four young and tender birds, and he chose them with care, as my father found on inspecting the bag when the firing was over. The episode seems to prove that panthers feed on peafowl and that they probably catch them by some mesmeric form of stalking.

CORRESPONDENCE

NIGHTINGALES
BATHING

SIR.—Mr. Burrell's letter (August 29) describing a nightingale coming to a bird-bath reminds me of a similar experience. Some years ago nightingales nested in a copse opposite our gate. One of them—I suspect it was the female, refreshing herself during incubation—frequently used our bird-bath, which was only a couple of yards from our windows, usually in the evening. She bathed very thoroughly, spreading her russet tail and wings, and dipping her head with a side-to-side motion. She sometimes preened after a first dip, and then returned for a second.—E. W. HANDY, *Holt Aulicist, Porlock, Somerset.*

A CONVERSATION PIECE

SIR.—The oil painting illustrated in my first photograph is the work of Arthur Devis and a recent addition to the collection of conversation pieces

in the painting by trees, appears to have survived.

The question that remains is the identity of the three sitters and so, presumably, the ownership of the land on the Surrey side of the river where they are seated. The Duke suggests that the gentleman in the conversation piece may have been a soldier or sailor who had been in some famous siege—the scene of his exploits being shown in the plan laid out upon the table. Perhaps some reader acquainted with the locality may be able to identify the site, also the sitters; and some military historian the fort delineated on the plan, which is reproduced in detail from the conversation piece.—H. CLIFFORD SMITH, *25, Campden Grove, W.8.*

A PROBLEM OF BIRD
FLIGHT

SIR.—The question raised by a correspondence in your issue of August 1 why some birds fly with their necks

central balance; when his flight is viewed from the side there is an equal projection, fore and aft of the wings, apart from the thin, light, trailing legs. The pelican would find it difficult to fly with extended neck when the capacious pouch below the lower jaw is stocked with several pounds of fish, and weight-bearing here is obviously facilitated by doubling in the neck. Although the beak of the white stork is sizable, it is light; and the neck can be fully extended in flight, but in the adjacent stork the outsize beak is really heavy, too

SEEN INSIDE A TAPE-
HOLDER

SIR.—On looking through my late grandmother's work-basket I found two charming little tape holders, of acorn shape, 2 inches high and about an inch in diameter. The tape is wound round a spindle which revolves by turning a knob at the top. On looking through the eye-hole in the knob a sheet of six photographs can be seen. One sheet is called "In memory of Bedford," the other "John Worthing," with the name of McKee, of Dublin, as the photographer.

The sheets of photographs are apparently seen through a tiny magnifying glass.

Each photograph is named—for instance, The Bridge and Bank, Bedford—and the names can be distinctly read.

The question is how was this done? The glass eye-hole is less than $\frac{1}{4}$ inch in diameter; and the knob, containing in one sheet of six photographs is only $\frac{1}{4}$ inch in diameter, which means that the photographs are simply microscopical. I presume they are printed on the glass in some method, but they can only be seen by looking through one side of the eye-hole. These holders were sold for 1s., the price being marked on the base of them.—A. G. WAIN, (Major), *Ash Cottage, Bentley, Hampshire.*

A BLACKBIRD'S
TORMENTORS

SIR.—Recently, when I was in the garden, I noticed a young blackbird down by one of our ponds. It seemed to be rather dazed, and, when I went nearer to it, it made effort to fly away, but just hopped away a few steps, cowered down, and opened its beak in protest against my approach. By this time my father had come to help me catch the young fellow; when we had finally captured it we failed to discover why it was acting so strangely—there were no bones broken, neither was its flesh torn. Then we noticed something crawling along between its feathers; it was a much bloodier fly.

As my father is an entomologist, this naturally interested him, and, on taking the bird indoors we discovered and caught three further flies among the blackbird's feathers. Then, when we released the bird; it flew off perfectly naturally back to a spot where we knew there was a blackbird's nest.

On examining these creatures closer, my father pronounced them to be of the ornithomyia genus; they had caused the miserable state of the fledgling by living in its body and gorging themselves on its blood.—ANN JACOBS (Miss), 54, Hayes Lane, Bromley, Kent.

HEEDGEHOG AND
SHEEP MAGGOT
FLY

SIR.—On August 22 I found a hedgehog which was weak and emaciated but able to crawl slowly. It had a wound in its flank in the quill region, but from this area the quills had apparently dropped. The whitewound was a writhing mass of larvae of the sheep-maggot fly. In addition, there were three other large patches of eggs among the quills at the side of the wound, and five "green bottle" flies were flying round the hedgehog in

DETAIL OF THE PLAN DEPICTING
A FORTIFICATION FROM A CON-
VERSATION PIECE (left) BY ARTHUR
DEVIS, SHOWING A MANSION IN
THE BACKGROUND IDENTIFIED AS
SYON HOUSE

See letter: A Conversation Piece

awkward to be carried other than in the hunched-up position invariably adopted.

The largest creature that ever took the air was the flying reptile, pteranodon, with a body length of 3 ft. and a wing expanse of 25 ft. No doubt it indulged only in gliding flight, but it certainly cruised with its head drawn in, for the skull extended almost as far behind the vertebral column as the horn-encased jaws in front. That this ponderous counterweight was as redundant as it was ridiculous we may deduce from the case of the adjacent stork which, with a far heavier bill, manages very nicely without any such device. But much experimentation has gone on to secure the optimum relation of the extremities to the body in avian flight, and if broadly speaking some degree of standardisation has been attained there is still a good deal of variation. Most birds tuck their legs away neatly in flight, but the covetous percher in dangling his limbs, giving him a foolish and untidy appearance in the air. All his relations seem to have outgrown this habit.—D. J. B. WILSON, *High Wycombe, Bucks.*

[Some of the points made by Dr. Wilson were illustrated by photographs of birds in flight accompanying C. D.'s letter last week.—ED.]

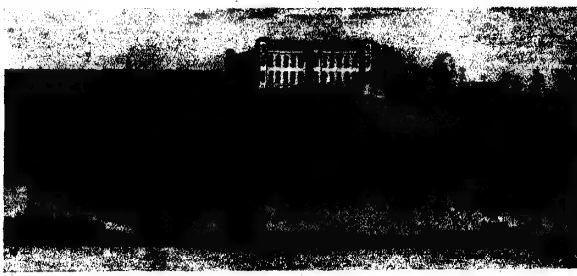
brought together by Mr. Robert Tritton at Godmersham Park, near Canterbury, which was described in *COUNTRY LIFE* in 1945. Executed about 1780, it portrays a gentleman and two ladies seated at a table under a tree. The gentleman holds a long telescope and the ladies have their hands upon a plan depicting a fort.

In the description of this picture in his *Conversation Pieces* of 1936, when it belonged to Sir Herbert Hughes-Stanton, K.C., Mr. Sachseverell Sitwell speaks of the large mansion in the background as having "much resemblance" to Syon House, Middlesex. Yet the likeness is incomplete, for the house does not possess the garden wall shown on the west extending south towards the river.

The Duke of Northumberland, however, has solved the problem. He happened to secure a short time ago a drawing of Syon, shown in my second photograph, by Nathaniel Buck, dated 1736, which shows this very wall; and the picture proves, as he says, that the walled-in garden, as drawn by Buck, was not "artist's licence," as has been suggested. He is now sure that the house shown in Devis's picture is Syon, and it looks as if the garden wall seen in both sketch and painting has been removed; though the other wall, to the east, hidden

doubled or folded back, others with the neck in full extension, has induced me to search available standard works for an explanation. Writing in 1910, Pyrrast remarked that these strikingly different attitudes remain entirely unaccounted for—the sole reference I have found.

I suggest that in duck, geese and swans, which fly with fully extended neck, the centre of gravity is set well to the rear of the body, and the thrust of the wings and head serves as a counter-poise. But with the heron the drawing down of the neck into close apposition with the shoulders gives a compactness that achieves a



SYON HOUSE IN 1736. A DRAWING BY NATHANIEL BUCK

See letter: A Conversation Piece

their characteristic weaving manner. Here was where extreme adaptation had proved the animal's undoing as the insect was cut and bleeding where it had tried to reach the wound but had cut itself on the surrounding quills.

I hurried to my laboratory, which was near by, and filled a powder blower with compounded D.D.T. insecticide which contained a high proportion of an antiseptic. It was my intention to dust the hedgehog as well as I could, but when I returned the animal had disappeared, and I was unable to find it or trace where it had gone.

In a hot season when the sheep maggot fly is so prevalent, the added danger to our wild animals is shown by this incident. One constantly sees the statement that the sheep maggot fly is attracted to sheep by the dung adhering around the tail and the attack on the living flesh by the maggots is a secondary development. The hedgehog I observed was quite clean; the only attraction, obviously quite a strong one to the sheep maggot fly, was the wound in the flank.

NORMAN E. HICKIN, Ph.D., B.Sc., F.R.E.S., Plummers, Blethingly, Surrey.

SHORTAGE OF SWALLOWS

SIR.—The scarcity of swallows in the Coventry district of Warwickshire this year, reported in COUNTRY LIFE of August 15, can probably be attributed to a deficiency of suitable insects. At Rye, Sussex, there is evidence that numbers have picked up during the past two or three years. I noticed an increase in the number of swallows in north-west Sussex in 1945 and, judging by the parties now lining the telegraph wires, they have had a good season there this year.—GORDON N. SYLVESTER, 47, North Parade, Hove, Sussex.

AND HOUSE-MARTINS

SIR.—I have noticed a scarcity of swallows in the Mithorpe district of Westmorland, but more noticeable is the almost complete absence of house-martins in an area where they are generally more numerous than swallows. The reason may be adverse weather conditions earlier in the year.—ANNE ASLEY, Greenside, Mithorpe, Westmorland.

WEAKENED BY PARASITES?

SIR.—I remember some years ago commenting to an old quarryman on the enormous number of sand-martins that were nesting in a belt of sand over the chalk in a pit I was working. The old man said, "Don't you worry about that, sir; they won't be here next year." When I asked the reason, he said, "They are too thick; if you look in their nests, the young

birds are covered with fleas; that keeps them weak; when they emigrate they are too weak to stand the journey and most of them die."

I suppose martins and swallows are very much alike, and are both affected in the same way.—L. J. BRYAN, 40, Friars Street, Sudbury, Suffolk.

[Losses on migration, no less than shortage of insects, might be responsible for any shortage of swallows, and it is conceivable that birds weakened by parasites might be unequal to their long overseas journey. On the other hand, birds carry parasites all their lives, and those that survive their attacks when nestlings are probably strong enough to meet any normal calls upon them.—Ed.]

VARIETIES OF EEL SPEAR

SIR.—With reference to your recent correspondence about eel spears, I enclose a photograph of one that has been in the possession of this



AN EEL SPEAR OF THE "SOUTH-EASTERN" TYPE

See letter: Varieties of Eel Spear

museum for many years and has given rise to a good deal of interest. Mr. Charles Green states that it belongs to the "South-eastern" type, which is commoner in the Essex and Thames estuaries than in the south-west.—E. A. BATTY (Librarian and Curator), Public Library and Wyndham Museum, Yeovil, Somerset.

IMMIGRANT BUTTERFLIES

SIR.—Apropos of your comments in last week's COUNTRY LIFE about an invasion from the Continent of clouded yellow butterflies, it may interest you to know that on July 21 I saw a Camberwell beauty flying about under a birch tree in my garden near the Suffolk coast.

This rare and lovely migrant from the Continent arrived during a week when a stream consisting of large and small whites, a few clouded yellows, and peacocks, and painted ladies, in considerable numbers, was crossing the North Sea. In that week too, every vaneid butterfly on the British list was in the garden, feeding on the fragrant buddleia (large and small tortoiseshells, peacocks, red admirals, painted ladies, commas and the Camberwell beauty.)

I caught the Camberwell beauty, and before releasing her took the accompanying photographs. While a half-tone illustration may accurately portray the black and white under-surface of the wings, it can do little justice to the rich, deep purple of the upper side with the row of pale blue moon spots set in a black band just within the white margin.—J. G. GABAGNET, London, Suffolk.

MARKS OF THE VANDAL

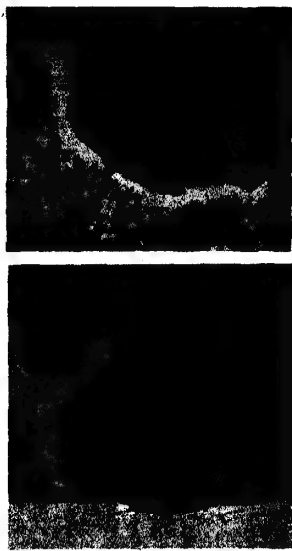
SIR.—After a day spent at Hampton Court, I have come to the conclusion that the British public is not fit to have access to any place of historic interest. The writing and carving of names on the walls everywhere is worse than it has ever been—I presume, owing to the shortage of staff. How it is possible for these vandals to have time to do the silly scribbles on the stonework is a mystery, but I think some serious effort should be made to trace these people who sign their names in full.

It is and that all the money squandered on education apparently has no effect: the litter problem in the parks and commons is worse than ever. What visitors from the Continent must think of us I shudder to imagine. Is there no cure for this? I think the notices that are put up should read: "Visitors are prohibited from defacing the walls, etc., not requested not to deface them. Even Westminster Abbey suffers in the same way.—G. E. BAYLY, 82, Rivercourt Court, Hurlingham, S.W.6.

ANOTHER LINK WITH PAUL JONES

SIR.—Another interesting reminder of Paul Jones. "The Father of the American Navy." Is a silver box in the possession of Hull Corporation, by whose kind permission I took the accompanying photograph. The box measures 4½ ins. by 3 ins. by 1½ ins., and the lid is decorated in relief with three crowns (the city coat-of-arms) surrounded by flags, pennants, swords, guns, etc. An inscription underneath reads as follows: "From the Corporation of Kingston-upon-Hull to Thomas Percy, Esq., Captain of His Majesty's ship, the Countess of Scarborough, for his Gallant Defence of the Baltic Fleet in the Engagement with Paul Jones, Sept. 23, 1759."

This box, and an identical one given to Captain Richard Pearson, of the *Serapis* (a vessel that was seized by Paul Jones after his own craft was sunk), contained the Freedom of the



A CAMBERWELL BEAUTY WITH ITS WINGS SPREAD AND AT REST

See letter: Immigrant Butterflies

City. Eventually, Percy's box was given back to Hull, where it is treasured as a memento of the part played by local seamen against the famous American seaman of the War of Independence.—G. B. W. LADD.

PINE HAWK MOTH CATERPILLAR

SIR.—Apropos of the remark in the article *From a Forest Diary*, in your issue of August 22, that the pine hawk moth may be becoming commoner in this country, it may interest some of your readers to know that I came across a caterpillar of this moth on a path in a North Hampshire wood on August 22. It was apparently full-grown and ready to pupate.—E. HART DYCK, Delsford, Docksfield, Surrey.

A PROBLEMATICAL MONKEY

SIR.—I wonder if any of your readers can solve a problem that has been puzzling me concerning a monkey of the type known as *Colobus caudatus*, the most beautiful of the Colobus monkeys that live in the forests of the Kibale major area of Tanganyika, including the forest surrounding Mount Meru.

These monkeys feed on leaves and do no damage to crops. In fact, they seldom come down to the ground. I have seen Colobus walking from the edge of the forest to a spring about 300 yards away and walking on the ground from the big forest to a small isolated wood about the same distance away. But these were rare exceptions and there were reasons for them.

There are several reasons on my farm on the eastern slopes of Mount Meru. One of them, *Lake Momi*, is rather big and has some small islands in it. I had a sailing boat on the lake and one day visited one of these islands, which in area is only about a quarter of an acre, or less. There are a few trees, and a euphorbia or two; otherwise the island is covered with bush and grass. I was not surprised to find the spoor of bushbuck and leopard, but I was greatly surprised to find the dead body of a young Colobus monkey. The body



LID OF A SILVER TOKEN BOX GIVEN TO A BRITISH OPPONENT OF PAUL JONES

See letter: Another Link with Paul Jones



was still warm and there were no wounds or marks or any traces of a struggle and no visible symptoms of disease; the animal was in good condition.

The body could not have been washed ashore, for it was lying on high ground almost in the centre of the island, which lies about 300 yards from the shore. The intervening water is, moreover, deep, so that even

The song-thrush was first introduced into New Zealand at Nelson in 1862, and is exceedingly plentiful throughout the country. In fact, I think it is more plentiful than in England, where I spent from early 1936 to late 1938.—A. T. PYCROFT, 42, Edmund Street, St. Heliers, Auckland, E.1, New Zealand.

GARDEN PAVILIONS WITH "DISH-COVER" ROOFS

Sir,—The photographs of the garden pavilions at Arlescott reproduced in last week's issue of *COUNTRY LIFE* remind me that there is a gazebo with a similar "dish-cover" roof, illustrated in my photograph, at Stowey Court, Somerset. It stands at the corner of a road at the end of a long garden wall in Nether Stowey.

These old-fashioned gazebos were at one time a feature of the road. The womenfolk with their friends used to sit and watch from their windows the coaches and post-chaises pass—a mild excitement that helped to pass the time in those leisurely days.—H. GRANGE, The Homestead, Hursley Hill, Whitechurch, Bristol.

THE "ROMAN" SNAIL

Sir,—A reference to the so-called Roman snail (*Helix pomatia*) in an edition of Note of August 11 prompts me to send you the enclosed photograph in the hope that it may interest those of your readers who have never seen a specimen of this large edible snail.

In order to show the size of the "Roman" snail I placed a common garden snail (*Helix aspersa*) by its side. The comparatively active garden snail was the first to "wake up" and, seeing its large relative for the first time, immediately climbed up on to its shell to investigate.—CHARLES THOMAS, 48, Manor Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham, 16.



A GAZEBO AT NETHER STOWEY

See letter: Garden Pavilions with "Dish-cover" Roof.

a human being would have to swim in order to reach it. The lake is surrounded by bush and steppe, not by any forest. There are a few scavia trees, but Colobus never live on them; nor do they, for that matter, ever live on a few isolated trees at all. They are dwellers of the great forest. But the forest is about 2 miles away and between the forest and the lake is bush and steppe.

It is a mystery to me how and why the monkey came to the island. My first idea was that a bird of prey had carried it there, but it is too heavy even for our largest eagles and there were, as I have mentioned, no wounds or marks of talons on it.

I then thought of thirst, but there are several fresh-water lakes in the big forest, whereas the water of the lake in which the island is situated is so saline that even cattle do not drink it.

It seems incredible that a Colobus monkey should walk on the ground for a distance of about 2 miles and then swim approximately 300 yards across a lake to an island where there is no food and no water.—U. TRAPPE, P.O. Arusha, Tanganyika Territory.

SONG-THRUSH CARRYING DEAD YOUNG

Sir,—Apologies of your recent correspondence about birds being seen carrying their dead young, one morning recently my son told me he saw a song-thrush flying with a young thrush in its bill.

The bird dropped the young one, which was dead, and I secured it. It was partly fledged, and showed no signs of injury. My opinion is that it died in the nest and was removed by one of the parents.

MISERICORDS IN A WORCESTERSHIRE CHURCH

See letter: Quaint Carvings

QUAINT CARVINGS

Sir,—You may care to publish the enclosed photographs of 18th-century misericords in the Priory Church at Great Malvern, Worcestershire.

The first represents a bat with a human body and face, the other depicts a well-fed cat being hanged by mice with two owls as witnesses. The carving, as I think you will agree, shows a lively individuality.—J. D. WORCESTER.

PICTURE IN IRON

Sir,—I think you may care to see the enclosed photograph of an inn sign near Darlington, Durham. The interest of this sign, which depicts a wedding being performed over the blacksmith's anvil, at Greta Green, Dumfrieshire, is that it is not, as one might at first sight think from the photograph, a painting, but ironwork cunningly shaped to represent the figures concerned.—J. D. ROBINSON, 19, Laughdon Crescent, Darlington, Durham.

LINKS WITH A LONDON MANSION

Sir,—With reference to my letter in your issue of July 4 concerning Wricklemarsh, Sir Gregory Page's mansion at Blackheath, I have a catalogue, dated 1781, of the pictures which hung in the house. There are 118 paintings in all and it is a characteristic 18th-century list, in which figure Vanduyck and Rubens, two Veroneses, a Titian, a Claude, works by the two Poussins, Dutch still-lives and fruit and flower pictures, also many copies by Harding "after Panini" and two after Canaletto. The two Cupps now at Woodbastwick are not mentioned in this list. My catalogues of the sales at Wricklemarsh,

by Messrs. Christie and Ansell, are dated 1775 and 1781.

In the latter a "Rich Gilt Chapel Service" is mentioned. This chapel, once in the Park at Blackheath, still stands, with the Parsonage, an old Gothic house, close beside it. The beautiful old drives near by are bordered with modern houses, with here and there magnificent cedars.

At the Soane Museum in Lin-



AN INN SIGN NEAR DARLINGTON

See letter: Picture in Iron

coln's Inn Fields there is a set of "eight chairs of singular design and richly inlaid with Mother-of-Pearl," bearing the arms of Sir Gregory Page (died 1775), impaling those of his wife, Martha, third daughter of Robert Kenward of Yalding, Kent. They are of Dutch manufacture, date 1720-30, and are made of sabicu.

At Denham Place, Buckinghamshire, now the property of Lord Vansittart, there is a large portrait of Lady Page, mother of Sir Gregory Page. Her daughter, Sophia, married Lewis Way, and it seems that his mother-in-law left some of the Page furniture, etc., to him.

When the late Colonel Way sold Denham Place some of the furniture, a Queen Anne settee, two chairs and two stools with the Page crest, were sold for £3,000, and a mirror, with the crest, for £840. The fellow mirror is held in trust for my nephew. Major Way, of Gerrard's Cross, Buckinghamshire, was able to purchase the two stools when they returned from America. He also has in his possession a very fine silver gilt cup with the Page crest, a demi-horse, forming the top of the lid, by Paul Lamerie.—FRANCIS H. PAGE-TURNER, 21, Leonard Court, Edgware Square, W.8.

A Bust of Charles James Fox.—In his letter of August 22 following his articles on Woolbeding, Sussex, and its associations with Charles James Fox, Mr. Arthur Oswald mentions a bust of Fox, by Nollekens, "with his hair cut close," which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1802. This is in my possession, and in any museum or other institution would care to possess it, I should be pleased to consider presenting it to them.—R. S. LEE, 1, The Terrace, Richmond Hill, Surrey.

"ROMAN" SNAIL ON COMMON GARDEN SNAIL ON ITS BACK

See letter: The "Roman" Snail



Painted by Henry Cotton

THE CRITICS SAY...

ON the subject of cricket and its players the critics have always a good deal to say, and their views and opinions are by no means identical

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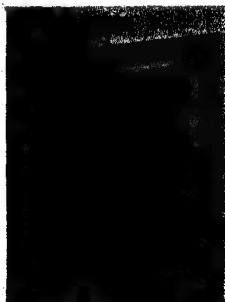
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GAME AND FOXES

By J. B. DROUGHT

IN a recent article I instigated a complaint by the head keeper of a famous East Anglian shoot about the large number of foxes which, breeding in the Forestry Commission woods surrounding the property, come out on nightly game raids against which he and his colleagues are virtually powerless. Since then, several letters from different points of the compass confirm what indeed most country dwellers know—the growing menace to game and poultry of a vastly increased fox population.

The increase of foxes is one of the legacies of the war, and now that hunting is again in progress the delicate ground in preferring any suggestions as to how these surplus foxes can be dealt with. Poison and trapping are equally out of the question; to shoot foxes in a hunting country is a deadly sin. And, personally, with a vivid recollection of a fox shoot got up by local farmers in the Midlands during the war years which was suspended, I hope we shall never resort to methods other than the orthodox. It was a dismal failure, the bag being altogether disproportionate to the veritable army of guns and beaters. It had a still more dismal sequel, for, of the few foxes that were rounded up, quite half, I think, got away and several were wounded by shots taken at outrageous distances.

This kind of thing, in my view, does more harm than good. It effects no appreciable reduction, chiefly because foxes prefer the hours of darkness to daylight for their excursions and understand better than most creatures how to avoid trouble. The fact remains, however, that a glut of foxes is as unwelcome to hunting men as it is to game preservers. What can be done about it may be left to wiser heads than mine, though possibly one effective and humanitarian method of reducing the birth rate may lie in the painless elimination of surplus cubs in infancy.

Though foxes and game birds both have a preference for similar types of residence, the existence of the former in reasonable numbers has never been incompatible with large-scale preservation of the latter. The fox likes sunny glades and woodlands, and is at its best on the edge of the night before. So does the pheasant, though for different reasons. So, paradoxically enough, in making our coverts as attractive as possible to our birds, we contrive at the same time to encourage their natural enemies. Thus we used to run considerable risk in coverts to which large numbers of hand-reared pheasant poult were carted, since products of the rearing field are imbued with the herd instinct and come but slowly to comprehend the advisability of roosting high. But the purely wild bird, which has had the advantage of a natural mother's upbringing, is pretty well qualified to take the necessary precautions, and, although the fox is a very shrewd fellow, I am not at all sure that the mature cock pheasant cannot outpoint him at his own game in low cunning. While, therefore, a percentage of the inevitable casualties which occur between July and November must be debited to Reynard's account, I think that those who are often shouldered blame which is not rightly his, and that we fail to realise that his ledger has a credit page as well.

Without pretending to a strict analysis of a fox's diet sheet, I do maintain that a highly catholic taste as often as not, makes the game preserver. For one year I managed a shoot which, lying on the boundary of two hunts and embracing a good deal of boggy ground, was not in great favour with either pack. Hounds, in fact, were seen much less often than a family of foxes with which I had more than nodding acquaintance. It is true that those were the years that at the end of each year, more than once caused grave inconvenience and disarrangement of a seat or two, but seldom did one find evidence of more than petty larceny. The fox is, by nature, an untidy feeder; there is, for instance, little doubt around a poultry run on the morning after the identity of the raider, of the night. Yet it is a fact that such "leavings" as I found

week in, week out, in covert, pointed to the conclusion that many more banquets consisted of fur than feather. Rabbits were not the only victims; the relics of numerous young rats and mice suggested that as an animated vermin trap the fox is not to be despised.

No doubt we lose more heavily on partridge ground. For one thing the partridge does not, like the pheasant, roost out of danger, and the sitting bird is helpless when a hungry fox is on the prowl. It is said that her power of withholding secret protects her, but I do not believe this to be effective where foxes are concerned. One can, to some extent, protect sitting birds with wire surrounds of a mesh large enough to allow their exit, while denying entrance to a fox, but they must be very strongly pegged and unless they are most carefully concealed, they give away the nesting sites to miscreants even less tolerable than foxes.

Taking fluids obnoxious to the fox are sometimes efficacious, but the smell soon wears off, and constant renewing takes up a lot of time. I am not sure that double strands of strong wire surrounding nests at about three foot distance and one foot above ground, interwoven with the surrounding vegetation and impregnated with tar are not as good as anything. If a fox unsuspectingly comes against this kind of nauseous tainted barrier, it cannot injure him, but it can and does give him an unpleasant shock, and the chances are that he will avoid the neighbourhood for some time.

Since what applies to coverts applies equally to partridge ground, the best method, when

all is said, of keeping foxes away from game is to provide some counter-attraction. It has been proved time and again on well-known shoots that the more rabbits there are about the fewer birds are taken. As a rule, it is when a vixen has a family to feed that she gives most trouble, and that is also the period when game birds are nesting. Foxes are more voracious than usual. Young and juicy rabbits are laid out near the earth and young rooks and rats are also conveniently placed, parental inquisition will often go no further, for the family must be fed, and if there is a larger ready-made fox unquestionably subscribes to the wisdom of the adage that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. But the fare must be fresh; it is no use leaving about stuff that has been killed a week since.

To sum up, I believe that where hunts keep foxes down to reasonable numbers, the shooting man suffers little, if at all, on balance, birds as has been said, foxes play their part in rat destruction, and rats are deadlier enemies to game than almost any vermin. Moreover, I can never follow the argument that the presence of hounds in covert is in the least detrimental to shooting. People say that pheasants should never be disturbed before the "big shots". Personally I like to see their "mass" formations broken up and I think they make better fliers if they are stirred up from time to time. Whether this is done by hounds or foxes, it tends to spread birds through the coverts and makes for better shooting in the long run.

THE ACE-HUNTERS

A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

THERE is always a permanent fascination about the doing of a hole in one. Even on a putting course it gives a childish exuberance of joy. On the very particular putting course of which I was writing ecstatically the other day ones naturally occurred now and then, and never ceased to produce a wild warlike feat on one side and a mean of despair from the other. There was one special hole, only a few yards in length, at which the flag was always hopelessly removed and one gave a sigh of relief when the adversary had failed to hole his tee shot. And yet there were but few ones done there, since there was a very slight but hendish borrow which constantly switched the ball away in the last painful inch.

Even now, when I am old enough to know better, I confess to a momentary thrill when I read a paragraph, tucked away in an obscure corner of my newspaper, to the effect that the So-and-so, of whom I have never heard, holed the seventh in one on such-and-such a course on which I have never played. The thrill would be greater if the paragraph were a little longer, since there is one thing I want to know and am never told. Did Mr. So-and-so see his ball go into the hole, or did he think it a blind one so that he first brought his ball near and then looked despairingly at the bottom of the tin to find it nestling there? This is perhaps the more exquisite bliss of the two, for there is no lurking suspicion that the caddy, with a view to his traditional reward, has privily put it there. A come come back to me from a friend who is in Wales, when a player's ball was found in the hole, where, by all the laws of God and man, it could not possibly be, since he had sliced it far to the right. I can still see a very small boy, with a ring of golfers round him, being cross-examined by the president of the club. "Now, my boy, you tell the truth and don't be in a hurry to lie—until he breaks down in a storm of tears and confesses his crime.

I saw that scene very vividly in my mind's eye the other day when I read, as doubtless did many others, of a persevering gentleman in America. In the hopes of an "ace" and stimulated by a wager, he had played 3,382 and estimated that he had spent twelve hours over it and had got within an inch or two, but the

ace had eluded him. Not being skilled in figures, I did not calculate how many shots he played in each minute, but it did occur to my un-mathematical mind that he cannot have spent much time over his preliminary waggle. Doubtless he had rows of balls teed up for him so as to save the minimum of time, and in these circumstances it is wonderful how many balls can be despatched in a brief space. I once had the pleasure of seeing Lord Knutsford, who was famous as Sydney Holland, indulging in his favourite Sunday afternoon exercise of having rows of balls teed up and then hitting them to small boys who were stationed in the outfield and subsequently rewarded with cake and sixpences. The pace at which he went was amazing and utterly put me to shame when, after a dozen shots or so, I retired breathless and bewildered. I cannot help thinking that the American gentleman might have had a better chance if he had gone a little further and played a few more balls. Heavens! how sore his hands must have been at the end of his ordeal and how he must have hated the sight of his masher!

His feat encouraged me to look in the *Official American Golf Guide* (from which I lately quoted) and to find that the man who had done it was a very ordinary-looking fellow, therein of similarly misdirected energy. I was richly rewarded and really must plagiarise again from that all-embracing work. It appears, from an article by Mr. Laurence Robinson, that there is an annual hole-in-one tournament promoted by the New York *World Telegram*, for which the entire year's earnings over 900 and will probably this year exceed the thousand. In order to qualify, a player must already have one attested ace to his credit and be duly enrolled as an ace-holder. Each competitor is allowed five shots—not a very hopeful outlook, it must be admitted—and play goes on from dawn to dusk. The tournament was first played in 1882 and has taken place every year since, except in 1944 and 1945, when there was no playing owing to the war. For the first four years of its existence play was at a single hole on a single course, that of the Salisbury club on Long Island. Then it grew too large and in 1908 it was transferred to three separate courses near New York where play has gone on simultaneously ever since.

Would the reader, before he goes any

further, like to guess or even to bet how many holes in 1822 have been done by all those competitors in thirteen years? Well, now that he has made up his mind, I will tell him the answer. It is just four; one in 1832, when there were 287 players; two in 1832, with 680 players, and one in 1842, with 844 players. In all the other years no one has succeeded, but there have been consolation stakes. A circle with a 10-foot radius is drawn round the hole; all balls struck in that circle have a distance from the hole measured and the winner generally gets within less than a foot of the hole, though I observe that one man was lucky enough to win with 2 feet 1½ inches—comparatively speaking miles away. In one year a lady was the conqueror in a field of 872 all told. She missed immortality by 11 inches.

In the year in which two separate aces were accomplished the excitement must have been tremendous indeed; yet I think the most dramatic year of all must have been the second—1833—at Salisbury. It was a cold, depressing

morning; hardly anybody had as yet turned up. There were only the Salisbury club professional Jack Hagen (no relation, I gather, to the great Walter) and two others. However, the officials decided to make a start: Hagen was the first to play and with his third shot he holed out. It must, I should have thought, have been damping to the spirits of later competitors when they arrived to find that an ace had already been achieved, but the article tells me that the result was the exact opposite; everybody said that Hagen could do it, why should not he do it too. That early ace, far from being discouraging, had been magnificent advance publicity for the show. Incidentally, this same Jack Hagen succeeded in winning again in another year, and that not on his own course. He did not hole out this time, but he got within 5 inches. The great Walter tried one year, it appears, and we may feel sure that his showmanship was magnificent, but he got no ace.

I feel a great respect for one player, a certain Mr. Ed Searle. In 1933 he took part in

the tournament and played the hole with his No. 8, but found that this club was not quite strong enough and left him short. So in 1934 he bought a 7½, and came nearer to the hole, 1 foot 5 inches, and won the prize. What is more, with the same club in the following year he improved his record to 8¼ inches and won again. There is something of true greatness about this. Who would have thought a vulgar fraction of an inch would make so much difference, and what might not a 7½ have done?

By the way, someone has worked out the odds against a hole in one from the statistics provided by this entertaining tournament. He declares that at the moment they stand at 10,381 to 1. If anybody cares to lay me the odds against a mere shilling, unaccomplishable, I shall be tempted to drag myself to the nearest course and have a try. There is a hole there that I once missed by the barest possible margin, for part of the ball pitched in the hole. Unfortunately it was the smaller part; the larger stayed outside.

NEW BOOKS

GOTHIC ENGLAND

WHEN Thomas Rickman coined the term 'Perpendicular' to describe the architecture of the thirteenth century, he made the task of the learner easy, but at the same time he put the style itself into a coffin. Studied, analysed, dissected and neatly labelled, the "specimens" of mediæval architecture, which enthralled our grandfathers disillusioned with their industrial age, are now often regarded as museum pieces and our generation, with its own particular nostalgia for a world left behind, prefers to see in the refined taste of the medieval artist the evidence of a golden age. Mr. John Harvey, in his *Gothic England* (Batsford, 21s.), has set himself the task of re-evaluating the work of the great Middle Ages by writing its history round the personalities who made it—the kings, bishops, nobles and their craftsmen. Apart from Lechaby's twelfth-century Westminster Abbey, no such attempt has been made before, and that it should now be possible is due very largely to Mr. Harvey's own researches into the careers of the great mediæval designers—the master masons and the master carpenters of the king's works and of the cathedrals and greater monasteries. From this point of view Gothic architecture sheds the grammatical terms which the antiquarians fastened on it and becomes a living, developing expression of the English character, the mistress art embracing all the others, painting, sculpture, metalwork, embroidery and the rest.

It is Mr. Harvey's contention that it was only after the Black Death that our architecture became truly national, reaching its zenith under Richard II's lavish patronage of the arts; for him the Renaissance was almost all that followed has been a regrettable lapse from what he regards as our true national style. Few people to-day will be prepared to go with him so far, or to equal an enthusiasm that would exalt the brief reign of one English King to the highest peaks attained in the history of art. But this is a stimulating, provocative book, containing a wealth of material, much of it unpublished before, and carrying it lightly. It is not confined to architecture, but ranges also over the music, literature and painting of the age. A large proportion of the excellently chosen photographs bear in their captions the name of the designer. The author has not shirked attributions where reasonable circumstantial evidence exists. Some of the attributions, however, may rub our eyes on finding the name of the Wilton Diptych given as "possibly Thomas Litington".

In emphasising the vitality of mediæval art Mr. Harvey says little

about one aspect of the later Middle Ages, men's consciousness of the shortness of life and their elaborate equipment for insuring themselves against the pains of purgatory in another world. The architectural expression of this pre-occupation with death was the chantry chapel. Hard on the heels of *Gothic England* a special study of this subject has appeared in a well-illustrated volume by Mr. G. H. Cook—*Medieval Chanceries and Chantry Chapels* (Phoenix House, Ltd., 21s.). It may well be read in conjunction with Mr. Harvey's book, for the chantry chapel was evolved only after the Black Death, and the delicate, sculpturesque forms which it assumed include some of the loveliest manifestations of Perpendicular Gothic.

A. S. O.

NEW GUINEA ADVENTURE

TWO books of adventure, both written by Americans and covering the same area of the South Seas, have recently been published in this country. Though they have this much in common, the main interests of the authors are very different. One is a naturalist; the other an artist with a taste for anthropology. Mr. Dillon Ripley, the author of *Traill of the Money Bird* (Longmans, 12s.), was commissioned by the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia to collect specimens of exotic birds and spent a year and a half on the travels he describes, first along a small schooner through the Panama Canal

and in South Seas to New Guinea, and then returning by steamer via Singapore and Suva with a vast cargo of live birds. The journey across the Pacific occupies only a few chapters of the author's story, and his hunt in New Guinea for the 87 birds in 42 cages with which he arrived on the quay at Sourabaya most of the remainder.

The Expedition left Philadelphia at the end of 1936 and arrived at Rabaul, after crossing the Pacific by way of Galapagos, just in time for the famous eruption of its aftermath. The birds he sought were to be found in the western end of Dutch New Guinea and the islands, such as Misool and Biak, which lie off the Dutch coast. The problems to be investigated were numerous. In some of the islands the birds, which differed radically from their nearest relatives on the mainland, had been known to science since the late 1860s, but few collectors had been there and their work had been hurried and scanty. In other areas, for all the author knew, the birds might all be well known through the work of earlier ornithologists.

What remained to be collected and what species would be the subject at home were two of the mysteries to be solved. But the author's account of his work will not be of interest only to ornithologists. He tells it as a story of adventure should be told and it is well illustrated from more than a biological point of view.

New Guinea Head-hunt, by Caroline Mytinger (Macmillan, 20s.), is largely concerned with other matters and with other parts of the island. Miss Mytinger went to New Guinea with a friend in order to paint portraits of the Papuans, but her story is also

one of adventure in the inter-war years and led the reader to the artist's impressions of a place that may never be quite as funny again. In her time at any rate its unique features were that on the island "only a few miles from Christian churches and law courts, electric shavers, and symphony music coming in over the ether from the remotest of islands in the world, people are still eating one another and bagging human heads as war trophies, just as our ancestors of the palæolithic era doubtless did. Miss Mytinger appears to have enjoyed both types of civilisation. Painting primitive people has a special interest for her, because, she says, you have the added satisfaction of creating a permanent record of a kind of human being who is fast disappearing from the earth."

Certainly the author's work, if it may be judged by the many black-and-white illustrations of the book, was well worth doing. It should not be supposed that Miss Mytinger is entirely content with her familiar anthropology. There is much about the New Guinea planters and their tennis as well as about native magic, and the whole is told in a light, cheerful *joie-de-vivre* that carries the reader's interest through a long succession of adventures. R. J.

FINAL VICTORY

ALL those who during the past eight years have turned to the contemporary accounts of "Strategic" for a concise and intelligible commentary on the successive phases of the war will have no doubt as to what they may expect in that author's record of the final stages with regard to victory. *The Final Campaign* (Faber, 12s. 6d.) continues the account of events begun in the previous (and seventh) volume, *Footfalls in Europe*. It opens with a survey of the German campaign of 1944 and ends with the last air and sea battles against Japan. The general course of events between is kept in astonishingly clear perspective, and the vast heroic battles of the final European campaign is most intelligently displayed. Many readers will no doubt, however, expect illumination from the success story of the simultaneous—but less closely followed—developments in the Far East: the Fourteenth Army's record at Imphal, the American approach to Japan by way of the Marianas, the Philippines, Iwojima and Okinawa, the march of the Fourteenth Army on Rangoon and the culminating use of the atomic bomb.

Two final chapters deal with underlying principles. In one "Strategic returns a verdict of *Ad-Deo* on the Führer-principle. In the other he sadly concludes that it is because Russia seems blind to the right of the individual to free development that the world is to be kept living on its nerves, and peace, so dearly bought, seems precarious and impermanent."

W. E. B.

JOHN WORLIDGE'S DESIGN FOR A SEED DRILL, FROM HIS SYSTEM OF AGRICULTURE (1669). Illustrated in *The Old English Farming Books* from Fitzherbert to Tull, by G. E. Fussell (Cressy Lockwood, 12s. 6d.), a survey of publications about farming between 1623 and 1720. When Richard Blythe tried to make the drill, it would not work.

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NEW BOOKS

"WHAT FOOLS THESE MORTALS BE"

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

MR. BERGEN EVANS'S book *Natural History of Nonsense* (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.) is an amusing and annoying piece of work. What the author is out to do is "debunk" erroneous opinion, to show that most of us complacently hold such opinions, and to do for us in general what Lytton Strachey did for a few eminent Victorians. "What fools these mortals be" might well have been the book's motto; and, as usual, we don't feel much affection for the sceptic who enlightens us.

It is not only the common or garden man that Mr. Evans wishes to convict of error. Even so august

their group; but it is a hierarchy of sheer force, maintained by ceaseless violence." How we are expected to leap to heel when a name like that is cracked at us! Schjeldrup-Ebbe! Of course, if he says so...

Another thing is, we are not to fear the strength or envy the swiftness of the brute. "Modern men have killed large beasts of prey with their bare hands." Possibly. But I advise Mr. Evans to test himself on an infuriated domestic cat before taking on a Bengal tiger. One notes with interest that "man is one of the swiftest of the animals." In December 1898, Jesse Owens beat a racehorse

NATURAL HISTORY OF NONSENSE. By Bergen Evans

(Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.)

THE JUDGE'S STORY. By Charles Morgan

(Macmillan, 7s. 6d.)

GEORGE WASHINGTON CARVER. By Rackham Holt

(Phoenix House, 5s.)

an institution as the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* is accused of telling fairy tales about lemmings, and Mr. Evans remarks with satisfaction that its information thereupon "is merely a condensation of that appearing in the eleventh edition"—that is, in far-off times before the light of pure reason burned as clearly as it does now.

The common error it seems, proliferates. The shark should no longer be considered synonymous with an enterprising human being, for "of the several hundred varieties of sharks only half a dozen have the denture necessary for man-eating, and of these not all have the disposition. Of those that have, few get the opportunity, and of those, few make the most of it."

We may henceforth consider the octopus with unconcern, for a "zoologist who has worked with these cephalopods" tells us that "a farmer in a cornfield is in more danger of being attacked by a pumpkin than a swimmer is of being attacked by an octopus."

ANTS ARE INEFFICIENT

We have over-estimated the virtues of bees, and as for ants, models heretofore of industrious organisation, we must now note their "busy and busy inefficiency." Concerning wolves, it will be surprising if these pleasant animals do not appear henceforth as pets for Red Riding Hood in all well-conducted pantomimes. There is not and never has been such a thing as a "wolf pack," and all accounts of wolves killing human beings—all that is that have been investigated by the Biological Survey in Washington—have proved to be "purely imaginary."

Where, then, shall we turn? The whale does not blow water; the bull is not infuriated by a red rag; the ostrich does not bury his head in the sand; and even the yellow chicks that excite so much sentiment are not the innocents one supposes. "There is indeed a form of social order among birds, first described by Schjeldrup-Ebbe under the name of 'peck-order,' from the manner in which chickens establish precedence within

over a hundred-yard course, and in the following September, Forrest Towns, Olympic hurdler, beat a prize cavalry horse, trained as a running jumper." True, no doubt, but I should not like to deduce from it that "man is one of the swiftest of the animals." Jesse Owens is not "man." He is an exceptional person, trained to do one thing; and generally speaking, we may take it that Derby runners would beat the jockeys who ride them.

KINDS OF NONSENSE

What is the point, one wonders, in digging out all the nonsense men believe, and, as in these last instances, adding a little nonsense to the load? We don't all believe the same nonsense. Some men may have no illusions about bees and a lot of illusions about tearing up lions with their bare hands and out-running racehorses, while others have the thing the other way round. It doesn't much matter. I am not likely to be a worse father because I think wolves hunt in packs and that an octopus would get a clove hitch round my leg, given half a chance. The problem of nonsense is like the problem of pain. It would be foolish to think of all the pain that there is in the world at a given moment, for if one were truly able to grasp it, one would not want to know that all the pain there can be is what any one person can experience. And so here. We are not a world of fools because all our folly, swept together into one bag, looks a lot. We don't all have to carry the bagful. And of us, too, let us say, we don't meet carrying certain amount. If, for example, I like to think of a mother bird sitting on her eggs as a beautiful sight, what do I care if "Professor Johann Looser" asserts that she is simply rubbing the eggs because her breast is affected by "menstrual low-grade inflammation"? Not a hoot.

A consistent philoponic thread is to be discerned running through the work of Mr. Charles Morgan. His mind has what Wordsworth called a "master-bias," and he himself has called this "single-mindedness."

The Bible tells of a certain rich

man who enquired for the way of salvation and was answered in two words: "sell" and "give." I must be pardoned if I seem to oversimplify, but Mr. Morgan's new novel *The Judge's Story* (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.) is, roughly, the story of a man who found salvation in that way.

The judge was Sir William Gaskony. When we first meet him he has been retired from the bench for some years, and throughout that time he has been promising himself that he will begin to write his book about Greece in the age of Pericles. Ever since he was a boy, the writing of this book has shone ahead of him. It was the thing to be done "some day," and the doing of it, he felt, would be his life's justification. "But in practice," Mr. Morgan makes the judge say late in the book, "no one does his life's work unless he first becomes the man who is fit to do it."

THE MISSING FUNDS

We are given to understand how Gaskony became fit to write his book. At first there had been the struggle of making his career. Then there had been the work of the bench; and, after retirement, there had been the pleasant experience of leisure, fiddling about with his notes, talking in his club, this and that—visiting his adopted daughter, for example. Vivien was the child of the woman he had loved but not married. Now she herself is married, and her husband Henry is in a mess. He has helped himself to funds entrusted to him as a solicitor, and if something like £25,000 cannot be found quickly he will be arrested.

We need not go into the mechanics by which the judge, who has not so much money, manages to get it. They are cleverly worked out, and they arise out of his opposition to the man Severidge, who stands in the book as the embodiment of all that the judge is not. The spiritual conflict is for the soul of Vivien, and the contestants are the forces represented by the judge and Severidge.

Financially the affair leaves the judge ruined. He has sold all and given to the poor. Spiritually, he has found salvation, for he has found that material things do not matter. Unshackled from them, living in one mean room in a boarding-house, he finds himself facing his task, the man "who is fit to do it." We leave him fully engaged at last in the enterprise.

That, then, is the judge's story. It is a spare, beautiful book that makes no concession to popular taste but has a high degree of spiritual tension and discernment.

A GREAT NEGRO SCIENTIST

Mr. Rackham Holt's *George Washington Carver* (Phoenix House, 16s.), tells the story of a Negro boy who was born in 1860 and died in 1943. He was brought up on a Missouri farm, where from his earliest years he showed an extraordinary love for plants and an understanding of them. He had also a remarkable eye. He would watch people making lace, for example, and without instruction could then take up needles and do what they were doing.

When little more than a child, he set out to find education. From the meanest schools, he made his way up to college, doing the work of a domestic servant to keep himself. He was also good at laundry, and with a tub, a scrubbing board, some soap and a flat iron was never without a livelihood.

It was a grueling life, and he added to it a passion for art. He became a painter whose works were

shown in public exhibitions. But primarily he became known as an agricultural scientist. Working at the Tuskegee Institute, with the backing of Booker T. Washington, he became famous for his work on plant diseases and his development of food products from plants. He received many awards for his work, but rejected financial returns. He was to the end a childlike and beautiful person, and it is not surprising to read that the State of Missouri has put up markers on the highway, directing travellers to the "Birthplace of George Washington Carver, Famous Negro Scientist."

JOHN BUCHAN

AT the beginning of *John Buchan By His Wife and Friends* (Hodder and Stoughton, 12s. 6d.), Lady Tweedsmuir quotes a saying of Harold Nicolson about how hard it is for a wife to write with balance and detachment about her husband. Certainly the chapters she has contributed to the book give an impression that everybody and everything was perfect, which many people's experience of life may make it difficult for them to accept. But that does not make what she has to tell without interest. Far from it, her own judgments are an indispensable counterpart to the impressions of the men and women (A. L. Rowse, Catherine Carwell, Leonard Brockington and others) who looked at John Buchan with greater detachment. Together they show him as romantic yet simple-hearted, of a catholic sympathy and with a strong sense of duty, and possessed of an immense capacity for work. More than all else, however, he appears as gifted with a remarkable faculty for making friends, a faculty that he displayed no less as Governor-General of Canada than when entertaining Oxford undergraduates at his home at Elsieford or talking with shepherds in his native Forder country. His qualities as a statesman and a writer are subject-matter for a fuller and more profound study; the value of this book is that it shows the man as he appeared to those who know him best—generous, liberal, humane and selfless to a fault.

C. D.

THE STATE OF RURAL ENGLAND

IN 1925, when Mr. J. W. Robertson Scott's *England's Green and Pleasant Land* was first published, anonymously, there was indeed much amiss in rural England. The minimum wage for farm-workers was thirty shillings a week, very many cottages were unfit for habitation and had, indeed, been condemned as such, and ignorance was widespread. To-day the scene is happily different. Though there is still a shortage of good cottages, the minimum wage for labourers has risen to £4 10s. a week and newspapers, wireless and better transport have brought knowledge of a wider world and, with it, a measure of enlightenment. All this improvement the author freely admits in a new edition of the book published by Penguin Books at 1s. But though much has been done, much remains to be done, and a re-reading of his trenchant criticism of the conditions twenty-odd years ago should serve as a bar to complacency. In the original edition of the book he seemed to lay the chief blame for the parlous condition of village England as he then found it on the indifference of the Church, and his latest words on this subject show that he still doubts whether the Church is aware of its duty to perform the part it should play in village life. How far his strictures are merited to-day may be a matter of opinion, but there is no question that in the countryside, as in the towns, the progressive decline in the influence of the Church is a matter for serious concern.

J. K. A.



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THE COUNTRYMAN HAS A WORD FOR IT:



A HERD OF SWANS

Swans form one of the rare exceptions in the rule that the word 'herd' usually means a company of animals. In pharmacy, too, certain words have unfamiliar meanings. A 'scruple', for example is 1-24th of an Apothecaries' Ounce. Among the general public the best-known name in pharmacy is, of course, that of Boots, recognised everywhere as an assurance of the highest standards in medical supplies.

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FARMING NOTES

DO WE NEED ANOTHER 100,000 WORKERS?

REGULAR workers on farms in England and Wales have increased by over 10,000 in the past year, excluding prisoners-of-war. The total of 550,000 is 80,000 more than in 1939. Taking into account the greater mechanisation at the present day, it is open to question whether agriculture does need, or could use advantageously, the further 100,000 regular workers mentioned by the Prime Minister. Talking to a group of German prisoners due for repatriation I found that two of them would willingly come back to this country to work on farms after seeing their families in Germany. One of them was a smallholder in what is now the Russian zone of Germany, and he assured me that he would much rather try to make his way here if he got the chance. There are, I know, farmers who willingly re-employ Germans as civilian workers and a few Germans have been retained of their own free will for a temporary period after their repatriation date. But once a German goes back to his own country he cannot be brought back here however willing he may be. There has been some relaxation of this rule for the Italians, and if a farmer makes an individual application for an Italian to come back he may be successful. So far as I know the returning Italian is not allowed to bring his wife or family with him. If we can make up our minds how much additional labour we shall need on British farms during the next four years (and this would have to be agreed between the N.F.U. and the agricultural workers' unions) the Government would not need any longer to fear upsetting any section of organised labour by allowing European farm-workers to come to the jobs that are left vacant by British workers.

Farm Wages

THE new standard rate of 90s. for a 48-hour week for farm-workers is now the law of the land. Everyone knows this, but it does not seem to be so widely understood that the Agricultural Wages Board has at the same time raised the standard value for a cottage to 6s. a week. The old rate was 3s. a week, which was the maximum that a farmer could charge for a service cottage unless he got a special dispensation from the county agricultural wages committee. The new standard of wages and cottage rents means in fact that the farm-worker who is a householder should be paid an extra 7s. a week. There are farms where the men still have their houses rent free. I think this is a mistaken policy. Surely it is better for the farm-worker to be paid a weekly wage that compares with town wages and also to pay a rent for his house that is reasonably comparable. In these days 6s. a week is not a high rent and there are some cottages that are worth considerably more. There are some that are worthless, but it is right from every point of view that a rent should be charged, and the easy course is to adopt the 6s. now allowed by the Wages Board.

Re-building Our Flocks

IT is an alarming fact that the number of sheep in this country has dropped from 26,000,000 before the war to 16,241,000 now. A special appeal comes from the Ministry of Agriculture asking farmers to 'take every possible step to revive the numbers of sheep. It will take some years to make good last winter's losses on the hill farms, but if every sheep capable of breeding is kept we can make a start on lowland farms as well as the hills this autumn. Farmers who ordinarily sell as fat their new lambs and older ewes are urged to keep them on where possible and put them to the

ram, even if this means selling for slaughter this autumn rather than the winter. If all female sheep that have to be marketed are offered in the store auction and are not sent to a Ministry of Food collecting centre, this will help to meet the needs of farmers who want ewes or lambs to replace losses. Store sheep are making good prices now and those who have more sheep than they can carry through should not let the surplus females go for slaughter.

Co-operative Grass-Drying

THE Milk Marketing Board is so pleased in its venture of communal grass-drying at Thornbury, Gloucestershire, that the Chairman and Vice-Chairman of the Board together with three other members are taking a trip to Switzerland this month in order to see how grass-drying is organised on a communal basis there. This group will also make a tour of grass-drying plants in this country, so as to bring together all the information that may be useful in the planning of grass-drying for drying, to which the Government evidently attach considerable importance as a means of increasing the home production of protein-rich feeding-stuffs.

Rye For Green Feed

BY early spring we may well find ourselves looking round desperately at more feeding-stuffs to carry the cattle through until the grass comes. We have been cheated by the drought of the chance to make some additional silage this autumn and while the quality of the hay is in a tickle is exceptionally good there will be no hay to spare. Rye is a stop-gap crop that can be sown this month to provide some early spring grazing. It has never found that the cows yield particularly well on rye. They do not respond to this green feed in anything like the same measure as to the herbage on a forward ley in April, but rye starts growing early and planted on a dry piece of ground where the cows can go in March this first green bite does help to satisfy them in a lean time. Sow the rye straight and use it simply for spring grazing so that the land can be ploughed in April to take kale cabbage or potatoes.

Fowl Pest

THROUGHOUT the spring and summer, thousands of table poultry were sold without any check, from the Continent, and at the same time, fowl pest began to appear among our own flocks. The Ministry of Agriculture has now issued a warning that the infection was introduced through the innards of these foreign birds, but the Ministry of Food, which was importing these birds, had not heard of any restriction of the trade. Now, after the damage is done, the traffic has been checked and in a desperate effort to prevent the spread of fowl pest in Britain the country has been divided into two parts between which poultry traffic is prohibited. The northern counties of England and Scotland are forbidden to send any stock from the rest of the country. We allow ourselves to be put to this inconvenience and lose many thousands of birds by the way. It is especially in the south of England, where the Leam Willoughby de Grey and others in the Commons to stop these disease-ridden imports, but he always 'passed the buck' by blaming the trouble with Mr. Williams is that he does not understand enough about technical farming matters to know when to break departmental inertia.

CINCINNATI.

ESTATE MARKET

TENNYSON'S HOME
FOR SALE

THE Maharaja Gaskwar of Baroda, the present owner of Aldworth, near Haslemere, has entrusted to Messrs. Knight Frank and Rutley for sale. The house, on the south slope of Blackdown, was designed by Sir James Knowles for his friend, Alfred, Lord Tennyson. It has been often said that Tennyson built Aldworth as a retreat affording a degree of privacy that Farringford, in the Isle of Wight, had ceased to possess. He did not, however, go to the expense and trouble of acquiring land on the border of Surrey and Sussex solely to escape the gaze of visitors to the Isle of Wight. He was actuated more by the knowledge that his wife, an invalid, had benefited by staying at Hindhead. Tennyson described Aldworth as "in the domestic Gothic style of the Tudor period." It is of white stone, and in the pavement of the hall and the mosaic of the threshold Tennyson displayed a Welsh saying: "The Truth against the World," though what the special applicability of the expression to Aldworth might be has never been explained. The 140 acres of the estate include a farmhouse of Restoration date. In 1938 Messrs. Knight Frank and Rutley offered for sale the Laureate's Isle of Wight home, Farringford, and 238 acres in the Freshwater Bay district. Tennyson was holder of Farringford, from 1853 to 1892 and, from 1869, holder also of Aldworth (site bought in 1867, building begun 1868).

"A LUXURIOUS NOVELTY"

At Aldworth Tennyson amused himself laying out part of the gardens and selecting sites for summer-houses that commanded views of the Downs to Leith Hill. In these days of four or more bath rooms in a large well-equipped house, often with a bathroom to nearly every principal bedroom, it is worth noting that Aldworth had none was demolished at that time as "a luxurious novelty," namely, "a bath in which hot water was obtainable merely by turning a tap. Of course at that time such a bath was rare, and Tennyson took as many as four or five baths daily, conceiving, as he wrote: "no higher pleasure in life than to sit in a hot bath and read about little birds." In the early days of running water in fitted baths Tennyson was not alone in odd ideas about bath rooms. A very few years ago it was not unusual to find a bathroom decorated with framed pictures, and in one early-Victorian London mansion the pictures included examples of the work of J. M. W. Turner. A.A., which were irretrievably damaged by long exposure to steam and dampness.

FORTY YEARS' PURCHASE
FOR FARMS

M^R ASHETON PENN CURZON HOWE HERICK, of Clifton Castle, Ripon, Yorkshire, represented by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., has sold a great deal of the Bardon estate, near Coalville, in the Charnwood Forest, about eight miles from Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Loughborough and Leicester. The property had been divided into 44 lots for sale by the hammer, and 42 lots to purchasers for a total of £35,000, equivalent to 40 years' purchase of the gross rental of the farms. In respect of the lots of separate valuation of the growing timber was specified, and this ranged from £5 up to £2,692, the latter being on the first of the lots, namely, Bardon Hall and 64 acres.

SALE OF ALDENHAM HALL,
SHROPSHIRE

LORD ACTON has sold Aldenham Hall and 930 acres, at Morville, near Bridgnorth, Shropshire. Lord Rayleigh made an acceptable offer for the estate in the eve of the auction, which was to have been held at Bridgnorth by Messrs. Chamberlaine-Brothers and Harrison. On Lord Rayleigh's behalf the firm invited bids for approximately 260 acres of agricultural land on the property, and this quickly realised roundly £20,000. The mansion is of the William and Mary period. Leland alluded to Morville, which he passed through from Wenlock to Bridgnorth: "A little priory at Morville on the right hand as I entered the village." The place is mentioned in Domesday, and the date of the church came to be particularly remembered because in the year 1118, when the Bishop of Hereford consecrated what the monks of Shrewsbury had built, some of the congregation were struck by lightning and killed on their way home after the service.

SALES: COMING OR
CONCLUDED

SIR ALEXANDER GREIG has requested Messrs. Hampton and Sons to offer, in conjunction with a local firm, Frieth Grange, a comfortable house in Frieth two acres, at Northwood, Middlesex.

Spratton Hall, Northamptonshire, and home farm, in 138 acres, have been sold for £10,400, by Messrs. Jackson-Stops and Staff.

Sirens Court, on the outskirts of Chelmsford, Essex, a property of over an acre, at present held by the local authority under a requisition, has been sold for £4,500, by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Messrs. Aldrich Darby and Co.

Mr. Norman Lewis and Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley have sold Steep Farm, an old-fashioned house and 140 acres at Petersfield, Hampshire. The latter firm has also disposed of Surrey residential freeholds of up to a couple of acres in Horley, Fetcham and Kingwood, acting jointly with local agents.

CASTLE COMBE: DATE OF
AUCTION

THE Wiltshire village of Castle Combe will come under the hammer of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley at Chippenham on September 30. The first lot will be the manor-house, which contains oak panelling dated 1684. With it will go 25 acres, including the grounds and terraces down to the river. There are long stretches of trout fishing, and a buyer may have the option of taking the shooting on about 2,000 acres in the estate. The auction is really a comprehensive offer, as a whole, or in separate lots, of the village sites and premises, and many of the cottages must be from 300 to 400 years old. The vendor, Mrs. R. G. Maurice, inherited Castle Combe from her grandfather, Sir John Gort.

The foundation of the village, on the fringe of the village, shows that Walter de Dunstanville, son-in-law of Reginald, Earl of Cornwall, erected, early in the 13th century, a building that was intended to last much longer than actually did, for it was demolished after existing not much more than a century. The position was of military importance at the time, as the Roman occupation of Britain.

Hampshire property, about 110 acres along the London-Christchurch road, has been sold by Messrs. Fox and Sons, by order of Sir George Meyrick, Bart. The chief buyers were the Borough Council of Christchurch.

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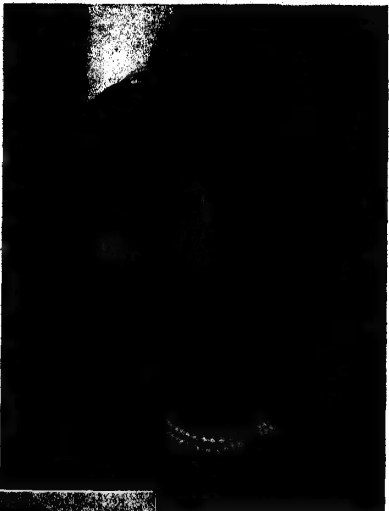


Black velours bowler with a rolled brim, swathed with vermillion crepe that dangles down the back. Simone Mirman

(Below) A romantic picture hat from Pisot and Favy in mushroom pink felt, with feathers shading from pink to brown and a tulle veil



(Right) Snug cloche in olive-green felt with darker velvet ribbons. Simone Mirman



(Below) An Aage Thaarup felt beret that sits on top of the head and has an under-layer of pheasant's feathers



HATS are to be extremely becoming this winter. There seems no rule as to size, as they vary from tiny pill-boxes, close-fitting cloches, toques and bowlers to comparatively wide-brimmed cavalier hats and large, flat berets. On all of them the width above the forehead makes them flattering to almost every shaped face and they are worn well on the back of the head, or, in the case of the pill-boxes and the flat, round berets, on top, when they look very dashing. The romantic wide-brimmed hats are turned back from the face with glycerined feathers drifting on to one shoulder or wreathed round the crowns.

Aage Thaarup is using pheasant feathers like a material to cover the head bands or under-layers of his berets that sit high on top of the head and are large and round and flat. The general effect

is very like the pictures of the first motoring hats. He is making them in felt, in silky velours and in the long-haired rabbit felts—a charming fashion of the 1910s that is being revived for the winter. Mr. Thaarup has designed a new decoration for this winter—sprays of chestnut flowers, fruit and leaves, the pink blossoms used at the tip of the posy with the chestnuts and leaves in green and brown. He is reviving passimenterie on his cocktail hats, which are snug-looking little affairs in velvet, grosgrain, moire or faille, some shaped like Dutch bonnets with a trellis of passimenterie at the back covering the hair, others twisted with toques with the silk embroidered all over or on a headband. Veils are woven with a glint of metal in the fine mesh.

There are two ways of dressing your hair to look well with these hats. The berets require smooth wings of hair swept up from the forehead and a large coil at the back on the nape of the neck, or the hair piled up on top and swept right into the beret, leaving a neat hairline. The caps look best with hair worn down and dressed fairly flat on the forehead, in curls or waved across. Aage Thaarup has a new series of hats called Teenage and Twenty that will be in shops all over the country from mid-September, gay berets, bonnets and sports hats for young people ■ prices from £3 10s. to £4.

Simone Mirman showed attractive snug-fitting felts and velvets of the cloche persuasion with the Hardy Amies collection of waisted suits and coats, all of which had the fifteen-inches-from-the-ground skirt. These small hats looked well with the waisted, long lines of the clothes and were all worn bonnet-wise on the back of the head, some shaped like bowlers with rolled brims, others with flower-pot crowns. Real sailors with flat brims and straight, low crowns were mostly worn cocked to one side and made in bright colours in panne velvet for afternoon functions.

Pisot and Favy have designed ravishing bonnets in velvets and feathers, flat

(Continued on page 548)

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Heather coloured felt bound with a cord and pompons and (right) a bonnet in "tickle" pink felt with pink and blue bows. Both from Ange Therap's Tonnage and Twenty Collection

at the sides but projecting out in the front over the forehead and made to be worn on top. They also show large tricornes in muted pastel felt. The hats with their brims rolling gently upwards and shallow folded crowns are worn well on the back of the head with the brim framing the face and a feather decoration—a plume standing up one side or tiny wing feathers laid flat along the front of the brim. They are picture hats, intensely feminine. Smaller tricornes in pillar-box red felt or panne have the brims rolled back either side of the forehead and

the edges bound with black grosgrain. A tiny tricorn in moss green "beaver" is charming with its ostrich feather dangling down to one side and curling round the chin. Tulle veils match the pastel hats or pick up the trimming colour ■ the bright models. Mossy greens, olive green, tender mushroom and tea-rose pinks, beaver brown and golden beige are shades featured at this house.

Many of these feathered afternoon hats in pastel colours are being bought with a view to the Royal wedding in November. Several houses are showing small collections of dresses



designed especially for the wedding. On September 15, Angela DeLacy will show about a dozen dresses, mostly with jackets. She has chosen rich velvets and brocades and the dresses are like dinner dresses, either one piece or blouses and skirts, so that they can be worn afterwards; she shows them with knee-length coats, cut away and waisted or straight and lined with a contrasting colour. She is also making interchangeable outfits of skirts and blouses so that the brocade blouse of a velvet costume can also be allied to a big brocade skirt at a ball. A great deal of blue—Princess Elizabeth's favourite colour—is being used for these dresses, which are aimed in the skirt, made to be worn with magnificent fur and family jewellery.

The slim skirts in damask silk and velvet are cut with seams spiralling round the skirt and draped up on the hip line to a bustle at the back or across to one side. In crêpe or one of the heavy georgettes, they are smartest with one of the low necklines with cowl drapery and the décolletage filled in with a "Modesty Veil" of brocade or lace embroidered with stars or by a big flower tucked in. Deep embroidered waistbands in petit point or tightly swathed waist belts in brocade above the elegant draped skirts look very reminiscent of the fashions of the twenties.

The whole atmosphere of the afternoon clothes indeed, takes us back to the early part of the century—the ankle-length skirts caught up at one point and worn with high-heeled buckled slippers, the toques with their feathers and veils, the long wrinkled gloves that are worn with the three-quarter sleeves, the cut away, waisted jackets with their high fastening and jewelled buttons. These jackets fit closely over the tight bodices with their deep waist belts and soft tops and look chic with fur stoles and big muffs and all the other appurtenances of a Royal function.

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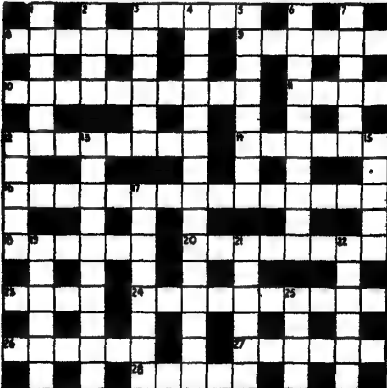
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which made Pêche Maitre famous.

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CROSSWORD No. 918

Two guesses will be awarded for the first correct solution opened Solutions (in a closed envelope) must reach "Crossword No. 918, COUNTRY LIFE, 5, 10, Tavistock Square, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," not later than the first post on Thursday, September 18, 1947.

Note—This Competition does not apply to the United States



Name _____
(Mr., Mrs., etc.)
Address _____

SOLUTION TO No. 917. The winner of this Crossword, the first of which appeared in the issue of September 5, will be announced next week. ACROSS—1 and 4, Concert parties; 9, Madras; 11 and 12, Draw rein; 13, Deploy; 15, Users; 16, Shapes; 18, Palace; 20, Outcry; 23, Antler; 26, Helmet; 27, Smiler; 28 and 30, Bare knee; 31, Emplacement; 32 and 33, Station masters. DOWN—1, Canoeist; 2, Claw; 3, Redder; 4, Always; 6, Tier; 7, Shylock; 8, Swell; 9, Manufacture; 10, Temperament; 14, Decades; 14, Shutter; 17 and 18, Season; 21, Lambion; 22, Streams; 24, Riddle; 25, Space; 26, Hernia; 29, Emity; 30, Knot.

- ACROSS**
- His is a temporary place (5)
 - Prohibition on a kingdom; at least grown ups are denied it (6)
 - Former Spanish article (6)
 - The postman's job is also the salesman's (10)
 - "There is a—in the affairs" men "Which, taken at the good, leads on to fortune"—Shakespeare (4)
 - Dead tongue (8)
 - An odour in the process of rising (6)
 - As an eminent Victorian said it, with charm and flowers (6, 3, 6)
 - Means of 14 across (8)
 - The pair smell (8)
 - Mr. Churchill's antithesis to a spring-board (4)
 - A South American takes Father to the capital, but it is not a recommendation entirely (10)
 - If one may, is membership implied or delay? (6 or 5, 4)
 - The lily maid of Astolat (6)
 - Hellerophon's was Pegasus (8)

- DOWN**
- Italian sculptor (6)
 - It rings down the curtain on summer (4)
 - He may turn rascal (6)
 - Eaten in a new-comer's honour (11, 4)
 - Not a graduate in his billowing gown, though the wind fills it (8)
 - London's November special (10)
 - River that never finds the sea (6)
 - Can be made into rope or sails (8)
 - Flower that has a game with a monster (10)
 - "But—in hours of twilight wild—" "Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled." —Matthew Arnold (6)
 - The wages of sin mixed with anger (8)
 - Worshipful slave, or dead (6)
 - Wet-through (6)
 - There, if not obvious (8)
 - 37½ gallons of fresh herrings (4)

The winner of Crossword No. 916 is

Mrs. G. M. Robinson,
3, Dale Gardens,
Woodford Green,
Essex.

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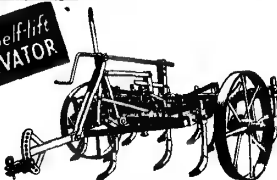
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Mr Jaded



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COUNTRY LIFE

1436
324

COUNTRY LIFE

12/187

Vol. CII No. 2644

SEPTEMBER 19, 1947

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BUCKS. Between High Wycombe and Amersham 600 ft. up. **ATTRACTIVE GEORGIAN COTTAGE RESIDENCE**, modernized and in excellent order. Three reception, 3 bath, 6 bedrooms. Main electric light and water. Central heating. Telephone. Garage. Delightful well-stocked gardens. Kitchen garden and orchard. **ABOUT 2 ACRES.** FRESHOLD. —TRESDIDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (21,092)

OXFORD & MILLS. Delightful rural position. **PICTURESQUE PERIOD COTTAGE RESIDENCE** with oak beams and other features and stone-tiled roof. 5-6 reception, bathroom, 5-6 bedrooms. Main electricity. Telephone. Barn. Model courtyard. Garden and gravelled. **10 ACRES.** **60,000 FRESHOLD.** Would sell without land. —TRESDIDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (22,024)

NORTH BUCKS. 2½ miles main line junction (hour London). Charming House built 1804. Hall, 3 reception, bath, 6 bedrooms. All main services. Central heating. Telephone. Stabling, garage. Billiard room. Well-stocked gardens, paddocks, etc. **4 ACRES.** FRESHOLD. **VACANT POSSESSION.** —TRESDIDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (22,024)

BETWEEN LONDON AND BRIGHTON **BERTS-BEDS BORDER.** 4 miles main line (hour London). **LARGE GEORGIAN RESIDENCE.** Four reception rooms, 4 bathrooms, 10 bed and dressing rooms. All main services. Telephone. As cookery. Garage for 8. Stables. Cottage (optional). Grounds and gravelled (all about 10 ACRES). **50,000 FRESHOLD.** —TRESDIDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (22,024)

CHESHAM AND SEVEN HILLS. 2200 ft. Four miles both sides. Quaker small village. **WELL-BUILT STONE RESIDENCE.** 400 ft. up in excellent order. Hall, 3 reception, 3 bath, 6 bed and dressing rooms. As to electric light. Telephone. Garage stable. Productive gardens of over 10 ACRES. Part of land rented. Inspected and recommended. —TRESDIDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (22,024)

WILLIAM AND MARY RESIDENCE 35 TO 100 ACRES

BENEFIT. 11 miles Reading, 1½ miles station. Charming old Country House, lounge hall, billiards and 4 reception rooms, 4 bathrooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms, attic. Central heating, main electricity. As a garage, stabling, coach house, 2 lodges, etc. Grounds with lake. Hard tennis court, orchard, pasture and woodland **50 ACRES**; or with **100 ACRES** including FARMHOUSE, 2 MOBS COTTAGES and 2400 BUILDINGS. For sale freehold or mortgage would be let unfurnished with the gardens. —TRESDIDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (22,194)

WATERLOO IN 10 MINUTES. WEST WIMBORNE. Quiet position within five minutes' walk from Waterloo. **ATTRACTIVE MODERN RESIDENCE.** 3 reception, bathroom, 5 bed and 2 large 3 good rooms and 2 small rooms. All mains. Double garage. (Gardens about ½ ACRE. Tennis lawn. **22,000 FRESHOLD.** **POSSESSION.** Recommended. —TRESDIDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (22,199)

CITY MAN'S RESIDENCE IN EXCELLENT ORDER. 6 ACRES **SUNNY HILLS.** 700 ft. up. Mile station. Particularly attractive and well-built **MODERN RESIDENCE.** Oak paneled lounge hall, billiards room, 3 reception, 4 bathrooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms. Oak floors. Main services. Central heating. "Bee" cooker. Telephone. Garage, workshop, man's room, excellent cottage. Delightful parklike grounds, hard court, walled kitchen garden, glasshouse, orchard and pretty woodland. **FRESHOLD.** Strongly recommended. —TRESDIDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (22,231)

WORKS. In lovely Broadway. Beautiful old stone and tiled **RESIDENCE OF GEORGIAN AND TUDOR PERIODS.** Three reception, bathroom, 6 bedrooms, 4½ bath services. Delightful walled garden. **24,700.** —TRESDIDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (22,234)

TOTTENHAM COURT RD., W.1

(Ruston 7000)

MAPLE & Co., Ltd.

5, GRAFTON ST., MAYFAIR, W.1.

(Regent 6085)

TREE TOPS, MARLEY HEIGHTS, NEAR HASLEMERE

On the Sussex and Surrey borders, situated, with lovely views.

A REALLY CHOICE HOUSE on two floors in the midst of gardens, woods and meadowland of about 75 ACRES

Large hall, drawing room 29 ft. x 17 ft. small lounge, dining room, 7 bed and dressing rooms, 4 fine bathrooms, maids' sitting room.

Central heating, electric light, oak strip flooring, oak doors.

All in perfect order.

Excellent garage for 2 or 3 cars, with spacious flat over.

Small stable, etc.

LOVELY GARDENS.

With lawns, fine bowling green, clipped yew hedges, rhododendron banks, kitchen garden, glasshouse, enclosure of pasture and really beautiful woodland.

REMARKABLY CHOICE PROPERTY. FOR SALE BY PRIVATE TREATY

Illustrated particulars of the Auctioneers: Messrs. HARRIS & CO., Ltd., 5, Grafton Street, Old Bond Street, W.1, and Messrs. FIDGATE & CO., 7, Station Way, Chesham, Bucks.

Regent
4894

OSBORN & MERCER

220, ALBEMARLE ST.,
PICCADILLY, W.1

MEMBERS OF THE CHARTERED SURVEYORS' AND AUCTIONEERS' INSTITUTE

ON THE LOVELY SURREY HILLS
*Delightfully situated, with an commanding magnificent views
and within easy daily reach of London.***AN ATTRACTIVE WELL-BUILT MODERN HOUSE**
*In first-class decorative condition, well planned and
quite up to date.*

Hall, 3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, 2 baths.

All main services. Central heating.

**TWO BRICK-BUILT GARAGES WITH SPLENDID
FLAT OVER**
Extensive grounds with orchard, kitchen garden, 2 grass
tennis courts, hard court (speed motorcycling), the whole
extending to**ABOUT 4 ACRES****PRICE FREEHOLD ONLY £6,950**

Quick sale desired as owner going abroad.

Inspected and highly recommended by the Owner's
Agents: OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (17,929)**ON A RIDGE OF THE SURREY DOWNS**
*Standing on high ground, facing south and west, enjoying
wonderful views, and near to the station where London is
reached in about 35 minutes.***A WELL-EQUIPPED MODERN CHARACTER
HOUSE**
Containing 3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, bathroom.

Cowpore's Electricity, Gas and Water

Double garage with room over.

Beautiful pleasure gardens arranged in a sequence of
terraces and including lawns, orchard, etc., in all**ABOUT 2½ ACRES****FOR SALE FREEHOLD WITH EARLY POSSESSION**

Agents: OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (17,948)

HERTS (WITHIN 40 MINS. OF TOWN)
*In lovely rural country but within convenient reach of station
and golf courses.***A MODERN HOUSE OF CHARACTER**
*Scientifically planned and designed with a view to
providing every modern convenience for comfort
and labour saving.***SURROUNDED BY BEAUTIFUL CHERRY
ORCHARDS**

Three reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

MAIN SERVICES. CENTRAL HEATINGDelightful well-matured garden with lawns, flower beds
and borders and positive cherry orchards, in all**ABOUT 3 ACRES****FOR SALE FREEHOLD WITH VACANT
POSSESSION**Inspected and strongly recommended by OSBORN
& MERCER, as above. (17,946)**NORTHANTS**
*Delightfully situated in the centre of the 'Patching country',
AN ATTRACTIVE OLD HOUSE DATED 1750***ADJOINING AN OLD-WORLD VILLAGE**

Three reception rooms, 11-12 bedrooms, 8 bathrooms.

Main Electricity and Drainage. Stabling.

Five cottages (two with possession).**CHARMING LAKE OF ABOUT 2 ACRES**Well timbered matured gardens, kitchen garden, grassland,
etc., in all**ABOUT 26 ACRES****FOR SALE FREEHOLD**

Agents: OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (17,987)

Sole Agents: OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (17,989)

WITHIN 25 MINUTES OF WATERLOO*Splendidly situated, near to the station, within easy daily access
to London yet enjoying all the benefits of beautiful country.***A DELIGHTFUL MODERN HOUSE**

In excellent order and ready for immediate occupation

Dining room, drawing room, 7 bedrooms, bathroom.

All main services. Large garage.

Charming well-timbered gardens, orchard, etc.

ABOUT 1 ACRE**FOR SALE WITH EARLY POSSESSION**

Sole Agents: OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (17,989)

F. L. MERCER & CO.

SACKVILLE HOUSE, 40, PICCADILLY W.1

Regent 4861

A HOME OF TRULY EXQUISITE CHARACTER*In lovely setting. Close to extensive Surrey commons. Between Woking and Basingstoke.**Within 2½ miles of Sunningdale golf course and about 30
minutes to and from Waterloo via Southern Electric.***FASCINATING RESIDENCE OF UNIQUE OLD-
WORLD CHARACTER AND CHARM**

In excellent order with genuine Jacobean panelling and

dark beams in wonderful preservation.

Three reception rooms, 4 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

Central heating. Power plugs in every room. Main services.

Asa cooker.

Garage for 4 cars. Superior cottage or secondary residence

with garage and own garden.

Lawns with fine old yew hedges and small lake. Paddock.

*One of the most attractive properties in the market
at the present time.***6 ACRES. £14,500, OPEN TO OFFER**

Enthusiastically recommended by F. L. MERCER & CO., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1. Tel.: Regent 2441.

**WANTED. USUAL COMMISSION REQUIRED
FOR ACTIVE PURCHASERS****HANTS, BERKS OR WILTS. GENUINE PERIOD
HOUSE WITH OAK BEAMS AND MODERN
CONVENIENCES.***Must be suitably positioned. Five-
night bedrooms sufficient. Well laid out grounds maintained
by one gardener; paddock; preferably 10 ACRES upwards.
Will pay good price.—References "Winchester." c/o
F. L. MERCER & CO.***BUCKS, HERTS OR BERKS. ATTRACTIVE
MODERN OR OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE***with about 6-8 bedrooms; cottage for gardener. Secluded
gardens of 1 or 2 ACRES. PRICES UP TO £10,000.*

—Reference "Luton." c/o F. L. MERCER & CO.

**CERTAINLY SMALL ESTATE WITHIN 100
MILES SOUTH OR SOUTH-WEST OF LON-
DON. PERIOD HOUSE (suitable 5-8 bed-
rooms). 100-200 ACRES, cottages and buildings. (Good price paid).**

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**SURREY OR BERKS. REALLY GOOD MODERN
RESIDENCE in first-class condition. Five bedrooms
minimum. Good land for selection. WILL PAY UP
TO £10,000.—Reference, "Victoria." c/o F. L. MERCER
AND CO.****OLD KENTISH MILL HOUSE WITH TROUT FISHING***In a beautiful situation adjoining the parklands of a large estate. Three miles from Ashford, 11 from Hythe and Dymchurch,
and just over one hour by rail from London.***OF IMMENSE APPEAL**

Added to, restored and modernised.

Three reception, 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

MAIN ELBTRICITY AND WATER.

Two garages. Cottage.

Delightful gardens interested by mill stream recently
stocked with trout. Orchard and productive vegetable
garden.**4½ ACRES. £2,500****WILL APPEAL TO THOSE WITH ARTISTIC TASTES**

Sole Agents: F. L. MERCER & CO., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1.

Established
1850**A. P. R. NICOLLE, F.A.I.**

82, FLEET STREET, TORQUAY

Telephone:
4554**TORQUAY. MODERN TUDOR STYLE RESIDENCE***Excellent sea views across Torbay. Just redecorated throughout.
MOST ATTRACTIVE AND BEAUTIFULLY APPOINTED MODERN
RESIDENCE**In one of the best residential districts in Torbay, commanding lovely views over the
sea and harbour, and within easy reach of buses. Daily run and with every convenience.*The accommodation com-
prises: Lounge hall with
base stove, lounge with
inglenook and rustic brick
fireplace, dining room with
spring bath, breakfast
room, kitchenette, 5 bed-
rooms (4 h. & c.), bath-
room. Garage.

All main services.

Well planned garden with
sub-tropical palms, lawns,
rhododendrons, bushes, rose
beds, kitchen garden.*In all about ½ ACRE***PRICE 25,000 FREEHOLD**

Sole Agent: A. P. R. NICOLLE, F.A.I., as above.

WELLESLEY-SMITH & CO.

17, BLAUGRAVE STREET, READING. Reading 2920 & 4112.

CHOICE GEORGIAN HOUSE IN WILTS*Close to a beautiful village
facing south with extensive
views.*Lounge hall, cloak, 7
bedrooms, bath, 6½ h.
city and water.Excellent cottage, garage,
etc. Fine old-world garden
and orchard.**Nearly 5 ACRES****FREEHOLD £2,500****ON THE HILLS ABOVE HENLEY. EARLY GEORGIAN HOUSE***commanding extensive views and in lovely condition. Three large sitting, 6 bedrooms,
2 bathrooms, servants' room, Central heating, electricity and water. Garage,
stabling. A timbered garden over an ACRE. FREEHOLD £2,500.***PERFECT LITTLE HOUSE in sylvan setting, 6 miles Reading. Cloaks, 2 sitting,
4 bed (beds), 2 bath. Main. Garage. 5 ACRES. FREEHOLD £7,500.****SURREY-RESERVE. Strathmore location. Three sitting, 6 bed, bath. Main. Garage.
1 ACRE. FREEHOLD £2,500.**

GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS.

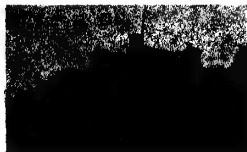
Robert Place, Eaton Sq.,
Westminster, W.1.
and 25, Mount St.,
Woolwich, S.E.7.

Grosvenor 1888
(4 lines)

25 MOUNT ST., GROSVENOR SQ., W.1

BEAUTIFULLY APPOINTED MODERN COUNTRY HOUSE

Very convenient for City or West End, 22 miles south. Rural position 400 ft. up with magnificent views.



THE WHOLE PROPERTY IS IN EXCELLENT ORDER.

Panelled lounge hall, 5 reception rooms, 9-11 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Central heating. Main services. Garages, Workshop.

Cottage.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD WITH ABOUT 19 ACRES
REASONABLE PRICE. VACANT POSSESSION
Photographs, etc., from the Owner's Agents, as above.

(A.5707)

SURREY—SUSSEX BORDERS

IDEAL FAMILY HOME FOR LONDON WITH TOWN MAN



A DISTINCTIVE COUNTRY HOUSE
In good order and containing 10 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms, etc.
Central heating. Main electric light and water. Garage.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD WITH 4 ACRES
at a very reasonable price. (A.10941)

CHARMING PERIOD VILLAGE HOUSE

Between Colchester and Ipswich.
Recently reconstructed modernized throughout.

Lounge 28ft. x 19ft. with beautiful moulded beams, panelled dining room, 4-5 bedrooms, bathroom, kitchen with Range cooker, etc. Telephone. Main electricity.

REBUILT GARDENER'S COTTAGE

STABLING FOR 6.

Excellent garden with some fine old trees. Tennis court and kitchen garden, in all about 2 ACRES
Inspected and recommended by GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, as above. (5791)

BUCKS

Half mile station, one hour London.



THIS WELL-BUILT RESIDENCE
designed by eminent architect, erected 1929, with following accommodation: Three reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms, bathroom, usual domestic offices, central heating. All main services. Garage. Garden of about 2 ACRES.
WITH EARLY VACANT POSSESSION
Further details of GEO. TROLLOPE & SONS. (C.5749)

WEST SUSSEX

Outskirts of village. Charming views of the South Downs.



CHARACTER HOUSE, PART EARLY GEORGIAN
Seven bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, large kitchen.
Main electricity. Modern cottage, Garage. Walk-paved lawn, tennis court, kitchen garden, in all about 2 ACRES.
FOR SALE FREEHOLD:
with Possession on completion. (D.5165)

44 ST. JAMES'S
PLACE, S.W.1

JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK

DORSET

In that beautiful part of the county between Dorchester and Bournemouth and a few miles from Blandford.



THE RESIDENCE IS
GEORGIAN and in splendid order, situated on the outskirts of a village, and in a good sporting district. A.C. church 4 miles.

Accommodation: Oak-panelled lounge hall and 3 sitting rooms, 9 or 10 bedrooms (as required), 3 bathrooms, excellent offices including servants' sitting room. Main water and electricity. Constant hot water. Telephone. Specially good garage for 5 cars, stabling for 8 horses (5 boxes and 4 stalls). Lovely stream with bridge. Kitchen.

grounds, including tennis court and swimming pool, garden, orchard, greenhouse with excellent vines. Also private pasture, in all about 20½ ACRES.

WITH VACANT POSSESSION OF THE WHOLE
PRICE FREESHOLD £12,000 OR NEAR OFFER
Inspected and thoroughly recommended by JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. (L.S. 51918).

LONDON 44 MILES

Available either as a private house, hotel, country club or school.

A LOVELY AND FAITHFUL REPRODUCTION OF A 17TH-CENTURY HOUSE

created of old materials including fine beams and panelling. Lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, 9 bathrooms. Central heating. Electric light. Garage. Stabling. Two fairs. Lodge. Squash court. Barn theatre. Indoor swimming pool. 20 ACRES. Lake.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD or might be Let Unfurnished.
See Agents: JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. (L.S. 51271).

By direction of the personal representative of the late Sir Mayson M. Eaton, K.B.E.

HIGH LANDS, ST. GEORGE'S HILL

NEAR WALTON-ON-THAMES, SURREY

Attractive modern Country Residence

High situation, lovely views, 14 miles station, 20 minutes by electric train to Walton. Access to St. George's Hill and Durrill Golf Course.
Accommodation: Hall, billiards room and 3 sitting rooms, library, 6 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms. Main services. Central heating. Lodge and cottage. Garage and stabling.

Lovely grounds, etc., of about 8½ ACRES

FRESHOLD VACANT POSSESSION

For Sale by Auction (unless sold privately) in London on Tuesday, October 7, at 2.30 p.m.

Solicitors: Messrs. BAXTER & CO., 9, Victoria Street, S.W.1. Auctioneers: JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, as above. Illustrated particulars and plan on application.

ISLE OF WIGHT

Near sea, station and shops.

THIS MOST ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE

In first-class order, FOR SALE WITH VACANT POSSESSION AT ONCE

Accommodation: Three sitting rooms, 4 bedrooms, dressing room and 2 bathrooms, also the usual domestic offices which are modern and most convenient, including self-contained kitchen. Main water. (No electricity.) Independent hot water. Garage. Lovely gardens and grounds of about 4 ACRES

A most moderate price will be accepted for immediate sale.

Full details from Owner's Agents: JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, London, S.W.1. (L.S. 51918)

HERTFORDSHIRE

Five minutes walk from station with through trains to City; close to Hatfield.

MODERN (TUDOR STYLE) RESIDENCE

well fitted and first-class order; very easy to manage. Lounge (18ft. dia. x 12ft.) and dining room (18ft. dia. x 11ft.), gentlemen's lavatory, splendid offices, 4 best bedrooms, 3 other bedrooms, bathroom, all modern conveniences. Garage. Charming garden in good order.

ABOUT AN ACRE

PRICE FREESHOLD £5,750, or near offer.
Early Vacant Possession.

Recommended by JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. (Regent 0011). (L.S. 51941).

22, HIGH STREET,
COLCHESTER

C. M. STANFORD & SON

LOWER PARK, DEDHAM, NEAR COLCHESTER, ESSEX

In landscaped matured gardens.



Georgian Residence

Four reception, excellent domestic offices, 9 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Main electricity. Central heating. Garage, stable, etc., and cottage. About 2½ acres.

Freehold with Vacant Possession. For sale by Auction on September 26, 1947 (unless sold previously by private treaty).

Georgian Residence

With every modern amenity. Three reception, convenient domestic offices (A.C.), 5 bedrooms (including nursery suite), 4 bathrooms. Main electricity. Central heating. Three garages. Situated on buildings. Paddock and beautifully landscaped garden. For Sale Freehold with Vacant Possession.

For Sale Freehold with Vacant Possession.

COMSTABLE'S COUNTRY

6 miles Colchester.



Further particulars from C. M. STANFORD & SON, 22, High Street, Colchester.

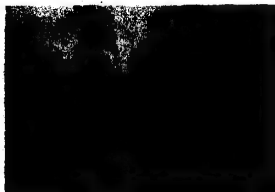
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8165

1, MOUNT ST.,
LONDON, W.1

CURTIS & HENSON

Greenslade 2121 (3 lines)
Established 1875

SURREY. UNIQUE POSITION ON HIGH GROUND. EASY REACH OF LONDON



*Extensively protected by woodlands and open space.
Ideal home for busy City man.
Adjoining well-known golf course.*

Perfectly equipped. In first-class order.

CHARMING SMALL TUDOR REPLICA

Six bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, large lounge, hall, dining room.
Labour-saving domestic offices.

ALL MAIN SERVICES. CENTRAL HEATING.

Garage.

Attractive gardens and woodland.

FREEHOLD FOR SALE WITH SIX ACRES. VACANT POSSESSION ON COMPLETION

Sole Agents: CURTIS & HENSON, 1, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W.1. (Gros. 3121).



1, MOUNT ST.,
LONDON, W.1

RALPH PAY & TAYLOR

Grosvenor
1032-33

LITTLE-KNOWN HERTFORDSHIRE

Repton 1 mile. Bishop's Stortford 12 miles.



FASCINATING 18th-CENTURY COTTAGE

Snug and homely 'noah's ark' thatched, 500 ft. up. Panoramic views. Authentic period interior. Lounge (a feature), 4 bedrooms, bathroom. Main electricity and water. Garage. Old barn. Gardens. Large pond (would make swimming pool, etc.). In all
About 1½ ACRES. FREEHOLD (with possession) £7,250, to include all the contents (valuable antiques).
Sole Agents: RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, as above.

SUSSEX. NEAR BATTLE

In picturesque village. On bus route.



CHARMANT 18th-CENTURY BLACK AND WHITE COTTAGE

Wealth of old oak, inglenook fireplace. In first-class condition. Four bedrooms (3 with basins, b. and e.), bathroom, 2 reception. Main electricity. Good water supply. Garage. Matured and luxuriant garden.
About ¼ ACRE. FREEHOLD £4,750, or including Antiques Furniture and Effects £6,250.
Immediate Possession.
RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, as above.

BASINGSTOKE, READING & NEWBURY



SMALL BUT REMARKABLY ATTRACTIVE OLD ENGLISH RESIDENCE

Modernised regardless of cost. Full of old oak; 4 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, hall and 2 reception rooms (one oak panelled), maid's sitting room. Electric light. Unfailing water supply. Garage, with rooms over. Suitable for 5. Two cottages. Gardens of exceptional merit. Two paddocks. In all
About 11 ACRES. FREEHOLD £5,500.
Owner's Agents: RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, as above.

FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO.

Central
8044/6/47

Established 1780

AUTHORISED CHARTERED SURVEYORS, LAND AGENTS.
29, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

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By order of Trustees.

BIDEFORD, NORTH DEVON

**ATTRACTIVE FREEHOLD
PROPERTY**

FIVE BEDROOMS, 4 RECEPTION ROOMS.
DOMESTIC OFFICES.
PARTIAL CENTRAL HEATING. MAIN
SERVICES.



GARAGE AND STABLING.

ATTRACTIVE GARDENS.

VACANT POSSESSION

PRICE: £4,000 (Subject to Contract)

For further particulars apply: FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO., 29, Fleet Street, E.C.4.

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LONDON, S.W.1 (Victoria 2881)
SALISBURY (2527-2486)

DORSET—WILTS BORDERS

Between Salisbury and Shaftesbury.

**ATTRACTIVE RESIDENTIAL ESTATE WITH
FINE QUEEN ANNE HOUSE**

In a small park.

Seven principal and 8 secondary bedrooms, 5 bathrooms, elegant suite of 4 reception rooms, beautiful hall, billiard room. Stabling for 11. Cottages for 8. Four cottages and 2 flats. Garage for 5 cars.

Delightful and well timbered grounds, pasture land, woodland, trout stream, etc.

In all about 120 ACRES

Main water and electricity. Central heating.

For Sale Freehold as a whole or with less area.

Strongly recommended from personal inspection by
Rawlence & Squarey, Salisbury.

RAWLENCE & SQUAREY, F.S.I.

SHREWSBURY, DORSET (90)
BOWNHAMS MOUNT, Wiltshire
SOUTHAMPTON (Bournemouth 526)

NORTH WILTS

1 mile from station. 2 miles from Chippenham.

DELIGHTFUL QUEEN ANNE RESIDENCE

For Sale Freehold with 5, 54 or up to 200 ACRES

Thirteen bed and dressing rooms, 3 reception rooms, 4 bathrooms. Aga cooker. Main electricity. Water and gas.

Central heating.

Two cottages. Flat. Stabling for 8. Garage for 4.

Walled garden; pasture, etc.

Apply: RAWLENCE & SQUAREY, Salisbury.

HANTS—WILTS BORDERS

Between 7 miles, Salisbury 11 miles.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

**ATTRACTIVE PROPERTY WITH RESIDENCE OF
CHARACTER IN A PRETTY VILLAGE**

Seven bedrooms, bathroom, spacious hall, 3 reception rooms. Walled garden. Garage. Stabling. Four cottages.

Farm buildings, etc.

In all about 200 ACRES

Main electricity. Ample water.

Immediate possession of houses. Farm let.

Apply: RAWLENCE & SQUAREY, Salisbury.

25, MOUNT ST.,
GROSVENOR B.C., LONDON, W.1

WILSON & CO.

Grosvenor
1461

HILLIERS, BUCKLEBURY, BERKS

In a beautiful part of Berkshire between Reading and Newbury. High up, facing south, with lovely views, amidst unspoilt rural surroundings.

SPLENDIDLY APPOINTED MODERN HOUSE IN FAULTLESS ORDER

Nine bed, and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms, Aga cooker.

Main services. Central heating. Two cottages. Garage and rooms over. Stabling.

Finely timbered old gardens of exceptional charm and grandeur, etc., about 30 ACRES

Certain items of furniture, carpets, curtains, etc., can be purchased.

For Sale privately or by Auction on September 26, 1947.

Solicitors: Messrs. FRANKFELDS, 1, Bank Buildings, Princess Street, E.C.2.
Sole Agents and Auctioneers: Wilson & Co., 25, Mount Street, W.1.

LITTLE COURT, CROCKHAM HILL

500 feet up between Sennyards and Otford.

LOVELY MODERN HOUSE

In splendid order. Many oak-panelled rooms.

MAIN SERVICES, etc.

Lounge, 4 reception rooms, 14 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms.

GARAGES. SQUASH COURT. 3 COTTAGES.

Finely timbered grounds.

FOR SALE WITH 15 OR 90 ACRES

Agents: Wilson & Co., 25, Mount Street, W.1

SALISBURY
(Tel. 2491)

WOOLLEY & WALLIS

and at RINGWOOD
& ROMSEY

BETWEEN SALISBURY AND ROMSEY

DELIGHTFUL COTTAGE RESIDENCE IN MOST ATTRACTIVE COUNTRY

Two reception rooms, good domestic offices, 4 bedrooms, bathroom. Garage.

3½ ACRES

Estate water supply. Private electric plant.

Possession by arrangement. £5,000.

WYLYE VALLEY

1½ miles Salisbury, 6 from Warminster.

GENTLEMAN'S MOST ATTRACTIVE MODERATE SIZED RESIDENCE OF CHARACTER

In one of the most delightful situations in the Valley.

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Freehold for Sale by Auction as a whole or in two lots. Wednesday, September 24, 1947, at the Market Hall, Reigate, at 3 p.m. Detailed particulars and conditions of sale of the Auctioneers: IBBETT, MOSELY, CARD & CO., 1, High Street, Reigate (Tel. 2384 and 3793).

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17 ACRES. 67/80. 4 miles good Market Town. DELIGHTFUL COUNTRY PROPERTY. This residence, 4 reception, 9 bed, 2 bath. Electric light. Ample buildings, Cottage. Well timbered grounds and parking. CHAMBERLAINE-BROTHERS & HARRISON, Shrewsbury.

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NEAR EXCELLENT MARKET TOWN and sea. Capital modern house in old parklike grounds and good land. 7 bedrooms, all h. & c. Bathroom. 9/4 Reception. Excellent buildings and farmyard. Postmodern. CHAMBERLAINE-BROTHERS & HARRISON, Cheltenham (as above).

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AGRICULTURAL AND SPORTING ESTATE OF 1322 ACRES

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Hall, 8 reception rooms, 8 principal, 6 secondary, and 6 staff bedrooms, 5 bathrooms, modernised offices.

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COMPANY'S ELECTRICITY.
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SQUASH COURT. 2 ACRES

Two farms, 323 and 280 acres, with modern buildings.



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MODERN RESIDENCE.

ALL WITH VACANT POSSESSION.

Four farms from 73 to 170 acres. Six cottages. Accommodation land.

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Auctioneers: SHARPE, McTUNE & GRAHAM, 17, Wellington Street, Leicester.

KNIGHT & CO., 14, Cromwell Place, South Kensington, S.W.7. JOHN D. WOOD & CO., 23, Berkeley Square, W.1.

By direction of Trustees of P. T. Reid (deceased).

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Well built modernised Residence



Four reception rooms, billiard room, 5 principal, 3 secondary and 4 servants' bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Modern offices with Kero cooker.

Main electricity. Company's water, gas and drainage. Central heating. Ample outbuildings. Small farm. Three cottages together with 83 ACRES Rich pasture and arable land.

For Sale by Auction unless sold privately, on October 7 at the Haywards Hotel, Haywards Heath, Sussex.

Joint Auctioneers: T. BARNISTER & Co., Market Place, Haywards Heath (Tel. 607); JOHN D. WOOD & Co., 23, Berkeley Square, London, W.1 (Tel. Mayfair 6341).

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Well-planned Residence in secluded position. Four reception, 8 bed., 4 bath, complete offices. All main services. Central heating throughout. Garden with hard tennis court.

Two cottages.

Farmyard with 10 T.M. milk production. Together with ABOUT 25 ACRES of which 30 acres are pasture and arable land and 25 acres woodland.

For Sale Freehold with Vacant Possession.
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Barnstaple 10 miles. Bideford 10 miles.
HANDSOME GEORGIAN HOUSE IN PERFECT ORDER



Four reception, 8 principal bed, 4 bath, 8 servants' bed. Central heating. Two stas.

Small farmyard. Lovely pleasure gardens. productive kitchen garden, woodland and stream.

In all 25 ACRES

Early Possession by arrangement.
Price Freehold £25,000.

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For Sale by Auction as a whole or in Lots

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Situated near Alford, between the Rivers Don and Don. The estate farmed by proprietor. Whole of valuable stock, extensive machinery and implements can be acquired as a going concern.

VACANT POSSESSION to the following:
LOT 1. House Farm with 200 acres of land, 200 acres well-equipped steading, 4 cottages, 1,213 ACRES and valuable woodland plantation, LOT 2. Cairn Hill and Sunnyvale Farms, with 2 houses and workers' cottages, 225 ACRES arable, LOT 3. Towford and Glenlivet Farms, with 2 dwelling houses and cottages, 208 ACRES, LOT 4. Dover House, 3 ACRES, containing 2 reception, 8 bed., bath, and maid's room, walled garden.

SUBJECT TO YEARLY TENANCIES:
LOT 4. Craighhead and Smithy crofts, with 2 houses and suitable buildings, in all 60 ACRES. LOT 5. Glenlivet Cottage, nicely situated with 1/2 ACRES.

Auctioneers: RYAN & ANDERSON, LTD., 214, Union Street, Aberdeen; JOHN D. WOOD & Co., as above.

EARLY VACANT POSSESSION.

THAMES VALLEY, NEAR RUNNYMEDE

On bus route to Staines.

GEORGIAN PERIOD HOUSE

on 8 acres, 3 reception, 6-7 bedrooms, 1-2 bathrooms. Adjoining cottage with 4 bedrooms, bathroom and kitchen. Excellent decorative order. Furnished. 2 acres.

Garage, garden, woodland and orchard, about 4 ACRES

Recommended by JOHN D. WOOD & Co., 23, Berkeley Square, W.1. (40,086)

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Three reception, 7/8 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Pine doors and windows. Central heating. All main services.

Old-world gardens, about 2 ACRES

Long lease at moderate rent. Premium required £25,000. Early Possession.

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30-roomed Georgian Mansion and 90 acres, suitable for School, Hotel, etc.

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Particulars from HUTTON, MENNITT & MUTTON, Wadebridge, Cornwall, and JOHN D. WOOD & Co., 23, Berkeley Square, London, W.1.

FOR SALE WITH VACANT POSSESSION. SOUTH DOWNS NEAR WINCHESTER

On the edge of a village 1/2 miles from Winchester. In a pleasant situation with distant views.



CHARMING GEORGIAN HOUSE

entirely upon two floors and in excellent condition. Three reception rooms, 2-3 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, excellent offices, "Eco" cooker, Central heating. Main electric light and power. Excellent water supply. (furnish. optional). Small factory. Two pastures. Excellent secondary school. Two charming cottages completely furnished with main services.

Complete sale of the house and 5 ACRES

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LOVELY RED BRICK QUEEN ANNE HOUSE



with about 800 yards of FISHING IN THE ITCHEN. Lounge hall, 4 reception, 10 bed, and 3 dressing, 8 bath.

Central heating. Main services. 2 cottages. Chaudhury's flat. Walled garden and kitchen garden. Pasture land.

ABOUT 15 ACRES

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WOOTTON, NEAR NEW MILTON
With perfectly appointed house of charm and architectural merit and fitted with every modern convenience. Five bedrooms (4 with basins h. and c.), 2 fitted bathrooms, attractive lounge 10 ft. by 10 ft. 6 ins., dining room, study, maid's bedroom, complete domestic offices.

Garage for 3 cars. Chauffeur's room. Splendid cottage. Stabling.

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Solicitors: Messrs. PARSLOW & SUDMAN, HINTON HOUSE, Hinton Road, Bournemouth.
Auctioneers: Messrs. Fox & Sons, 44-52, Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth, and at Southampton, Brighton and Worthing.

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Occupying a delightful secluded position and having a frontage of about 175 ft. to the main *Traverse Shoreham Road*.



MOST ATTRACTIVE DETACHED BUNGALOW RESIDENCE "WHITECROFT," BUCKINGHAM AVENUE, SHOREHAM

Three bedrooms, bathroom, spacious southern lounge, dining room with sun loggia (v.l.s. glass), tiled breakfast room with "Triplex" gas, tiled kitchen. Every modern convenience. All main services. Detached brick garage. Greenhouse. Potting sheds. The secluded garden, which is surrounded by macaroon and privet hedges, is well laid out with lawns, herbaceous borders, orchard, crazy paving. Extending in all to about 1 ACRE.

To be sold by Auction (unless previously sold by private treaty) at the Old Ship Hotel, Brighton, on Thursday, September 25, 1947.

Solicitors: Messrs. GARG & CO., Regent House, Princes Place, North Street, Brighton, and 25, High Street, Shoreham.
Auctioneers: Fox & Sons, 117, Western Road, Brighton. Tel.: Hove 9201 (6 lines).

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Practically adjoining the sea front. Occupying a superb position with magnificent uninterrupted sea and coastal views. Ideally situated for use as Private Residence, Hotel or High-class School.

THE VALUABLE FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY

"HAMMONDS MEAD"

Twelve bedrooms (7 with basins h. and c.), 2 bathrooms, beautiful drawing room, dining room, billiards room, loggia, complete domestic offices.

Garage 3 cars. Workshop, potting shed, other useful outbuildings.

Companies' electricity and power. Main water. Central heating. Telephone. Septic tank drainage.

Charming well-timbered grounds with beautiful lawns, flower gardens, full bearing orchard, kitchen garden, valuable paddock, etc. The whole comprising an area of just over 6 ACRES.

Vacant possession on the residence, outbuildings and about 3 acres on completion of the purchase.

To be sold privately or by Auction on October 16, 1947.

Solicitors: Messrs. WRANGE & CO., 4, Bennell Hill, Bournemouth.

Joint Auctioneers: Messrs. Fox & Sons, 44-52, Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth, and local offices, and Messrs. VAN DE ALLEN & CO., LTD., Broad Street, Lyme Regis, and local offices.

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Situate in renowned beauty spot occupying a superb elevated position commanding panoramic views of the English Channel and all cities of the coast.



A CHARMING DETACHED SEMI-BUNGALOW RESIDENCE APPROACHED BY CARRIAGE DRIVE "HIGH VIEW," BATTERY HILL FAIRLIGHT, HASTINGS

Accommodation: Five bedrooms (3 h. and c.), bathroom, separate w.c., lounge, sun terrace, dining room, breakfast room, well-fitted kitchen, all modern conveniences. Large well-stocked garden with rockeries, lawns, macaroon hedges, etc. Extending to over 1/2 ACRE. Summer house. Tool shed. Garage.

VACANT POSSESSION
For Sale by Auction (unless previously sold by private treaty) on Thursday, September 25, 1947, at the Old Ship Hotel, Brighton.

Solicitor: PERCY WALKER, Esq., Robertson Chambers, The Monument, Hastings.
Auctioneers: Fox & Sons, 117, Western Road, Brighton. Tel.: Hove 9201 (6 lines).

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Charming modern Tudor-style Residence

Four bedrooms (3 with basins), luxury bathroom, 2 fire reception rooms, entrance hall with cloakroom, model kitchen, garage. Central heating, oak flooring, all modern fittings. Grounds about 1 ACRE, including small swimming pool, Orchard.

PRICE £2,500 FREEHOLD. VACANT POSSESSION

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A most attractive
Queen Anne Residence
Enjoying extensive views
of the South Downs.
Five bedrooms, dressing room, staff bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, hall and inner hall, 3 reception rooms, loggia. Three garages, two-stall stable. Hotbed glass house. Main electricity. Company's water and gas.
Main drainage.

Charming walled garden comprising lawns, flower beds and fruit trees. Kitchen garden. Extending in all to about 8 ACRES.

To be sold by Auction (unless previously sold) at the Old Ship Hotel, Brighton, on Thursday, September 25, 1947, at 3 p.m., comprising:

Solicitors: Messrs. TROSBY BAKER & SOY, 4, Old Station, Brighton.
Auctioneers: Fox & Sons, 117, Western Road, Brighton. Tel.: Hove 9201 (6 lines).

THE "COURT," OTTERBOURNE, NEAR WINCHESTER

To be sold by Auction in 10 Lots (unless previously sold privately) at The Royal Hotel, Winchester, on Tuesday, September 23, 1947, at 3 p.m., comprising:

THE ATTRACTIVE COUNTRY RESIDENCE

Containing 3 principal bed and dressing rooms, 8 bedrooms, 6 secondary and servants' bedrooms, lounge hall, 6 reception rooms and excellent domestic offices and useful outbuildings.

A pair of delightful cottages each with 2 bedrooms, bathroom, sitting room, kitchen and scullery.

A commodious bungalow.

Acres of useful orchard and amenity land.

Chauffeur's charming cottage and garage built with clock tower.

A very fine matured partly walled-in kitchen garden with an excellent range of glasshouses, the whole extending to an area of about 21 ACRES.

For particulars and appointments to view apply: Fox & Sons, 2-3, Old St. Road, Above Bar, Southampton (Tel. 3641/8).

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ANNUAL JOINT SALE OF FEMALES when drafts from leading herds will be offered at prices which will appeal to all interested in improving their stock.

INVERNESS—9th October

SPECIAL SALE providing unique opportunities to obtain selected females. Lord Lovat, D.S.O. M.C., will offer 55 females to reduce the size of his Balfour herd, and Mr. R. S. McWilliam, of Garrahan, his entire stock of young females and cows. Drafts from well-known herds such as that of Mr. C. P. MacGillivray of Kirkton, Mr. J. H. Fraser of Easter Lovat, and Miss Jean MacGillivray of Plophilly, and also ten bull calves will be included in the sale.

PERTH—10th October

SPECIAL SALE consisting of a large number of cows and heifers, two stock bulls, and a number of bull calves from Mr. P. J. Marshall's famous Cruggleston herd.

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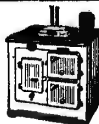
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Although moderately priced and simple to use, it places fine composition and portraiture well within everybody's grasp. This is the camera to increase the thrill of popular photography—a good camera that repays its cost over and over again. Price (4 speed) £16 2s 6d or (8 speed) £17 5s 6d inc. tax.

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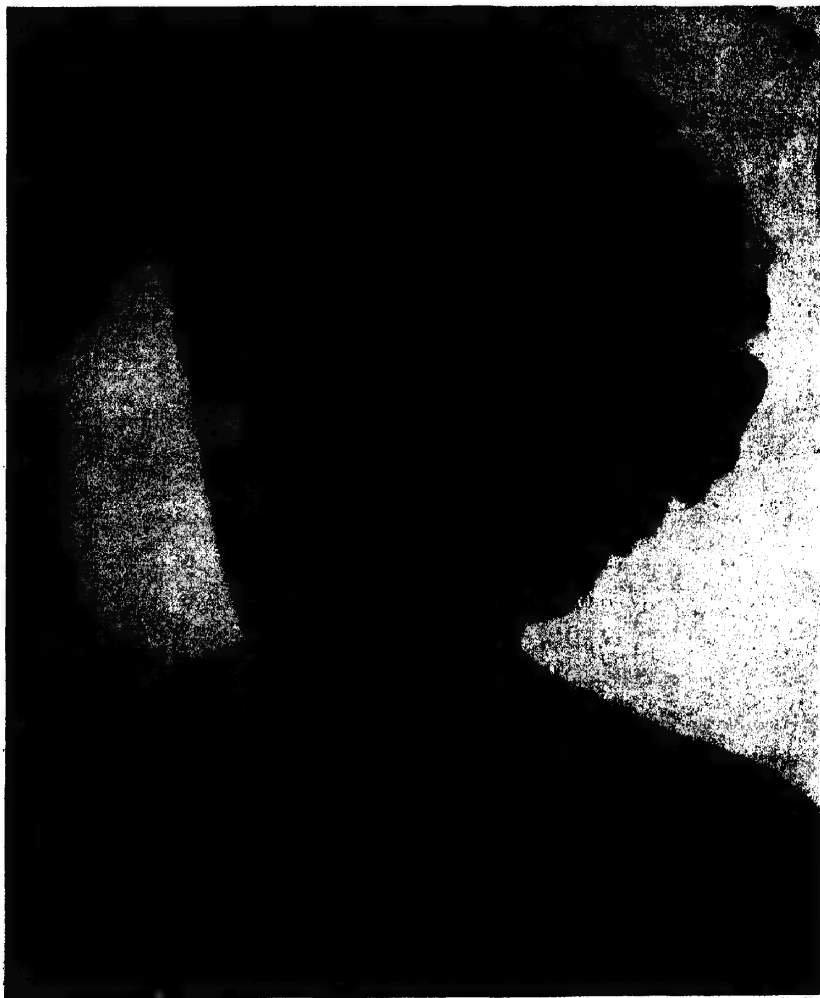
LONDON SW

COUNTRY LIFE

CHECKED *12/27*

Vol. CII No. 2644

SEPTEMBER 19, 1947



Harlip

MISS EILEEN SYBIL PHIPPS

The engagement was recently announced between Miss Eileen Sybil Phipps, second daughter of Mr. Charles and Lady Sybil Phipps, of Chalcot, Westbury, Wiltshire, and Lieut.-Col. Philip Kingmill Parbury, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Parbury, of New South Wales, Australia. Miss Phipps is a niece of H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester

COUNTRY LIFE

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FOOD AND THE EMPIRE

MR. CHURCHILL'S recent appeal to our younger people to think of this country's pressing needs before they decide to emigrate calls attention not only to the Empire migration which is within the limits of facilities available, already in progress, but to the need of very clear and careful thought, and of a clear lead from those who are in possession of the facts. There seems to be no doubt that the Dominions are willing, and have indeed made plans, to receive more immigrants from the home country than would in any case be forthcoming. We are officially told, for instance, that at the moment the Australian Commonwealth Employment Service alone has over 70,000 jobs waiting to be filled—including many thousands in high-paid trades, and over 6,000 in professional groups—and that practically every Australian employer is in the need for large-scale migration to build up the country's population. Other Dominions have similar needs and all are apparently unable to discover what is the attitude of this country's Government in the matter. Mr. Churchill put into words a very general feeling when he spoke of leaving the country in the hour of need, but that feeling entirely justified, or is it still within the bounds of possibility that Great Britain may be willing, and indeed find it profitable, as one means of restoring her economy, to part with those would-be emigrants whom the Dominions, with their feeling about the uneven distribution of Empire population, would so greatly welcome?

For the moment it would seem that the home country's needs must be paramount, and that so far as manpower goes they are greater than those of the Dominions. But this should be clearly stated and the question of emigration could then be safely left to the consciences of individuals. There is room at the same time for clearer and closer examination, it is quite obvious, of the demand put forward in Mr. Bevin's recent speech to the Trades Union Congress for Empire union in developing the resources of all lands under the British flag. The possibilities and difficulties of some scheme of customs union need not detain us here, but the need for a continuance of the development of the Dominions and Colonies as agricultural producers—however much they may develop their industries at the same time—needs little emphasis when we come to consider the future needs of this country in the way of food. The expansion of agricultural production needs, however, as to-day we have every reason to forget. We must not forget either that the food production of these islands is strictly limited by their size, and that there must always be a gap between consumption and production.

At this time of dollar shortage there can be no doubt as to where as far as possible we should

seek to fill the gap, and it is most important that its filling should be effectively arranged and to mutual advantage. Fortunately there is no doubt as to the eagerness of Dominion producers and governments to co-operate, though skill in planning (which depends on the purchasing department here as well as the producers) is necessary as well as goodwill. It is possible, no doubt, that if the Marshall Plan succeeds, the resurgence of the Western European economy may make some agricultural surpluses available for the British market, especially if, under the plan, it is possible for this country to export to European countries some of the equipment required for agriculture or industry. This is a

THE FORGE

*FROM over the way comes the cheeriest noise,
A merry tap-tapping and tuneful tattoo
Of resonant strokes which the blacksmith employs
In making and shaping and forging a shoe.*

*And, like an accompaniment suitably played,
The bellows keeps time with a rhythmic sigh:
While ev'ry so often a flourish is made
With showers of sparks scattered nearly sky-high.*

*And gay and distinct on the road we may hear
The clip-clop of hoofs, any time of the day;
A sound growing louder as horses draw near,
Or fainter and fainter when trotting away.*

*And listening thus, it is pleasing to think,
Amidst all the bustle of modern affairs,
That here there is forged an unbreakable link
With times which our forbears made spaciousely theirs.*

EDRIC ROBERTS.

highly speculative question, however, for rising nutritional standards may, in a few years' time, encourage a much higher domestic consumption in the countries concerned. Rising standards of living may also, it should not be forgotten, create in Asiatic circles such as India an increased demand for the agricultural surpluses of Australia and New Zealand, and their increasing industrialisation and favourable sterling balance give these countries a bargaining advantage over Great Britain.

FRUIT DISTRIBUTION

THE one reassuring feature in the deplorable confusion and waste caused by a bountiful fruit and vegetable harvest, an out-of-date system of distribution and obvious lack of foresight among the planners at the Ministry of Food is a demand on the part of the retail trade for an impartial enquiry. As on many previous occasions the producers, who share with the consumers the worst of any glut, have had an opportunity in Croydon and other places of dealing direct with their ultimate customers, and demonstrating in a really practical way the soundness of the business of the present system. But such sporadic efforts at bridging the gap depend for their success on too many accidental factors to bring about a satisfactory change of organisation. For this year's confusion and complete unreality of prices, growers, wholesalers and retailers blame one another or blame the Government. There can be no doubt as to the reality of the Government's contribution. In this time of food shortage appeals are made to the women to bottle everything—but alas there is a serious shortage of bottling jars and sealing lids. The appalling waste of tomatoes in Jersey and elsewhere has at last provoked the Minister of Food into promising to do all that can be done to prevent such a waste. There can be no doubt as to the reality of the Government's contribution. In this time of food shortage appeals are made to the women to bottle everything—but alas there is a serious shortage of bottling jars and sealing lids. The appalling waste of tomatoes in Jersey and elsewhere has at last provoked the Minister of Food into promising to do all that can be done to prevent such a waste. There can be no doubt as to the reality of the Government's contribution. In this time of food shortage appeals are made to the women to bottle everything—but alas there is a serious shortage of bottling jars and sealing lids. The appalling waste of tomatoes in Jersey and elsewhere has at last provoked the Minister of Food into promising to do all that can be done to prevent such a waste. There can be no doubt as to the reality of the Government's contribution.

LEECHES—AND OTHERS

NEARLY 150 years have passed since Wordsworth met his leech-gatherer. The price of leeches rose high during the wars of that time; and again between 1914 and 1919; and again more recently. Before the last war leeches were

already travelling by air from the South of France to London, but the events of June, 1940, stopped that trade, and Cockney gunboats received other applications. Now, however, the grievous hardships of peace are eased in one respect: aerial commerce has been resumed, leeches are flying again, and anyone who so desires can buy a leech in a London shop for eighteenpence. In one establishment where leeches lurk there is on a shelf a brown paper parcel marked "Mistakes". Leeches are almost certainly obtainable, and perhaps even spiders' webs. (Soldiers at Agincourt carried small pouches of webs with which to staunch wounds, and there have been enquiries into the styptic properties of spiders' silk within the present decade.) These homely remedies afford a pleasant contrast to such "wonder drugs" of the penny newspapers as M. and B., penicillin (which seems now to be prescribed as a panacea) and the mysterious streptomycin. Further, at this present season many doctors must be enjoying prolonged, unpaid holidays because of the heavy application—but perhaps a few of those who have returned may follow the helpful example of Mr. Bernard Shaw's creation in *The Doctor's Dilemma*, the humble doctor who rose to fame and fortune by prescribing a pound of ripe green grapes.

IN THE BLACKBERRY MARKET

THERE are some law-breakers who show such ingenuity and perseverance in a bad cause and do such comparatively little harm that the law-abiding feel considerable sympathy with them. Such are the German prisoners-of-war in Suffolk who built themselves a still, which produced blackberry drink allowed to be three times as strong as the present whisky. One of them had been brought up in a wine district, and knew the tricks of the trade. Biscuit tins for a boiler, old copper pipes for tubes, more tins for a condenser and bottles for the ensuing and existing liquor, were all smuggled into the prisoners' hostel; the men emerged grey-headed in the ground, and life in the wine district was comparatively happy one. All might apparently have been well if these adventurers in the blackberry market had kept their secret to themselves. Unfortunately, whether actuated by pure good nature or by the "profit motive," they did not; and when there were rumours in the neighbourhood of a wonderful "blenny" to be obtained from the prisoners, and the end could be easily foretold. Such things cannot be allowed, and yet their weakness was a not unnamable one, and in a prison camp there is, as Mark Tapley would say, some credit in being jolly.

NORMAN VON NIDA'S RECORD

THE *News of the World* match-play tournament brings the professional golf season to an end, but as far as the long chain of score play events is concerned it is already over. The outstanding golfer in those events has been the Australian Norman Von Nida, who is right and proper winner of the Harry Vardon trophy, which goes to the professional with the lowest average score in the best events of the year. He has played in every single one, and so has the lowest average for the greatest number of rounds, 71.25. Rees comes next to him with 71.75. The Norman's performance is considerably better than Bobby Locke's last year's winning average of 73. That has been beaten by several others besides Von Nida and Rees, and points to a cheering all-round improvement. No doubt another year in which to shake off the effects of war-time has made a difference. At the same time the extraordinary spell of dry weather must make for lower scores than the longest holes have become for the best players no more than "a drive and a pitch." Von Nida's succession of victories is suggestive of Byron Nelson's astonishing record in America a few years back, and incidentally it is interesting to read that Nelson is coming out of his retirement as a professional to play the Ryder Cup match. That will not make our side's task any easier. In praising Von Nida let us also pay a tribute to that fine cricketer Denis Compton for his achievement in surpassing Hayward's record of making 3,518 runs in a season.

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

By
Major C. S. JARVIS

A SUSTAINED drought such as the British Isles have experienced recently (and at the time of writing this part of England has had seven weeks of blazing sunshine with a midday temperature averaging above 80 degs. and only two insignificant falls of rain) causes a complete change in the appearance of the countryside if one lives, as I do, in an area of which at least half is meadow land. Gone is that fascinating chess-board pattern of pale yellows, vivid greens and rich sienna browns that is a usual feature of late summer, since, except for the hedgerows, which look shabby and part-worn, the whole area viewed from the high ground is of much the same colour. The meadows on which the dairy herds are supposed to graze, and the baked-up earth of the fields in which the roots and kale are supposed to be growing, are as yellow as the adjoining stubbles from which the corn has been carried.

THE dairy herd wanders about disconsolately looking for a small green patch that is enlivened by some surface spring that dried out weeks ago; the farmer scratches his head and wonders if it will be better to raise the potato crop now or take a chance with that hollow centre in the tubers which is the result of moisture after protracted drought; and the only form of life which finds conditions entirely favourable are the holiday-makers, bent on burning the skin off their faces, necks and most of their bodies, and the cabbage beetle butterfly. I can safely say that I have never seen this pernicious insect so plentiful and so general everywhere—the whole countryside has been a constant flicker of white. Never, also, have I seen such an artistic filigree pattern on the leaves of the cabbages, broccolis and Brussels sprouts.

I notice that our newspapers have been likening conditions this year to the summer of 1889. I am not very clear about 1889, but surely the greatest drought of recent times was that experienced in 1911 when, to the best of my belief, no rain fell in the south-west of England from the middle of May until the middle of September, with the solitary exception of one day of light drizzle in June.

Here, on the borders of the New Forest, the air-raid siren, now used for more peaceful occasions, sounds at least twice on every week-day and six times on Sunday to denote that the heather and gorse is ablaze somewhere on the moorlands, and out goes the outfit complete with hose, pumps and clanging bell only to find that



AT DORCHESTER, OXFORDSHIRE

they cannot do very much about it since the water mains are not laid on in that particular corner of the Forest, and any convenient pond dried out weeks ago. For generations we have been drilling into the heads of the Sunday picnicker that in dry weather he should not light a fire to boil his kettle in the vicinity of a furze bush, or drop a lighted match in the heather, or throw away a burning cigarette end into a patch of dry grass. We headline these exhortations in the Press, we announce them on the wireless and we send out well-meaning people to plead with picnic parties on the spot, but with no avail. Every night I fall asleep in an Irish atmosphere with the whiff in my nostrils of dry turf smouldering underground through mole- and mouse-holes.

MANY years ago, while engaged in ferreting for rats among the outbuildings of an old moated house in Sussex, my brother took a shot at a rat which, to escape the terriers, had begun to swim across the moat. It was never known if he hit the rat or not, for as the shots struck the water there was a mighty submarine upheaval, similar to that caused in the 14th century when a knight in full armour fell off the drawbridge after a Crécy Old Comrades dinner, and a giant tench of about 7 lb. began to lash the surface in its death throes.

I am reminded of this incident by a report I have received of three very heavy brown trout which have died as the result of the drought and the unexpected lowering of the level of the West Country reservoir in which they lived.

Presumably they were in a shallow and particularly weed-grown corner of the lake and, when the level began to drop rapidly on account of the dry weather, they were cut off and unable to work their way back through the thick growth to the open water beyond; and when one considers their extraordinary proportions this is quite understandable. They were found by the water-keeper lying close together and stranded on a particularly dense weed patch, and the trio were remarkable, not so much for their respective weights, which were considerable, but for the extraordinary stockiness of their build. The smallest of the fish was 8 lb., the next 13 lb. and the largest 14 lb., and in the photo-

FOR five and a half years COUNTRY LIFE has been selling at 1s. 6d., compared with 1s. before the war. But costs of production have risen steeply since 1936, and recently there have been further increases. To give one illustration: paper is one of our biggest items of expenditure, and paper of the high quality used by COUNTRY LIFE now costs more than three times its pre-war figure.

In common with other periodicals, therefore, we are again faced with the difficult choice of raising the price per issue or reducing the size. We believe we are interpreting the opinion of readers, as well as expressing our own, when we say that COUNTRY LIFE cannot be made smaller without destroying the balance of its contents: any further sacrifice of space would make it impossible to cover the wide range of subjects that make up its special character.

We have accordingly decided to increase the price, as from October 3, to 2s., and we hope and believe that readers will regard the change as being as fair as it is unavoidable.

On November 28 we shall publish a greatly enlarged Royal Wedding Number to commemorate the forthcoming

marriage of H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth and Lieut. Philip Mountbatten, R.N.

In addition to a specially designed decorative cover it will contain full-page colour-photographs of the bride and bridegroom and other members of the Royal family, taken recently at Buckingham Palace, also of some of the State apartments at the Palace, a full account of the ceremony and scenes in Westminster Abbey, illustrated with photographs taken on the day, and many other appropriate contributions. All the usual COUNTRY LIFE features will be included.

The price of this souvenir number will be 3s. (by post 3s. 3d.). We shall be glad to forward copies to addresses outside Great Britain and Northern Ireland on receipt of an order giving the full names and addresses to which copies are to be posted and remittance at the rate of 3s. 3d. per copy. Orders should be addressed to the Publisher, Tower House, Southampton Street, London, W.C.2.

We greatly regret that owing to paper restrictions orders can be accepted only for export: additional copies cannot be printed for distribution in Great Britain and Northern Ireland.

Orders should be placed as soon as possible as the number of extra copies will be limited. Posting will begin during week ending November 29.

graph which was sent to me with the account of the incident all three trout look to be approximately the same length. The 18-lb. trout was actually only 29½ inches long and, since I have not got a copy of Mona's scale handy, I cannot say what the normal weight of a fish of this length should be, but imagine that it is not much more than 10 lb. It is probable, therefore, that for weight, girth and depth as compared with length, this trout establishes a record for the British Isles. Everything would seem to point to the fact that the reservoir must provide very exceptional feeding properties, but for obvious reasons I have been asked not to disclose its identity.

...

A COPY of the *Sheffield Mercury* dated December 22, 1810, which has been sent to me has two interesting features in it. One of these, which is at the top of the advertising

column on the front page and has an arresting headline, reads:—

TO POACHERS.

Found in the Manor of North Anston on December 12th, 1810, a yellow and white GREYHOUND DOG, with black brinded Head; supposed to belong to three Men, who were seen Coursing (in the Snow) in the said Manor on that Day.

Whoever is the Owner of the said Dog, may have him back again on paying the Expenses of Advertising, Keep &c. by applying to A. Young, Kiveton House.

The cost of advertising and keep, which the poachers would have to pay, was probably not a great sum, but there was also that sinister "etc." which might cover many things. I have an idea that in those days flagrant cases of poaching were punishable by transportation.

THE other item is headed *Combination of Colliers suppressed*, and is an account of how 80 colliers from Cheshire pits, on their demand for higher pay and better conditions being refused, struck for nine weeks "to the great damage to the Collieries and extreme inconvenience to the Public." For this "unlawful and dangerous conspiracy" they were summoned to appear at the next assizes at Chester, whereupon they returned to work immediately, and their plea for forgiveness was granted on condition that the following advertisement at their expense was published in the Chester, Manchester and Derby newspapers:—

"We, the undersigned, do therefore most humbly acknowledge the Impropriety of our Proceedings and do return our Thanks for the Lenity we have experienced in the very serious Prosecution that pendd over us being withdrawn. Witness our hands this First of December, 1810."

UNFAMILIAR KINTYRE

Written and Illustrated by ALASDAIR ALPIN MacGREGOR

ONE of the first things taught me as a boy attending a parish school in the north of Scotland was that a peninsula was a narrow piece of land jutting out into the sea, "or"—and there the mistress in charge of the infant class would pause for a moment while she consulted that greatly revered compendium, *Chambers's Twentieth Century Dictionary*, by way of giving us a slightly different definition—"or land so surrounded by water as to be almost an island." She would then ask whether any of her scholars could find a peninsula on the map hanging over the schoolroom fireplace. In answer to this question, almost every hand went up instantly, and a commotion ensued among those eager to be asked to show the mistress a peninsula with the aid of her pointer. Every girl and every boy knew the Kintyre part of Argyllshire to be not merely a peninsula, but the largest and most conspicuous example of one in Britain.

Then followed the question: "What is an isthmus?" Everyone knew the answer to that too; and the scholar who, from among so many knowing contestants, had been privileged to locate the peninsula on the map, now indicated that narrow strip of land between East and West Lochs Tarbert, connecting Kintyre with Knapdale, the province to the north of it.

Forty years or so ago, every child attending our Highland Board Schools knew, at the age of five, about peninsulas, isthmuses, deltas and the like. They were part of the geography lesson which, in those days, included a great deal of general knowledge apparently denied to children educated according to modern methods and standards. By the age of about six each such

knowledge was firmly fixed in our minds: it was part of the infant curriculum.

My interest in Kintyre dates from the day the teacher responded to my own eagerness to point out on the map a peninsula and an isthmus. Many years later, and recollecting that occasion, I explored this countryside with notebook and camera, having by this time been much in correspondence with a man who lived there, and who died a few years ago. I refer to John MacLeod Campbell, Captain of Saddell, a teller of tales in the old traditional manner of the Highlands. It was he who whetted my interest in Kintyre, and especially in that part of it in which he himself lived—Saddell and Carradale.

By the shore of Saddell Bay, just where the river of the same name, tumbling down Saddell Glen from the mountainous backbone of Kintyre, reaches the waters of the Kibbrennan Sound, stands Saddell Castle, now rapidly becoming a ruin, although until fairly recently an apartment or two of it were tenanted by folks who could not find a roof elsewhere in the neighbourhood. "It makes me sad to look at it," said an old woman living in a cottage near by, when I asked her about it. "I've lived here all my days, within sight of the castle; and it makes my heart sore to see the way it's going to bits, and you ivy just rotting the walls. . . . And look at the avenue too—yon lovely trees! No one cares about them now; and it's sad to see the trees neglected, for they've been good friends. They must be missing the voices of olden times."

Over the outer doorway of the castle is the date, 1508, and above the date a carved representation of the Galley of Lorne. An inner door-



OUTER DOORWAY TO SADDLELL CASTLE

way leads to the barrel-vaulted apartment known locally as the hall. Beautifully wrought in stone on the left of this doorway is a right hand, the forefinger of which points upwards to the motto, *Par Indivisiis: Salus Evanesces*, carved on the lintel. A grating between the inner and the outer door covers the entrance to the dungeon. The villagers of Saddell used to dance and make merry in the hall by lamplight and candlelight until about 30 years ago. Since then, the castle has suffered much decay.

In Kintyre are the ruins of two other castles of note. On the hill-side overlooking the village of Tarbert and East Loch Tarbert is Tarbert Castle, said to have been built by Robert the Bruce. It is this, be so, its walls are more than 600 years old. Then, at Skipness, half a dozen miles to the south, are the large, rectangular ruins of Skipness Castle, which I have reason to remember because of the great flock of white hens that greeted my arrival in their midst some years ago. They flocked round me as though I had been an old friend newly returned from a far country. Whether they mistook my camera for their bran-pail I know not; but they certainly gathered round my feet and tripped in a way that made photography by



THE FIRTH OF TARBERT: A FAVOURITE ANCHORAGE AMONG FIRTH OF CLYDE YACHTSMEN

no means easy. They were so confident that they resisted all my efforts to show them away and even insisted on following me down to the village of Skipness, despite my protestations.

Not far from Saddell Castle, and situated among trees by the side of a stream, are the almost featureless ruins of Saddell Abbey, which, according to tradition, was founded in the 12th century by none other than the mighty Somerled, that Thane of Argyll from whom the Lords of the Isles claimed descent. Somerled, for all his prowess, met defeat and death at Renfrew in 1164, and was buried at Saddell Abbey, in the heart of his own foundation. The recumbent effigies to be seen among the ruins are usually spoken of as the tombs of the Lords of the Isles. One of them is believed to be that of Somerled himself.

The Abbey is said to have been completed under the direction of Somerled's son, Reginald. It was conducted upon Cistercian lines, and was in a flourishing state when King Haco, leading his mighty expedition against Alexander III of Scotland, anchored his galleys of war at Gigha, an island lying but a mile or two off the west coast of Kintyre. The Abbot, fearing lest the Northerners might despoil his settlement in one of their reiving adventures, set out for Gigha and sought an interview with Haco, that he might crave the protection of the Abbey and its brethren. Haco granted him his petition in writing.

In searching this sequestered spot for the interesting things it is known to contain, I came upon the holy well, concealed by mosses and ferns and low-hanging branches in the woody precincts of the Abbey, and lying in a bank but a few yards up the woodland path leading from the road to the ruins. Even in the driest of seasons, the water of this well, cool and pellucid, trickles over the brim of its ancient stone basin, so beautifully fashioned by mediaeval hands, and percolates through a cushion of moss, and over the cross carved upon the front of it. Those who, in drinking of this well, wish a wish, as the saying is, may expect to have that wish fulfilled within a year, which explains why some of the country-folk of

Kintyre like to plight their troth at this quiet and umbrageous spot.

Close to the tombs of the Lords of the Isles, and inside what was once the choir of the Abbey, is a tombstone bearing on one side the inscription, "Erected by Duncan McKinlay to the memory of his son George who perished crossing Torraisdale Water, Nov., 1792, aged 20." On the other side are the lines:—

*Though nineteen days
In water I was lost,
Yet here I lay to
Moulder into dust.*

Argyll, it should be remarked, is a land of odd epitaphs. A stone at Skipness bears an inscription to the memory of a woman described thereon as her father's only lawful daughter. An epitaph to be found

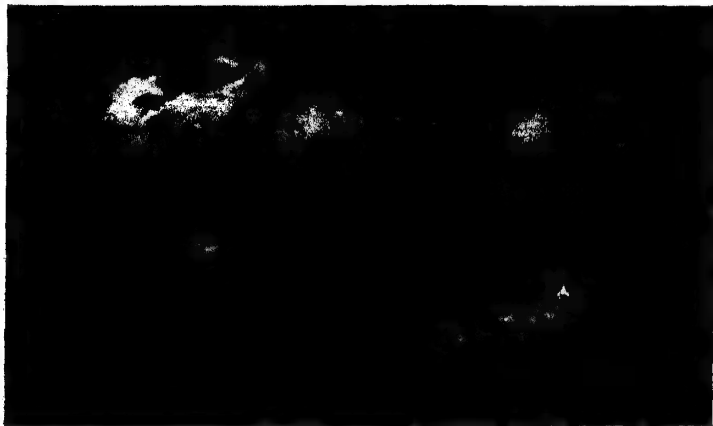
at Lochgilphead runs as follows:—

*Here lies the mother of children five,
Two are dead; three are alive;
The two that are dead preferring rather
To die with their mother than live with their
father.*

TARBERT CASTLE, WITH LOCH FYNE IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE, AND THE COWAL HILLS IN THE BACKGROUND



TOMBS OF THE LORDS OF THE ISLES AT SADDLELL CASTLE



WEST LOCH TARBERT, FROM GARTNACRENACH HILL

Though one may reach the cliffs and the lighthouse at the Mull of Kintyre by way of the road running along the east coast of the peninsula (that is to say, by way of Carradale and Saddell), the more frequented route is by the west side. Both routes converge at Campbeltown, which lies nearly 40 miles south of Tarbert, where we began our journey.

For seascapes and sunsets, one would take the latter route. Among the finest views in Kintyre is that of West Loch Tarbert from the point at which this road reaches the top of Gartnacrenach Hill. More fleeting, more elusive, however, is the view a dozen miles farther south, from the shore-road at Tayinloan, when the sun is setting behind Islay and Jura, and Gigha Isle lies



DAVAAR ISLAND AT THE ENTRANCE TO CAMPBELTOWN LOCH WITH THE
ARRAN HILLS IN THE DISTANCE

deeply shadowed in the middle distance. Campbeltown, the metropolis of Kintyre, is situated at the head of Campbeltown Loch, a capacious inlet on the east side of the peninsula, at the mouth of which lies Davaar Island. Spreading fan-wise from the town toward the west are the lowlands which, in reaching the Atlantic shore at Machrihanish Bay, provide the famous golf-links of that name, and also the new airport a mile or two from Campbeltown. Though the prosperity of the town itself is essentially founded upon the fishing industry, it is often difficult to obtain fish there in its funny little fishmongers' shops. The sole stock-in-trade of one such shop, when I passed by it a few years ago, consisted of a plateful of herrings in the window, a geranium and a caged parrot on the counter, and an accumulation of old newspapers on a marble slab.

When you consider that Campbeltown lies nearly 80 miles south of Inveraray, you begin to realise that it is somewhat out of the way. Now that the narrow-gauge Campbeltown-Machrihanish railway is no more, owing to the competition of road transport and the closing of the Kintyre colliery at Drumble, there is no railway nearer than Oban or Dalmailly, more than 80 miles away. Yet an enormous amount of motor traffic passes through this town, especially at the height of the golfing season. The road between it and Machrihanish is then a veritable menace to the foot-passenger, if not to the motorist himself!

Quite close to Machrihanish is Lossit Park, where live the Macneals of Ugadale, and where may be seen the historic brooch given by Robert the Bruce to one, Gilchrist MacKay, in recognition of the hospitality he had shown the fugitive then claiming the crown of Scotland. Mrs. Macneal once told me that during "The Forty-five," when there was much looting in the Highlands, the brooch was built into the wall of the house for concealment; 75 years later it was brought to light when workmen were demolishing part of the old house, which was then in course of reconstruction.

Much else the diligent searcher may find in this neighbourhood. If he travel southward a few miles from Lossit, he will come to a tiny bay called Aenan. There, in the summer of 1917, a Kintyre shepherd found, washed ashore, a body thought to have been that of a sailor lost at sea. The local people buried the body near by, erecting over the grave a wooden cross fashioned from driftwood. Since no one could identify the corpse, they carved on that wooden cross the words, "God Knows," and nothing more.

Davaar, an island roughly a mile and a half in circumference, is connected with the southern shore of Campbeltown Loch by a long spit of sand and gravel known as the Dorlin. Thus only at high water is Davaar truly insular. Round the base of its cliffs are innumerable caves.

About 30 years ago someone discovered, on

the wall of one of the largest of these caves, a mural painting of the Crucifixion which no one could account for. However, in 1834 there arrived in Campbeltown an old, white-haired man named Archibald MacKinnon. Throughout that summer he had been observed trudging along the Dorlin at suitable tides, carrying what looked like an artist's equipment. One day he was followed and it was discovered that he was the artist who, half a century earlier, had painted the Crucifixion in the cave. He had returned at the age of eighty-four—whence no one ever knew—to touch up his picture before he died.

In olden days Kintyre shared with the rest of the country a notoriety for clan feuds. One of the bloodiest of these is commemorated at Dunaverty, not far from Southend, several miles south of Campbeltown. Here, in a walled enclosure standing in a field between the high-road and the protuberance known as Dunaverty Rock is a tablet bearing the following inscription: "This enclosure was erected by the Rev. Douglas MacDonald, XIth Laird of Sanda, in 1846, to



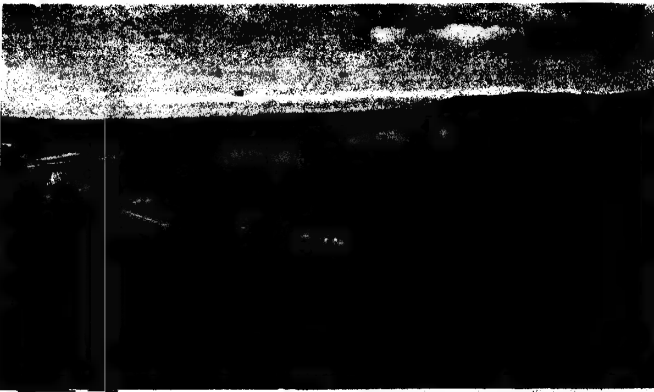
THE MURAL PAINTING OF THE
CRUCIFIXION IN ONE OF THE CAVES
ON DAVAAR ISLAND

mark the spot where his ancestors, Archibald Mohr & Archibald Big, father & son, were shot and buried after the Battle of Dunaverty, 1647. Other human remains found on the battlefield were also interred here by him."

According to tradition in Kintyre, seven MacDonalds, members of the same family, were killed at Dunaverty, and afterwards buried here, where, they say, naught but nettles will grow.

Nothing but the arduous experience of a journey to the lighthouse at the Mull can convey adequately an idea of the tortuous steepness of the mountain road from Carskey, in the south of Kintyre. The view from the summit is supremely fine. Many of the Inner Hebrides are to be seen; and on first acquaintance with this road one is surprised by the nearness of Rathlin and of the coast and mountains of Co. Down and of Antrim.

Mull of Kintyre! That brings me back to my Highland schoolroom. In the Scotland of boyhood, our geography teachers used to tell us that rounding the Mull was as perilous as undertaking as any upon the Seven Seas. Certainly, in the days of the wind-jammers, and before the lighthouse was built, many a vessel came to grief off this wild, inhospitable headland.



LOOKING WESTWARD UP CAMPBELTOWN LOCH TOWARDS THE TOWN

CONVERSATION PIECES

By RALPH EDWARDS

CONVERSATION pieces of the 18th century are not in demand after a period of comparative neglect; nor is their popularity hard to explain. In England the illustrative and representational aspects of painting have always been highly valued; and, moreover, these pictures possess a strong evocative appeal, which derives from the subject and may exist quite apart from aesthetic significance. They afford us vivid glimpses of the life of a vanished age, which inevitably tends in retrospect to appear increasingly enviable. The artists responsible seem to contemplate the life around them with naive enjoyment, not seeking to penetrate beneath the agreeable surface, and uncritical of the system of which they formed a part. Their sitters are represented at ease in a world of unthreatened security; or rather in one small corner of the actual world from which everything painful or sordid has been shut out. At the height of the vogue, such pictures provide a sort of epitome of Georgian society. Painters and poets, soldiers and sailors, statesmen, divines, courtiers and country gentlemen, with those too

Whose dust lies in sightless sealed-up biers

The fairest of former times

are shown in their familiar surroundings, and with a degree of intimacy and verisimilitude which was not attainable in formal portraiture.

Arthur Devis exhibited only with the Free Society and never enjoyed any great reputation; but he is now widely recognised as one of the most delightful exponents of the Conversation mode. In his pictures (to quote from what I have written of him in another connection) we seem to exchange prose for poetry; or, if such comparisons may be allowed, for music played slowly in a minor key. His sitters are oddly stylised, and with their formal poses are somehow suggestive of delicately fashioned marionettes. They are shown to us seated with an air of hushed expectancy in lofty, sparsely furnished rooms, or ranged in prim groups on far-spreading lawns. The exaggerated intervals between the figures are largely responsible for the sense of repose; nor can it be doubted that this curious mannerism was deliberately adopted to evoke a mood. Then, Devis's colour is often quite lovely, and his landscapes are suffused with a "gentle glow" that contributes notably to the emotional effect.

For the most part Devis painted the prosperous middle classes, but he received two important commissions from an exalted quarter in the early '40s, at the outset of his career, that is within a year or two of his coming to London from Preston in Lancashire, his native town. These orders for Conversations were given to him by the noble family of Bertie—"in whose veins flowed the blood of the De Veres."

Robert Lord Willoughby de Eresby had been created Marquess of Lindsey by Queen Anne and Duke of Ancaster and Kesteven on George I's arrival in England. His chief claim to remembrance is that he employed Vanbrugh

to prepare the "General Design" for the rebuilding of Grimsthorpe just before he died in 1723, and though the enterprise was abandoned by his heir it resulted in the entrance front which is the last and "among the greatest works of its creator."

Peregrine, the third duke, who succeeded in 1742, is shown with his brothers and sisters in Fig. 1. This Conversation was probably painted in that or the following year before the Ladies Jane and Albinia married in 1743 and 1744; Lord Brownlow Bertie, the youngest child, was born in 1729, and here he will scarcely pass for much less than fifteen. The Duke (born 1714) lounges elegantly against the stump of a tree with gun on arm, and Albemarle, "the blind lord," a notorious gambler, who figures in Hogarth's engraving, *The Cock-Pit*, is seated on the ground; he might well be engaged in pious meditation, so completely has Devis spiritualised

him. Indeed, he has invested all these great folk with his characteristic gentle, poetic sentiment, and, as if keyed up by the importance of the occasion, has produced a picture which may well be counted his most considerable achievement. Here for once he has contrived to associate his sitters satisfactorily, the trees in the background form a satisfying pattern, and the colour is quite enchanting with its primrose yellow, soft blues and pinks all fused into a delicious harmony. In such a picture Devis lays a spell on the beholder, and tempts us to overestimate his powers.

The other Conversation (Fig. 2) is more on the average level of his performance. It represents the family of the first Duke by his second marriage to Albinia, daughter of Major-General Thomas Farrington, who lived near Chislehurst, in a small manor house known as Farrington's. The Duke's four sons by this marriage are seen with their uncle, Thomas Farrington, in the



CONVERSATION PIECES BY ARTHUR DEVIS. (Above) The third Duke of Ancaster (1714-78) and his brothers and sisters. (Below) Sons of the first Duke of Ancaster (died 1723) by his second wife with their uncle, Thomas Farrington.

garden (or so it is said) of his home. With the exception of Vere, the eldest, standing on the left, they are not identifiable, which is the less to be deplored, since, adopting the orthodox careers of their order—Parliament and the Services—none of them obtained renown. Robert, the youngest, who became a Lieutenant-General and gave evidence for the defence at the trial of

Admiral Byng, inherited Farrington's from his uncle and remained at Bertie Place, and Thomas, a Naval captain, died at sea in 1749, thus supplying a *terminus ad quem* for the picture.

It may, I think, be dated two or three years after the first group, which shows the nephews and nieces by the half blood of the four Berties represented here. Thomas Farrington, their uncle, was related to the Farringtons of Worden, near Preston—he was thus a cousin of Joseph, the Royal Academician author of the *Diary*. An excellent "Devis" judged by the normal standard of his painter, the group at Farrington's sinks in the comparison. It lacks the subtlety of colour and the golden atmosphere and radiance of its companion; moreover, the composition is elementary, the figures being strung out across the canvas.

Both Conversations now belong to Lord Wimborne and have impeccable pedigrees. The first was acquired by his great-grandmother, Lady Charlotte Guest (Lady Charlotte Schreiber by her second marriage), in 1846 from her kinsman, Bertie Mathew. He was descended from Lady Jane Bertie, who married General Edward Mathew. As for the other, on Thomas Farrington's death in 1788, Bertie Place passed, as we have seen, to Lord Robert, his youngest nephew, and from him eventually to the second Viscount Sydney, who pulled it down and removed the pictures and paneling to his home, Froggnal, nearby. The Hon. Robert Marsham-Townshend succeeded the Countess Sydney in the estates of Froggnal and Scadbury Park, and from Scadbury the picture came lately into its present owner's possession. Only once again it seems, did Devis enjoy similar patronage, when the last Duke of Chandos employed him to paint small full-length portraits of himself and his sisters.



HORNED GAME OF GREAT BRITAIN

Written and Illustrated by
G. KENNETH WHITEHEAD

BRITAIN is richer in her variety of horned game than most people imagine, and although some of the beasts may not accurately be described as indigenous to this country, the fact remains that a life of "chivy and chase" spread over many generations has long since taught the invaders that the hand that once helped their ancestors across the seas is now no longer interested in their survival, and in many cases would not be sorry to see them banished again for ever.

With the exception of the wild goat, all Britain's horned game belongs to the deer family, and of these no fewer than six different species can be found in various parts of the country in a perfectly wild state. Of these six, only the red deer and the roe deer are accepted as being purely indigenous to this island, but there are many records to show that the wild fallow deer has been present in our woods for over 900 years.

Since earliest times wild deer have been beasts of the chase, and as such have received a certain amount of protection in order to preserve them for this purpose. Well on into the middle of the last century the Forest Laws were strictly enforced and severe penalties awaited anyone found killing the deer in the Royal Chases. Deer were extremely plentiful then, and less than 100 years ago the fallow deer population in Cranbourne Chase alone, according to Lord Eversley in *Commons, Forests and Footpaths*, was reckoned at between 12,000 and 20,000 beasts.

These harsh Forest Laws are now records of history, but with their passing went a large proportion of England's deer population, though in Scotland there has probably been no falling off in the red deer population since those early days.

Scotland has always been the true home of the red deer, though in England it is still quite common around the Brendon and Quantock Hills, where it provides good sport for the Devon and Somerset staghounds. In Cumberland and Westmorland, too, there are still a number in the Marindale Fell area, which remains the only true deer forest in England, where the stalker's rifle and not the hound is

used to bring about its downfall. Before the war, both the New Forest and the Forest of Bowland each held a small herd of red deer, but during the last few years their numbers have been seriously reduced. From time to time an odd red deer will be reported from a completely new locality, but it is generally an animal that has escaped from some near-by park. Lundy also carries a few red deer whose present stock originated from calves obtained from the Scottish Forestry Commission and augmented by a few park deer from Derbyshire.

In Scotland the red deer is still very numerous despite the *baiting* by troops training in certain areas and the premium on venison during the war years. What their exact number is has always been a matter of conjecture, but in 1923 Mr. Allan Gordon Cameron estimated it to be in the neighbourhood of 150,000, while 18 years later Mr. Frank Wallace, as Deer Controller for Scotland, put the figure nearer the 200,000 mark. Before the war the average number of deer killed per year in the Highlands was about 13,000, which included both stags and hinds. During the first year of the war this figure rose to over 23,000, but latterly it has dropped below 10,000. The average weight of a Scottish hill stag is about 15 stone, but in England, where living conditions are less austere, 20-stone stags are not unusual.

As a sporting quarry for the stalker the tiny roe is not far behind the red stag and is well worth the early morning rise and effort necessary to bring him into the larder. Unfortunately the roe does not receive the sporting treatment he deserves, for few men seem capable of appreciating his sporting capabilities. The result is that, for the most part, the roe is

SINCE EARLIEST TIMES WILD DEER HAVE BEEN BEASTS OF THE CHASE

either considered as vermin by the farmer or forester, or by the sportsman as an attractive "extra" to a day's covert shooting. The majority of roe in this country, therefore, are disposed of by shotguns and I think it would be no exaggeration to say that far every roe killed by scatter gun, an equal number get away peppered. In humane interests alone, the sooner it is made illegal to use anything but a small-calibre rifle on deer the better.

The distribution of roe deer is more widespread than many imagine and, although in certain areas—namely in the Home District—they are not so common as they were perhaps 10 years ago, it is one of the most comforting marvels of Nature that this pretty little animal should have been able to survive at all in those areas where everybody's hand is against it. While Scotland is its principal domain, the roe still survives in large numbers in the northern counties of England as well as in Dorset, Hampshire, Sussex, Wiltshire and several other parts as well, such as in East Anglia where its appearance is comparatively recent. But the fact that one or several beasts turn up in a new locality does not necessarily mean that the species is becoming more common. It may easily indicate a local migration of hunted beasts which have found that a succession of deer drives has made their own locality too hot to be pleasant.

Whenever I read of these deer drives, at which shotguns nearly always predominate, I always wish some of those present could have seen the roe as Charles St. John once saw him when he wrote: "My rifle was aimed at its heart and my finger was on the trigger, but I made some excuse or other to myself for not killing him and left him undisturbed. His beauty saved him." Just as in the case of the red deer, English roe bucks average rather more in weight than those across the border, where 45 lb. is a good average. In England there seems to be more variation in weight, but 50 lb. to 60 lb. would be a fair average. In the quality of heads between the two countries there is, however, little to choose, and anything over 10 ins. long from either side of the Tweed is good, and 11 ins. exceptional.

Another beast that has had a pretty thin time of it during the last few years has been the wild fallow deer, though recently this beast may well have extended its range to areas where, before the war, it was unknown except within the confines of a park. This is accounted for by the fact that so many deer parks have had military occupation or, alas, have been dissolved altogether. The fallow is woodland creature and is, therefore, no friend of the forester, whose primary interest must obviously be in the welfare of his trees. And what a war-winning factor our trees have been during the past difficult years. In Germany, before the war, most of the best forests held deer, and while the deer were preserved, it was a practice in some places to stub the tops of

THE DISTRIBUTION OF ROE DEER IS MORE WIDESPREAD THAN MANY PEOPLE IMAGINE

young spruce trees with a mixture of cow-dung and lime to keep them from browsing on the young shoots. How effective this practice was I cannot say, but it is a pity that science cannot devise some means of preventing deer damage.

To-day fallow deer can be met with in England in the New Forest, Epping Forest, Challock Chase and Cannock Chase, as well as in several other areas, and although the majority of deer in these parts are pure wild stock, their existence elsewhere must always arouse suspicion of park ancestry.

The fallow deer has never been so plentiful in Scotland as in England, but there are records to show that in the Forth area, anyway, there were fallow in the Royal Park at Stirling as far back as 1283. To-day there are fallow running wild in various parts of Scotland, including such areas as Dunkeld, Curriemulzie and Strath Garve but, in the last locality at least, their numbers have been sadly reduced to little more than half a dozen beasts.

A good buck should weigh eight to nine stone, if two-foot length of antler is accompanied by a similar inside spread with good palms on each top, then the head is approaching first class. Fallow show much variety in colour, ranging from a deep brownish-black, in which the characteristic white spots are almost invisible, to the pretty light spotted variety that accounts for a part of the old English parks. Completely white fallow are not uncommon, and several parks such as Crowley maintain nothing but "blondes."

The remaining three species of deer have no indigenous claims, but all can be met with in a wild state in various parts of the country. The most widespread of the three is the Japanese deer, which came from Dorset and Surrey in the south to Ross-shire and the Mull of Kintyre in the north and west. The Kintyre deer were first introduced to the Mull by a Mr. Austin Mackenzie about 60 years ago, when nine hinds and two stags were liberated at Carradale. They must have found the bracken, heather and lichen-covered birch woods to their liking, for I am informed by the shooting tenant that by 1897 their numbers had increased to between 300 and 400 beasts. A good place for the tourist to the Highlands to see Japanese deer is from the main Garve-Achnasheen road, for in the early morning and evening deer are often visible grazing the derelict brushwood of a cut plantation. The larger Manchurian deer are mostly in the southern counties of Hampshire and Dorset. Both species of Sikka grow similar types of heads, and it is unusual for the number of points to exceed eight, the absence of the bay point being a typical feature. The best wild Japanese head I, personally, have seen was a nine-pointer that I was fortunate enough to secure 12 years ago near Carradale.

The final species of deer that may be met with in England is the tiny Muntjac or Barking deer, which originally must have escaped from either Woburn Park or Whipsnade. The Woburn Muntjac are all Reeves, which are smaller than the Indian variety found in Whipsnade. The two species, however, interbreed, for Mr. Pocock, of the British Museum, identified a specimen I sent him as a Reeves Indian hybrid. Weighing about 23 lb. after gillnetting, this small deer has shown a remarkable spread in some of the central counties of England and in two days last spring I saw no fewer than 16 different beasts spread over three counties. In certain



THE FALLOW IS A WOODLAND CREATURE

areas their increase during the war years can be attributed to the fact that they were able to find refuge in those places that the military had requisitioned for ammunition dumps and which were consequently made a "no-man's-land" for sportsman and pest officer, both keen for their blood. In certain woods, however, which have recently been opened up afresh to the public, considerable toll has been taken among the Muntjac population, and in one area alone no fewer than 30 beasts have been killed during the last 12 months. Their horns, supported on long skin-covered pedicles, and consisting of tiny brows and beam only, are but two to three inches long and, like other deer, are renewed each spring. Unlike our native deer, however, their upper jaw is armed with long curving canine teeth that project below the upper lip on each side of the lower jaw.

Last on the list of horned game we have the wild goat and "by his smell shall we know him." In fact, it was this offensive characteristic that first informed me, many years ago, that I had ventured into goat territory. The majority of the goats are to be found along the west coast of Scotland and on some of the adjacent islands, but individual beasts or small parties may be met with in some of the more inaccessible parts of inland forests, such as on

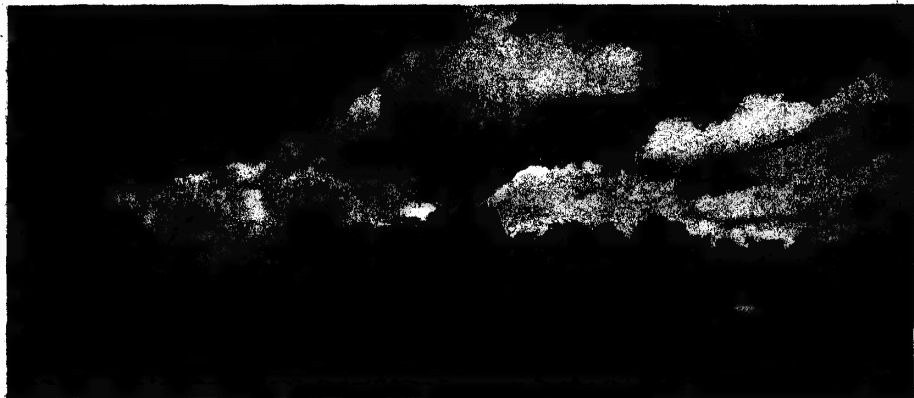
the high ground between the Bracs of Balquhider and Loch Katrine or around Loch Shiel. I have come across individual beasts most unexpectedly when out deer-stalking, and I shall long remember an old billy I stumbled into during a thick mist on Beinn Odhar Mhor above Lochailort. For some unknown reason he had lost one of his horns but his remaining one was such that had it had its partner his head would have been a magnificent trophy. Unlike the deer, goats are unable to make good such deficiencies, for in spring there is no new head-gear forthcoming.

In Wales there are still a few small parties of feral goats, but they would appear to be not as plentiful as formerly. Forrest in 1919 Appendix to his earlier *Vertebrate Fauna of North Wales* refers to wild goats on the slopes of Moelwyn at the beginning of the present century, as well as on the coast around the boundaries of Pembrokeshire and Cardigan. A more recent record comes in the form of two photographs, taken in December, 1897, and now held by the National Museum of Wales, showing goats on the Tryfan Rocks in North Wales. Forrest considers that the Moelwyn goats may well have some admixture from Irish herds that formerly used to be driven through Wales for sale. Lundy also has a herd of about fifty wild goats, and although there are records of goats inhabiting the island as long ago as 1752, the present stock have all been introduced during the present century.

There are two main types of horn formation. One is a type that curves backward for a foot or so and then sweeps out sideways, while in the second type, the horns curve straight backwards over the shoulders. For either type a good head should measure at least 30 ins. long, which should be accompanied by a similar spread if the head is of the former variety. In colour the majority of the big billys are black or greyish brown, with shaggy hair and beards. Some beasts show a few white body markings, while on one of the western islands I saw a few completely white which were supposed to have originated from survivors of a Spanish Armada vessel wrecked near by. In black or white the goatly stretch persists, and although modern taxidermy has reached such a state of perfection in animal modelling, I have yet to see a mounted specimen fit for hanging in any place but an outhouse.



THE WILD GOAT. "BY HIS SMELL SHALL YE KNOW HIM"



1.—LOOKING NORTH ACROSS THE CENTRAL LAKE

"Here you have a view, very striking at first entrance, of the House, and the two Rivers on the right meeting in one stream (formerly an octagon)."—From *A Guide to Stowe*, 1769

STOWE, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE—II

RHETORIC IN LANDSCAPE ARCHITECTURE

By CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY

With William Kent as art-director (c. 1735-48) and William Pitt in close attendance, Lord Cobham transformed Bridgeman's earlier lay-out into scenery presenting analogies to Chatham's quality of statesmanship

THE chronology of the Stowe landscape's formation and transformation is obscure. But if the main stages in its evolution can be established even tentatively, it will yield suggestive links between Georgian political and aesthetic developments, and enable us to distinguish the contributions of its three technical begetters: Bridgeman, Kent, and Capability Brown. Reasons for seeing a close connection between the evolution of the garden design and of Whig political thought were suggested last week: Stowe's identification with Lord Cobham's "patriot" faction, that faction's flowering in the dynamic ministry of its most brilliant member, the elder Pitt, and the analogy between the later, looser, handling of the landscapes with Chatham's great but elastic conception of a British Empire. This analogy must not, of course, be pushed too far, as is perhaps the case in a recent little book, *The Dynasty of Stowe* (Fortune Press, 10s. 6d.). Yet Mr. Wilson Wright's, its author's, summary of Pitt's greatness as a statesman in the phrase "trust in the British Constitution's balance of liberty and law," and comment "it is precisely this balance, as of a work of art, this synthesis, that has conditioned Great Britain's imperial strength," does state well the nature of the analogy. Stowe's landscapes, in the evolution of which Pitt shared his patron Cobham's enthusiasm, can aptly be cited as a work of art in which imaginative balance gradually took the place of symmetrical definition, the later handling of its vistas differing from the earlier precisely in that imaginative, dynamic, quality which distinguished Pitt's and Cobham's Whiggism from that of Walpole and his reactionary followers. This comparison could be substantiated completely only by a detailed collation of the political and planning documents of



2.—ONE OF KENT'S DORIC LODGES
Commanding the view in Fig. 1



3.—THE UPPER RIVER, WITH THE PALLADIAN BRIDGE. Looking east across the central lake

the protagonists, which are sparse in the one case and non-existent in the other. But it would be strengthened if it could be shown, as it can, that Cobham's abandonment of Bridgeman's geometrical garden plan in favour of the present subtler, more varied and dynamic conception coincided with Pitt's close association with him at Stowe.

The difficulty is that the successive transformations of the landscape are only dated, and that very roughly, by the successive plans published in the visitors' guide books, beginning with Sarah Bridgeman's of 1739; and by the largely conjectural dates of the successive designers' periods of influence, which overlap. Bridgeman died in 1738; Vanbrugh, the first incidental architect, in 1728, when his functions were distributed between Leoni and

Gibbs. Kent first comes on the scene in 1734, it is thought, at first probably as architect but increasingly as landscape designer, till his death in 1748. But in 1740 young Lancelot Brown was promoted from the garden at Wotton to be head of Stowe, where he remained till setting up on his own as a professional "improver" in 1750. The extent of his direct responsibility for any of the Stowe landscapes is a question that will be discussed in the concluding article.

But a date for the beginning of the second, less formal, phase of development is suggested by Lord Cobham's final withdrawal from overt political activity in 1733, the year before Kent's supposed arrival. Moreover, it was in 1735 that Pitt first took his seat in the Commons, when he imme-

diately associated himself with the Stowe "patriots." Thus by the latter date the patron was free from preoccupations of State to redouble his architectural and gardening activities. He had at hand an imaginative architect-painter-designer. And the subsequent career of his political disciple—in whom contemporaries esteemed the dominant traits to be *histrionic genius, striking of the moral chords, appeal to the passions, and the elevation of matters to high grounds of principle rather than their discussion on points of detail*—may give us a clue to the spirit that he brought to landscape gardening. There is no doubt that Pitt was an outstanding amateur of the art; Warburton considered him to excel Capability Brown at "pointing his prospects, diversifying his



4 and 5.—THE PALLADIAN BRIDGE, c. 1755



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4 and 5.—THE PALLADIAN BRIDGE, c. 1755

surface, entangling his walks and winding his waters."

Exploration on the ground tends to confirm this dating. We saw last week that by the end of this phase (1735-50) most of Bridgeman's geometry had been eliminated to the west of the main vista, while to the east of it a complex of romantic elements had been elaborated, if not originated, by Kent. These lie along or adjacent to two artificial rivers striking north and east from the originally octagonal lake on the great main vista. The position of the latter, which was "naturalised" earlier than a plan published in 1769, is occupied by the lake in Fig. 1 where the "rivers" stretch away to the right. The "upper river" is seen in Fig. 3, with the Palladian Bridge in the distance; the "lower river" lies between the Temple of Ancient Virtue (Fig. 8) and the Temple of British Worthies (Fig. 9), both by Kent, which face each other across it. Both rivers are shown in Sarah Bridgeman's 1739 plan, which, however, contains none of the Kent buildings just named. Nor does it name (at least the earlier editions do not) the Temple of Friendship on the south-east bastion near the Palladian Bridge. On the south-west bastion it refers to "Kent's bastion and building" (the Temple of Venus, Fig. 6), but not by name. It shows only open parkland north-east of the house where Kent's Temple of Concord and the



6.—KENT'S TEMPLE OF VENUS, c. 1739

Grecian Valley were to be brought into being.

We can therefore deduce that all these buildings are later than 1739, except the Temple of Venus, which may have been under construction but not christened. Though the "rivers" were made and most of the planting

done, the 1769 plan shows naturalistic glades had replaced straight walks, and plantations have slightly irregular instead of regular outlines. The area of rising ground west of the lower river (Fig. 8) has been redesigned to a looser scheme and been named the Elysian Fields.

It is reasonably safe to regard the remodelling of these areas as due to Kent after Bridgeman's death and at the time when Cobham, with Pitt in close attendance, was working to infuse enlightened statesmanship into the Whig rump. A strong note of political invective and moral satire—the Chatham note—sounds throughout the Elysian Fields. The Temple of Ancient Virtue—a massive and graceful adaptation by Kent from the Temple of Vesta at Tivoli—used to have near it, for contrast, a Temple of Modern Virtue consisting in a mouldering ruin: an ironical architectural jest not always grasped by visitors. The British Worthies, whose busts gaze up to the Elysian Fields and Ancient Virtue across the river, are set within pedimented niches in a crescent-shaped screen centred on a pyramid (Fig. 9). Architecturally it is a poor thing. But the choice of Worthies, and the inscriptions, vividly express Cobham's and Pitt's mood. Pope "employed the pointed Brilliance of Wit to Chastise the Vices, and the Eloquence of Poetry to exalt the Virtues, of human Nature." Sir Thomas Gresham followed "the honourable Profession of a Merchant." Sir John Barnard—a forgotten opponent of Walpole—distinguished himself by "firm Opposition to the pernicious and iniquitous Practice of Stock-jobbing," and exerted "his utmost Abilities to increase the Strength of his Country by reducing the Interest on the National Debt." (The inscription, if not the bust, must be due to Lord Temple, Cobham's nephew and successor, since Barnard's crusade is stated to have continued from 1737 to 1750). Then there are King Alfred, "who secured the seas," Edward Prince of Wales "the Terror of Europe, the Delight of England," Queen Elizabeth and King William III (obviously), Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Francis Drake, Hampden, who "began a noble Opposition to an arbitrary Court," Bacon, Newton and Locke, the "best of all Philosophers, refuted slavish Systems of usurped Authority." Milton is there, "whose sublime and unbounded Genius . . . carried him beyond the Limits of the World," Shakespeare because he could "move, astonish, and delight Mankind," and, of course, Inigo (here called Ignatius) Jones. The twist given to



7.—PLAN OF 1769. Showing Kent's and other modifications of Bridgeman's plan
1. Temple of Venus. 2. Doric Lodge. 3. Temple of Friendship. 4. Palladian Bridge. 5. Elysian Fields and Temple of Ancient Virtue. 6. Temple of British Worthies. 7. Simplified Parterre and main vista. 8. Temple of Concord. 9. Fane of Diana



8.—THE ELYSIAN FIELDS AND TEMPLE OF ANCIENT VIRTUE (KENT)

each tribute makes of the Temple a manifesto in masonry of the Patriots' party cry. The whole Elysian Fields conception is an oration translated into landscape architecture, of which the rhetoric, with its sublime aspirations and historical allusions, is quite suggestive of the quality of Chatham's, according to those who heard him.

Though Bridgeman had made the river, the present character of its valley is thus shown to be due to Kent, acting on Cobham's, and possibly Pitt's, instructions. Kent also contributed a Shell Bridge across it and a Grotto and Shell Temples at its head, but these are not now photographable; nor, un-

fortunately, is the valley as a whole, owing to the growth of alders and sedge.

The two Doric lodges flanking the main vista beyond the lake (Fig. 2) are attributed to Kent. Originally each contained a room, but the front wall of it was subsequently removed and the design somewhat remodelled by Borra. The Temple of Venus (Fig. 6), one of Kent's earliest and best buildings at Stowe, was designed to occupy Bridgeman's south-west bastion and to terminate vistas across the lake from Vanbrugh's Rotunda and Temple of Bacchus. Its pavilion, and centre alcove, recalling his Tribune at Holkham, are characteristic. Inside, it had paintings

by Sluyster from Spenser's *Faerie Queene*. It is apt to the theme of this article to recall that Pitt, according to his sister, had no accurate knowledge of literature, except the *Faerie Queene*. Spenser's heroics were reproduced elsewhere at Stowe. Kent's Temple of Friendship, on the south-east bastion, was reduced to a state of ruin by recent fire. It was built for the Patriots to meet in, and had a pyramidal roof surmounted by a cupola, with arched loggias on each side. Within, it contained the busts of Cobham's political friends—a variable company, though their memorials were stable, which gave rise to entertaining private reflections among the well informed.

The Palladian Bridge first appears on the plan of 1789. There was, no doubt, a considerable time-lag in some cases between a building's erection and the republication of the guide book. But since it does not appear in the 1753 map, it is safe to assume the bridge was not begun till some years after Kent's and Cobham's deaths. In elevation it reproduces Morris's Palladian Bridge at Wilton, the date of which is now established as 1737, and probably is later than the Prior Park example. It is less effective than the Wilton bridge for being raised less above the water: instead of being approached by steps, its passage-way is almost level so that chaises could cross it. Its ceiling is a rather weak design of cast rosettes in place of Morris's lattice of massively moulded beams. The sculptured masks on the keystones are also an interpolation. Possibly the designer was Borra, who seems to have been resident architect to Lord Temple, whose extensions of Stowe's heroic landscapes will be traced in the concluding article.



9.—THE TEMPLE OF BRITISH WORTHIES; NORTHERN WING (KENT)

A TOUR OF BRITISH SEA-BIRD COLONIES

By JOHN BUXTON

TO the ornithological conference recently held in Edinburgh more than forty visitors came from abroad. Many of them, no doubt, were already familiar with most of the breeding birds of these islands, but others, certainly, had never seen the sea-birds at their colonies. It was our good fortune to show some of these to two visitors from Switzerland during a fortnight's tour, and, since few British ornithologists would probably make a similar tour except in company with a foreign visitor, some account of it may be worth recording.

We left Oxford for Edinburgh, and, after spending the night with friends near Sunderland, the next day went out to the Farne Islands. It was a brilliant day, sunny and warm, with a glassy sea, and as we sailed near one of the outer rocks the great grey seals that had been basking there slid off into the water and watched us. Already, before we landed on Staple Island, our friends had had their first introduction to several species of gull and tern as they flew near our boat. A few inquisitive fulmars had glided past on their stiff wings, with an unusual amount of flapping, owing to the calm air. We had seen a few shelduck and scoter flying low over the sea, the scoter presumably non-breeding. When we landed we ate our lunch within sight of the

a nuisance to St. Cuthbert, for they stole the thatch from his guest-house for their nests until he rebuked them (and we are told) "they flew dismally away." However, after three days one of the pair returned to ask pardon, and when this was granted flew back with a gift of hog's lard.

But it is the elder that is especially associated with St. Cuthbert on this island, and it is certainly flourishing. The watcher told us of 200 pairs, and we saw many of the ducks sitting on their eggs among the buildings or out in the thrift and campion of the island. We watched one bird lead her newly hatched ducklings over a wall on their way to the sea; they followed her through the nettles, up the big stones of the wall, and so over to where she was calling them. One duckling got left behind, and the watcher went to lift it over the wall as, long long ago, St. Bartholomew had rescued another duckling from a cleft into which it had fallen on its first perilous journey to the sea. It is good that we can still echo the words of Geoffrey, the monk of Durham, who relates this story, and say that even now the elders do not shrink from the gaze of men. They love quiet, and yet no clamour disturbs them. Their nests are built everywhere. Some brood above their eggs beside the altar,

persuaded to remove them. At least it is to be hoped so, for it is most desirable the observation and ringing of birds at the island should go on.

When the conference was over we went down by easy stages to Pembrokeshire, staying a night in the Lake District, another in North Wales, and a third on the mainland of Pembrokeshire before crossing over on the Saturday morning to Skokholm. Here, too, war interrupted the work of the observatory, but no buildings were put up, and now the traps are repaired and it is again and visitors have been coming in succession since April of last year. It was especially interesting to note the changes that had taken place in the vegetation and the birds of the island since 1939. (That year we had been on Skokholm from May till August, but since we had been across only for odd days.) It is not possible here to describe these changes, but the great increase of sorrel, the further encroachment of bracken and hogweed, and the greater area of water on top of the island may be mentioned. Of the birds, here as everywhere the razorbills and guillemots are reduced by about half, and even the puffins, countless as they still are, seem rather less numerous. There can be little doubt that the cause is oil on the sea, which has increased so much during the war. While we were on the island we saw a



1.—CONGESTED LIVING: GUILLEMOTS CROWDING THE PINNACLES, IN THE FARNE ISLANDS

famous Pinnacles (Fig. 1), whose flat tops were so crowded with guillemots that it was hard to believe, here at any rate, that their numbers had declined. Their deep groaning calls, and the astounding congestion on the rocks, were most strange to visitors from a coastless country, and much of the enjoyment we found on this tour derived from seeing the sea and the birds of the sea through their wondering eyes. There were several bridled guillemots close enough to be seen clearly, and later we found one sitting within a foot of a normal bird, across a narrow cleft in the rock. There were many shags breeding here, their glossy green plumage contrasting with the dusky brown of their young. One shag was sitting on the mere symbol of a nest—half a dozen sticks of seaweed arranged on a flat whitewashed slab of rock. How delighted Selous would have been with this bird!

Afterwards we went to the Inner Farne, passing on our way the Brownman with its clamorous kittiwakes and terns. Very properly, we were not permitted to land, for fear of damaging the eggs of the terns, but from the boat we had time to see all five species of terns that breed in Britain.

On the Inner Farne a ringed plover was running along the sand like a clockwork mouse, and the arctic terns repeatedly dived at us, striking our heads or the hands we raised to protect them. A pair of ravens flew past, birds familiar enough here in St. Cuthbert's day, though now less often seen. They were indeed

No man presumes to molest them or touch the eggs without leave."

In Scotland much of our time was taken up with the business of the conference, with the men and women who study birds rather than with the birds themselves. But we visited two more islands famous for their birds, the Isle of May, where one of the two first bird observatories in Britain has recently resumed the work interrupted by the war, and the Bass Rock, whose gannetry was celebrated 500 years ago in the verse of William Dunbar:

*The air was dirkith with the foulis
That cam with yammeris and yowlis,
With shrypping, screeching, skyming, scowlis,
And mihlis noyis and shouwles.*

It was our first visit there, too, and it was strange, after long acquaintance with Grassholm, to see the great gannets scattered all up the high cliffs on narrow ledges (either one would have thought) for the dainty kittiwake than for them.

It was noticeable, too, how large a proportion of immature birds there were circling about the rock—far more than are ever to be seen at Grassholm.

On the Isle of May, where again we had a perfect day with a flat, calm sea, four out of the five species of tern were breeding. But the traps for catching the migrants have suffered through the erection during the war of huts and buildings which are likely to take many years to decay. Perhaps Authority may in time be

number of oiled birds, and in particular a gannet with its whole plumage a sticky black mess, which tried (as injured birds so often do) to clamber out on to the rocks; but it was swept on and away by the tide. It is natural that razorbills and guillemots should be the worst sufferers, since they are birds that fish inshore all the year, while the puffin, outside the breeding season, spends most of its time out in the clearer spaces of the ocean, farther from man's pollution.

Of the other birds some have certainly increased, most notably of all the oystercatchers, of which pairs bred this year on the 250 acres of the island. The rock-pipits have also much increased, and two or three pairs of starlings are breeding now where, before the war, there was none.

Returning now as a visitor, not as one of the two people chiefly concerned in the practical details of running the observatory, I was more than ever impressed by the possibilities that Skokholm has for field studies. For botanists and ecologists its merits are obvious, in that it is a natural unit, all of the same old red sandstone, and bounded by the sea. But for the study of birds it provides endless opportunities, and not only for the study of the life-history of the sixteen or twenty breeding species, or for the study of the passing migrants—though even during our midsummer visit swallow and swift, whimbrel, turnstone, dunlin and snipe came in. (The snipe I caught in a

trap I made for the dunlin, or any other wader that might come to the pond. It was ringed, measured and deloused, and then released. At Skokholm a man might spend a lifetime studying the birds with the satisfaction of knowing that at the end of it he had raised enough questions to employ half a dozen more lives after him.

Skokholm is not unique because of the birds that breed there or because of the migrants that pass through. It is unique (in the whole of Europe now, since our destruction of Heligoland) because of the body of knowledge already amassed for the island by the work of Mr. Lockley and others. To mention only the ringings, more than 30,000 birds of nearly 80 species have been ringed there; and the homing experiments carried out with sea-birds, especially shearwaters, are well known. Somehow or other the funds must be raised to ensure that this knowledge can be used and added to, for the value of such records is, of course, cumulative.

We had still one more island, Grassholm, to visit if we could, and by great good fortune the sea allowed us to go out to it to see that vast white sheet of gannets spread out along the seaward side of the island. There is always a gasp of astonishment from the visitor who looks over the top of it for the first time and sees so many big birds before him at once. It gives a far better impression of numbers than the larger colony scattered about the cliffs of the Bass Rock (Fig. 2); and it was good to find that in spite of the oil and the bombing of the island,



2.—GANNETS NESTING ON THE BASS ROCK

R. M. Lockley

this gannetry continues to increase. It was late in the day when we went out, and as we returned home towards dusk we sailed through the middle of a great raft of shearwaters. The birds, gathering on the water off the island to wait for darkness before coming in to their burrows, rose silently as we came near and flew in their thousands circling all about us. Their

long narrow wings showed white against the cliffs of Skokholm, or were silhouetted behind us against the setting sun. In the distance Grassholm stood out black against the pale sky. And so we ended this tour of the sea-birds, coming from the island of the white gannets of the day to the island that at night belongs to the little dark petrels and the dark strange shearwaters.

FRESH LIGHT ON THE DATING OF EARLY PROVINCIAL GLASS

By JOHN M. BACON

THE decanter, or serving jug, illustrated in the accompanying photograph is not only of artistic merit but has a particular interest in that its seal is dated and bears the original owner's name. Indeed, it is hardly claiming too much to say that its date is a landmark in the history of English glass, and its value is such that it has recently been acquired by the nation. Its height is 9½ ins. The metal is a palish tone of bottle green, and its quality is extremely good.

In 1717, the date on the seal, the London glassmakers were making the white metal and producing wine glasses and glasses for all purposes as well as decanter jugs of quite a different shape from the illustration. The white metal was, of course, the descendant of Ravenscroft's discovery of 1675, and the chief item was the use of litharge or white lead oxide in the batch—as glassmakers call it—in place of the soda in use in Venice. Venetian glass had been popular and well advertised up to this time. Indeed, the English makers had to adopt some of the decoration of the Venetian productions in order to get buyers to look at the English ware.

This litharge or white lead oxide, therefore, had come into demand by 1700, when, we find, English glass had ousted the Venetian glass from the English market and English patterns, lacking the finicky decoration of Venice, were in great request. As this white lead oxide was not to be had in quantity sufficient to supply the many glass houses throughout England which sprang up when the trade with Venice ceased a certain number of glass houses had to produce the best metal they could without it. London was jealous of letting this new ingredient get out of its hands, and only a few of the provincial glass houses were able to make use of it.

And so a greenish metal of good quality was produced, and this decanter jug enables one to give an approximate date to all the good quality punch glasses of the pattern known as the roemer which have turned up from time to time without anyone being able to say

definitely to what period they belonged. Now, however, with this graceful serving jug to guide us, we can give an approximate date to the green metal glasses referred to above.

Coloured metal was the refuge of the provincial glass house, and green was not always the colour by which they were known. For instance, the green attributed to York is much paler—a watery sea green. Other Yorkshire factories adopted a definite pink. Sunderland gave a watery blue. But the sound green added to the

skilled workmanship of the piece illustrated here would suggest Bristol, where many skilled workers were employed over a long period in the bottle factories, of which at one time there were no fewer than fifteen. This decanter jug is surely the child of bottle-glass.

As a postscript to these remarks on the colour of early glass it may not be out of place to mention here that the fully coloured glass, universally called by dealers "Bristol glass," was of later date, and was probably not put before the public before 1745. The reason for this outcrop of colour was the heavy taxation put upon the white glass about this time, and all glass objects were made in clear green, blue, and puce, a kind of purple, and later red glass. Such colourings were produced as follows: green glass by iron oxide, copper oxide, or chromium oxide; blue by cobalt oxide; purple by manganese dioxide; yellow by uranium oxide. Red glass required a modicum of gold leaf to produce the rich colour of early examples.



A DECANTER OR SERVING JUG WITH A SEAL BEARING THE NAME OF THE ORIGINAL OWNER AND THE DATE 1717 (Right) DETAIL SHOWING THE DATED SEAL



PROBLEMS OF FELL-PAINTING

Written and Illustrated by DELMAR BANNER



1.—THE SCAFFELLS FROM GREY FRIAR. In oils

HOW are pictures of mountain tops painted? I have had many years' experience of the possibilities in painting our northern fells. The physical and pictorial problems are such that very few artists have ever attempted fell-painting at all.

The paintings are not done on the spot, because the great size of fells can, I think, be expressed only in paintings of generous scale, architecturally designed, thoroughly grasped; but even if they were as small as the reproductions, the amount of work that would have to be put into them would demand far more continuous time than can be spent on a mountain. I should have to go day after day to the fell-tops; and how many days in a month will the same weather, the same colour, the same clouds occur? The same conditions never recur; and even typically similar conditions may now recur during a whole season, or for years. Many of the events of mountain Nature most worthy of record are past in a few moments; and this is true not only of clouds, whose forms are caressed by the fells and often caught in their crags; it is true not only of the moving shadows of the clouds cast on the earth; in the vast space of the fell-tops the tone of distance, middle-distance and foreground shift in new interrelations within a few minutes, and so subtle and near to each other are they that the elements of a new picture appear every few moments. On how many days is it calm enough to work where I sit, 2,500 or 3,000 feet up? In how high a wind, and under how much rain, can a man paint? Or even draw? On how many days can one go up? Those who know our fells know the answer.

The basis is therefore thorough drawing; geological plus pictorial diagrams; expressive design; colour-notes; but, above all, knowledge, understanding and formative imagination.

Even a topographical drawing of fells, not intended to express their power to stir the spirit of man, demands from the draughtsman imaginative good taste in order to see not their sensational but their fundamental qualities. Indeed, in even the most prosaic record of anything, the mind's schematic, ordering, activity co-operates with the given facts. Painting at its strongest remains an image of Nature, and is actually more intensely so; but it is not a factual duplication. "To regard every fact with reverence, and not to strive for 'effect'" was Goethe's principle, but the more Nature is revered, the more it rouses the activity of feeling, thought and imagination. Nature is the stimulus: as Falstaff said (of sherris-sack), "it ascends me into the brain. . . . makes it full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes." The aim of the best painters is fundamental truth; yet the method is not that of a catalogue. Of nothing is this more true than of mountains.

But the working-out (Croce's "externalisation") is a hard business and needs constant reference to facts. It does not come "by Nature" or by "inspiration." It cannot be made out of nothing. A painter is not a spider spinning a web out of its entrails, but a bee making honey from flowers. I must always have a quick drawing, a "set-out" of the design in its essence (that scaffolding which one kind of modernism substitutes for the building). I must have also a more explicit drawing of the facts, a drawing (done on a warm, clear day) which can be used perhaps many times for many different events—light, weather or mood. This must state (what Reynolds asks for) the "firm, determined, outline" as well as the interior form in the third dimension, in such a way that I can understand and use it. I also usually want a geometrical diagram of the construction of the objects. Some fell-groups can be

schematised in many ways: such is the complex world of the Scafells, Upper Eskdale and Mosedale, seen from Grey Friar (Fig. 1), whose radiations, repetitions, bounding lines, and main blocks compose variously at different times of day; such is the amphitheatre of Bowfell, Crinkle Crags, and Pike of Blisco seen from Wetherham (illustrated by my painting in COUNTRY LIFE of July 19, 1946). I must have also colour-notes (ignoring drawing to save time) done either in oils or with colour-pencils (which I use also for precise drawing at the end of a water-colour) and as many of these, at different seasons and times of day, as possible. Unfortunately, among high fells it is usually only broad daylight that can be recorded so; to come down in the dark is perilous, and to go up in it beyond normal powers; colour-notes done lower down can sometimes be used, as in the oil-painting in Fig. 2; the fell drawing done in August, the sky, from much lower, in early spring.

I know that I have done pictures that have betrayed insufficient materials; there are limits to the power of logic or of memory to realise what Whitman called "the likelihoods of Nature," though for many of the greater experiences nothing else can be used, no material record being possible of events so swiftly changing. Is the expression of the experience therefore not to be attempted? In fact, many of my best pictures (such as they are) have come from them. What I have often done is to make a colour-note from memory the moment I got home, and take it, for the small corrections that need little time, back to the fell on the next possible occasion. For full sketch books there is no substitute: neither for a full memory is there a substitute. Wordsworth says of his *Guide*, "My book could not have been written without much experience": the fells cannot be painted at all except after

years of intimacy. I would not draw a fell I had not walked till I knew it: my pencil walks its ridge. No one can paint the fells who does not live among them. Such are the physical conditions and constitutive means.

To give a test-case of the pictorial problems that only intimacy can tackle—looking northward from Scafell Pinnacle (Fig. 3), a lowlander would see the mass of Scafell Pike, with a background. But the highlander's sight is led on to Great Gable, Dale Head, Maiden Moor, Skiddaw, and thence to the utmost confines of that "world of the eye" where, in the words of Leonardo, "art seeks to vie with Nature." He is like the town child who said to Canon Barnett: "It's the far-off I want." It is off the point to say, as one Academician did to me, "Paint close-ups!" I want both.

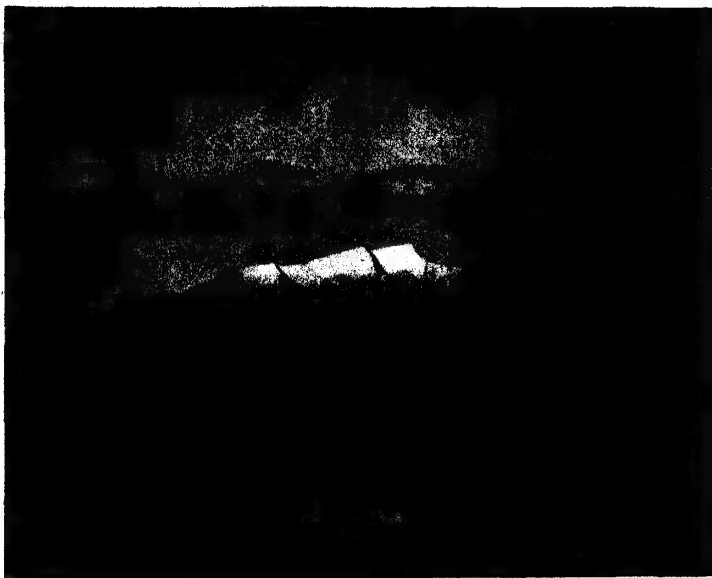
"Gareggiare colla Natura" is Leonardo's phrase. I will not labour my conviction that this is indeed an abiding function of art; nor the assurance that it does not mean illusion, or anything that photography could provide—or imagination dispense with. The workman must be true to his material and tools and language. They are part of the Nature with which art must "gareggiare." As Ruskin said, "A painter's first business is to paint."

Now it is a well-founded principle of design that the eye be led to a defined and telling object. But the painter of mountains dares—indeed is compelled—to lead it to the frontier of the invisible. (I speak naturally, not mystically). Here is a problem for him in the vision and construction of his work.

There are other pictorial problems—the unique complexity of fells, their sharp outline, etc. Southerners are often puzzled that in mountain-painting the range of tone in the far-off fells to which the design leads them is as subtle as in the clouds, forgetting, or having never seen, that the clouds actually rest on, and

move over, those fells, and may even be nearer. They are accustomed to landscapes in which all the objects are generally nearer than any cloud. But the direction of a brush stroke will make a change of tone greater than the difference between the sun and the shadow on Skiddaw seen from Scafell. Yet to look at monumental masses realised in the

subtle tones of air and distance is just what an eye strained by the staring intervals of jazz art may need. We are confronted with the dominant fact that the fells are solid and sculptural, above other things, yet swim in the sea of air; and this is the tension that I regard as fundamental, above all others, in the painting of fells. All true art fuses the tension of seeming opposites (strength with subtlety, Nature with ideas, multieity with unity, and the like), and not only technically but imaginatively. It is the supreme character of the fells, as the eye tries to grasp them, that they are objects of solid granite, fire-tempered, ice-hewn, and enduring through long time; and yet also distant, mysterious, swimming in a sea of air and light and colour that shifts and dissolves and obscures; and in the straining to reach out and grasp this rock of reality through the evanescent mist is the dominant struggle and fascinating desire of the fell-painter's art, it is not partly because we meet here a symbol and type of that reaching out to the "solid, substantial and durable" through the confusions and obscurities, the elusions and illusions of existence, which because, and entangle our mental life?



2.—SNOW-CAPPED BLENCATHRA FROM SCAFELL. Oil. The fell drawing was done in August, the sky and colour note, from much lower, in early spring, and the whole painted afterwards indoors



3.—SCAFELL PIKE CRAGS, GREAT GABLE AND SKIDDAW, FROM SCAFELL PINNACLE. Drawing, pencil and wash

THE AMATEUR INTERNATIONALS

A Golf Commentary by
BERNARD DARWIN

I HAVE a mild little grievance against fortune, that, now when I cannot watch so much golf as I used to do, I have to make a choice between two events both of which I should like very much to see. There is so much golf nowadays that there must almost inevitably be clashing, and so it happens that on the same day in next week the *Russ of the World* tournament will be played at St. Anne's and the Amateur Internationals at Hoylake. Duty calls me to St. Anne's, for the *News of the World* must not be missed, and I shall be very happy there in that most hospitable of Dormy Houses with the very best of professional golf to watch; but I confess that at least half my heart will be at Hoylake, because those matches between the four countries appeal to me as some of the pleasantest and most exciting fun that golf has to offer. Perhaps I have a special yearning for this year, because it was at Hoylake forty-five years ago that I myself played in the first match between England and Scotland, and should like to watch those two old enemies fly at each other's throats once again.

I shall hope to have something to say about the professional side of St. Anne's, and so now let me turn to Hoylake, revisited, and to the amateurs. This will be the first time that this contest in quadruplicate has taken place for nine years, and so is the last of these happy renaissances after the war. I remember vividly, and so must everyone else who was there, the meeting at Portcawl in 1898. My memory of the golf is indeed rather hazy, though I do recall with satisfaction that England won again after a considerable time, led cheering into action by Cyril Tolley. The more abiding memory is of how extremely difficult it was to keep the mind upon the golf at all. It was the crucial time, the final match, at six o'clock, and we all crowded into the club-house to listen in a tense silence to the wireless news. It was an anxious and depressing time; we could almost hear the tramp of the German legions on the march. The mind went back and back to August of 1914; golf seemed utterly insignificant and almost worthless. The meeting will not take place in the most cheerful of circumstances this time, but at least, please goodness, we shall not be wondering how soon all those young players will be in uniform.

England's flag was hauled up to the top of the flagstaff at Portcawl and on paper at any rate they ought to win again at Hoylake. To begin with they have five out of our this

year's Walker Cup side, which was a good side though it did not win; Crawley, Mickles, Storey, White and Lucas. Add to these Perowne, now blushing under his Scandinavian honours, who must be said to have emerged finally from his status of infant phenomenon, and the burly Rothwell, who was the only amateur, except Stranahan, to survive till the last day of the Open at Hoylake. There is a very strong nucleus. Still, Walker Cup players are not everything; the boat with most blues in it does not always go top of the river nor win at Henley; there are emphatically others.

Scotland has their fine cheerful golfer and admirable match player McNally, with Kyle, and Wilson and Rutherford, and it can always produce some good young players, especially from the West, though we in England may not have heard a great deal about them. Having from old experience a well-grounded fear of the Scots I shall not be in the least any in my mind until I hear on the telephone at St. Anne's what has happened in the match on the final day, for the battle between two old enemies is dramatically kept to the last. And then there is Ireland that ought to have this year a good team and a good chance. Ancient loyalties bind me want England to win and yet there is a bit of me that would like to see an Irish victory, for they have never quite done it; they are gallant fighters and it would make an exciting change. For that matter I should be glad to see Wales win, for is not part of me Welsh and do I not go agreeably mad when I watch the men in the red jerseys in a Rugby match? I hardly think, however, that this is yet possible, but Ireland is another matter.

They have a capital No. 1 in that fine dashing golfer Joe Carr, who beat Bishop, the American champion, at St. Andrews. They have Cecil Ewing and Macready, very powerful and a lovely swinger of the club though he faded out a little in the final Walker Cup trial. There are the veteran Burke and Owens, a fine putter, and Brown, who used to be capable of astonishing brilliance in his day. I have not seen the names of their side, as I write, but here is a good start, of great possibilities, and if they only had Bruen, about whose name there hangs a certain terror belonging to no one else, they might well do it; they may as it is. Whether they do or not it will be sad not to see their old leader Dr. MacCormack, sweeping off his hat with a courtly gesture at the end of his match. And to return to Wales for a moment, it is pleasant to read the name of Henry Howell

once more in their ranks. He used once to win the Welsh Championship with utter monotony and was the unchallenged leader of the side. Now I suppose he must be rated a veteran, for the book tells me he was born in the last century, though only just in it. Even so forty-eight is not so very old and I like to think there is something in the maxim once a good golfer always a good golfer. S. P. B. says that Evans and Moody—these will no doubt be the leaders, and the head of the Welsh side has always been dangerous. It has been a certain weakness at the tail that has generally been fatal to their hopes, but they must some day get the reward of their keenness.

I have always enjoyed this meeting, the more perhaps because originally my conservative soul did not wholly approve. I had grown accustomed to the England and Scotland match as a certain-risier to the Amateur Championship and thought that it would never be so good again if it had a new and separate date, and might suffer in interest from the insurance of the two other sides. As soon as I was present under the new conditions I owned myself entirely wrong and have remained an admirer ever since. The fact of the four teams staying together, if not actually on the same hotel, at least as very near neighbours, and all playing against each other, makes a wonderfully friendly gathering of it. I have, I know, before now cited my meeting, on quite another occasion, with a distinguished Irishman wearing the Scottish tie, with its red and rampant lions, and his acquiescence having swapped ties after the match, as the ladies and gentlemen swapped hats in Corney Grain's song about "the four-horse charabanc." That was good evidence of the friendliness, which is, however, far from interfering with the ferocity of the play. More over these three days of hot and solid golf are valuable in disclosing future possibilities and probabilities for Walker Cups and may save the selectors a certain amount of "donkey work."

The very stern would say, and doubtless rightly, that the matches would be more valuable still if both singles and fourfours were over thirty-six holes, but eighteen are much better than none at all. Besides, everybody here gets a second and often a third chance. A promising young player may be just beaten in an early round of a championship and nobody may be much the wiser. But in this tournament he can redeem himself and show what is in him. How I wish I could be in two places at once!

CORRESPONDENCE

THE ADVENTURES OF JACK RANDY

STR,—Can you, or any of your readers, help me with a problem which has just come my way? I have just purchased a set of four paintings by James Pollard, dated 1860, which, according to some very faded old written labels on the back, depict the adventures of Jack Randy, who was, apparently, a hunter-yearling.

In the first picture Jack is depicted as escaping from his home by jumping a five-bar gate; in the second he is doing great damage in a garden, in consequence of which he was caught and thrown into the pound, according to picture number three. Finally, he is sold to a bus proprietor.

On labels behind each picture are verses in manuscript, but these are quite unrecognisable in the case of numbers 1 and 2. Numbers 3 and 4 read as follows:—

To justice see Jack Randy brought,
He is in no bad of roose now,
And yet, how strange the thing . . .
round.

For all that is done he gets
And such a pound as he deserves,
Again, a most unwilling slave.

Vol . . . he run away? Vy then
I'll buy him
And in my heavy Homibus I'll
buy him.
If he bolts off with that I'll bet
a penny
He's the most power-ful-st of
any.

It would seem, from one of the

inscriptions, that a gentleman named W. Watt was responsible for these verses.

I am sure the artist must have been depicting an amusing event in literature of his time, and there must surely be some record of this. I should be grateful for any "pointers."—JACK G. ELLIS, Grafton Street, W.1.

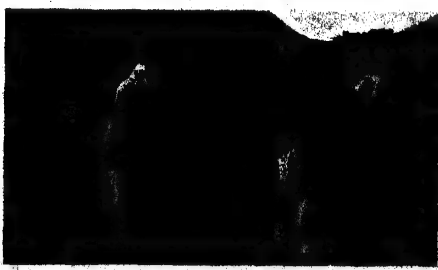
WELL-DRESSED SCARECROWS

SRK.—While walking near Interlaken, Switzerland, recently, I came across the elegant scarecrows illustrated in the accompanying photograph. They are all striking contrast to the ragged-and-tattered scarecrows seen in this country. The figures are made of wood, the faces are carved and painted and the hair is real. They stand in a field of maize to keep the birds from uprooting the plants.—F. E. THOMAS (Rev.), 84, Sturges Road, Wokingham, Berkshire.

BUSTS OF CHARLES JAMES FOX

From the Earl of Ilchester.

SRK.—As Mr. Arthur Cornwall discusses the busts of Charles James Fox, by Joseph Nollekens, in your issue of August 18 and 29, might I be permitted to add a few further remarks, commencing with the earliest bust, that of 1792, "with a toupée of curls above his ears" as described by Mr. Smith in his *Nollekens and His Times*. Mr. Smith speaks of Fox's hair as being "as he wore it in 1793, just as Reynolds has copied him." It refers to the two three-quarter length



SCARECROWS IN A SWISS FIELD
See letter: Well-dressed Scarecrows

paintings of 1782 one of them at Holkham the other in my possession cannot confirm the comparison after a close examination of my own picture and bust. The dressing of the hair in the former is far flatter than in the bust and the elegant curls in the sculptured head are far more striking and prominent. The hair on the temples too has become more receding and I have little doubt in my own mind that the bust was taken from life at the time when it was commissioned by the Empress Catherine.

It is clear that the Countess in the later years of her life had conceived an immense admiration for the Whig statesman. In 1785 she sent him

possibly his son Henry) wrote to Lord Holland about 1824 that in a very few years Nollekens had produced upwards of 90 marble busts of Fox and Pitt and 400 or 500 casts in plaster.—LICHESTER 14, Montagu Square W 1

CLOUDED YELLOWS IN ENGLAND

SIR—It seems that 1947 will prove to have been a bumper year for insects, life both beneficial and harmful and among other visitors from overseas are the welcome and graceful Clouded Yellow butterflies which seem to have come in considerable numbers. I recently saw and photographed a pale form (*helice*) of the Clouded Yellow regaling herself on a clover blossom. At first I thought it was the female of the rare Pale Clouded Yellow (*Colias hyale*) a species very seldom seen in this country although in view of the numbers of immatures about this year it would not be surprising if *Colias hyale* and the commoner *Colias croceus* were both recorded. Unfortunately the Clouded Yellows are unable to maintain their numbers in the winter, all adapted to withstand the rigours of the British winter. JOHN WAKHAN 10, Hatfield Street, Bedford, Northamptonshire.

BUTTERFLY TRAVELS

SIR—One answer to your correspondent's query as to how far north the Clouded Yellow butterfly (*Colias croceus*) has gone is that it is recorded in Plymouth during the afternoon of August 11 at perhaps three thousand an hour and in one minute at 2.30 p.m. on August 16 at 11.15 in East Sussex a cloud of them came in flying north west fast over the sea up to a height of 75 feet in a mere about a hundred yards broad and rather deeper. Reginald Cooke estimated that there were several thousand in this massive yellow ball.

During this period there were fresh emergencies from spring immigrants in the south to complicate matters but any report of their being seen in hundreds inland with the date of appearance will be welcome including the proportion of the white var. *helice* or *ab. pallida* among them. DANIEL REUTHER (Capt. R.N.) Hon Sec Insect Immigration Committee Wandswoy, Hastings Sussex.

IN YORKSHIRE
SIR—You say you would like to know how far north the clouded yellow butterfly had reached. I caught one near here on June 18.—MARY THERESA POWELL, aged 10, Skarone Hall, Ripon, Yorkshire.

Other correspondents write of Clouded Yellows being seen in Somerset (from June) Lancashire (from August) and Lancashire near Clitheroe, where they were taken in the first week of September.

in fields between the Ribble and Hodder. Mr Andrew Fox of Winsford near Bristol after referring to Clouded Yellows seen in the Quantocks remarks on the scarcity of Red Admirals and Commas in his neighbourhood.—ED J

POTATO GROWING IN EXCELSIS

SIR—When in Switzerland recently I was surprised to find a small potato patch at a height of 6,000 feet. It was on the alpine pastures above Murren in the Bernese Oberland and as the photograph shows the site sloped steeply. I learnt that potatoes do very well at these heights and are particularly free from disease. This is one of the changes which the war has brought to agriculture in the Alps. The mountain peasants hitherto almost exclusively concerned with meat, milk and cheese production have had to become more self-sufficient. It is now quite common to find vegetable and even cereals within sight of the eternal snows.—DOUGLAS DUKES 19, Lambells Road Hampstead N.W.3.

THE HART COLLECTION

SIR—In your issue of August 29 Mr Shane Leslie enquires what happened to Hart's Ornithological Museum formerly at Christchurch Hampshire. The Hart collection was bought privately by the late Mr John Hall of Broughton Hall Staffordshire and was (or was) exhibited in one of his houses. When Mr Hall died it was said that he offered the collection to Rugby School.—F. RICHMOND PATON Harsham near by Kilmarnock.



A SWISS POTATO PATCH 6,000 FEET UP

See letter 'Potato Growing in Excelsis'

FOR COOLING BUTTER

SIR—The strange looking object illustrated in my two photographs did not come from Egypt, although its appearance might lead one to think so. It is an American pre-Civil War butter cooler, a relic of the wealth of the old 'south'. I first saw it in my local antique shop and learned that the storekeeper had purchased it direct from a descendant of the original owners. This person almost ninety

THE PALE VARIETY (*HELICE*) OF THE CLOUDED YELLOW ON A CLOVER FLOWER

See letter 'Clouded Yellows in England'

a case of inland and jewelled firearms which have unfortunately disappeared in the fire at Holland House. Again in the summer of 1791 she wrote a note in pencil to her Chamberlain Count Berborotko as follows—

«Ecrivez au Cte Woronozof qu'il me fasse avoir en marbre blanc le buste ressemblant de Charles Fox je veut le mettre sur ma Colonnade entre ceux de Demosthene et Ciceron. Il a delivre par Son Excellence Sa Patrie et la Russie d une guerre a la quelle il n'y avait ni justice ni raisons».

This letter is framed with a small miniature of the Empress said to be by Bouthill. On the back is a translation of Berborotko's subsequent letter to Count Woronozof the Russian Ambassador in England dated June 18 1791.

Traduction de la lettre du Cte Berborotko date de Barsko Sello du 18/29 Juin 1791. Je ne puis mieux exécuter ce qui m'est ordonné qu'en faisant parvenir a V.E. le billet original que j'ai reçu hier etent malade. Elle connoit la main de celle qui l'a écrit et je sais d'avance que vous excuseres ce dont Elle vous charge. a son grand contentement. Ce billet était écrit au crayon, et pour qu'il ne s'efface pas je l'ai couvert avec une plume et l'ancré.

This explains the date of the bust made by Nollekens for the Empress 1792 the date also of that at Woolbeach Fox's nephew Henry Richard Lord Holland at that time a man of 19 was travelling on the Continent at that year and his version, dated a year later was doubtless ordered on his return. It has fortunately survived the fire in 1940 with certain blemishes. The terracotta identical but slightly smaller now at the National Portrait Gallery is undated and its provenance is unknown.

The later bust of Fox by Nollekens, with his hair close cut is of less importance and versions of it are very numerous far more so than of the earlier one. Mr Oswald's suggestion that they are founded on the one executed at the Royal Academy in 1782, is probably correct. I know of no earlier.

Mr Goblet (probably Alexander Goblet, Nollekens' chief assistant or



AN AMERICAN BUTTER COOLER OF PRE-CIVIL WAR DAYS, CLOSED AND (above) OPEN TO RECEIVE THE BUTTER

See letter 'For Cooling Butter'

remembers the coloured butter on the family plantation carrying it from person to person at the table for self service.

It is one of those queer domestic pieces (to-day it would in America be called a gadget) that well-to-do Americans have from time to time added to their household chattels—particularly for meal service. This was when a lazy Susan (a low table like arrangement on a revolving base equipped with many small dishes for sauces or preserves) was the last word in table accessories. This was placed in the centre of the dining table for self service some were quite large as much as three feet in diameter. In my grandmother's day no elegant Haviland china set imported from France was complete without individual salt dips and crescent shaped bone dishes the latter for use when bones from poultry had to be disposed of at the table. Pressed glass cup plates used to place the cups in the days when it was polite to drink tea from the saucer were high style at one time as were silver plated spoons of various types. The spoons were placed on the table in these—never in the saucer as in England.

But time flies and with it these fads go too. Antique dealers eagerly collect any such articles of which there are plenty to be bought. The butter cooler however is rare. It may have been made in quantity since many pottery articles were made

for domestic use in early American days. Much of this pewter was melted down for ammunition during the Civil War and for this reason American pewter is rare and costly. So, perhaps, other examples of the butter cooler went into Civil War munitions.

Considering the warm climate of the Southern States, it is not surprising that this example came from Maryland. Of exquisite workmanship and design, it is built on the principle of the lazy Susan I have described. It revolves on a brass base which is stamped H. Stimpson. Patented 1855, Baltimore, Maryland.

In most butter coolers the receptacle for the butter is above the chipped or cracked ice, but not in this one. Hinged doors swing open, as shown in my other photograph, so that

this year the birds in the garden showed little interest in the black berries and left the raspberries and the loganberries severely alone.—Ed.]

CARVED CRESTINGS ON CLOCKS

Sir.—Mr. R. W. Symonds, writing in your issue of September 5, sees no reason why crestings with the royal arms should have been placed on clocks. As the royal arms were frequently displayed in carved wood or plaster work over fireplaces and elsewhere in private houses in the past may not some possessors of long-case clocks have had crestings with the royal arms carved in honour of William III, restorer of the people's liberties at "the Glorious Revolution"?—HOKOLIST, Cambridge.



ONE OF THE FIVE ROUND HOUSES AT VERNAN, CORNWALL

See letter: To Keep Out the Devil

a small dish to hold the butter may be inserted. The dome over a giant holds the ice, which is put in through a circular hole at the top. A small, round, close-fitting cover is topped by a reclining cow which forms the handle for this part of the butter cooler. Ingeniously constructed hollow walls provide air space for better insulation.

Standing about a foot high the butter cooler is a replica of a giant acorn, the base being ornamented with a wreath of oak leaves. Leaves made the door handles also, with a third above the doors for holding the butter knife, which is slipped behind the leaf. The entire lower part, or cup, of the acorn is ornamented with a very pleasing pressed design of miniature acorns. The inventor was a personal friend of the wealthy and influential Southern family to which this butter cooler belonged. The invention of an ice-less water pitcher (a pitcher so constructed that it kept cold water cold, and a common object in hotels of an earlier era) is attributed to the same man. MARGARET CRUISE (Mrs.), 2632 S. Mansfield Avenue, Los Angeles 18, California, U.S.A.

FRUIT-SHY BIRDS

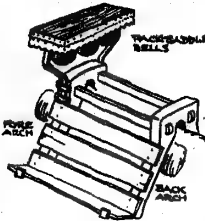
Sir.—I have about an acre of vegetables and soft fruits and, like everyone else, am usually plagued with blackbirds and thrushes on the latter. This year I netted in the Royal Sovereign strawberries, and noticed that when they ripened the birds did not attempt to get through the netting. I had two beds of smaller strawberries (for jam) which I left without nets, and to my surprise not a bird touched them, although there were the usual number in and around the garden. All the raspberries and red currants and white currants were also untouched, and I am wondering if any of your readers have had a similar experience.—T. C. CRAMLEY, Warcop House, Warcop, Westmorland.

[We also have been surprised that

the saddle-band or saddle-pad, or, occasionally, between the points of the harness.

I think it unlikely that the sets of large bells, mounted on heavy wooden bell-boards with leather fringes, were worn above the collar as Mr. Edwards's sketch suggests. Practical considerations seem to be against it.

As far as my information and researches take me, those sets of large bells (often of spherical type) fixed to solid bell-boards were worn only by pack horses, the iron straps or supports fitting into leather or metal holders on the fore-arch of the saddle. My diagrammatic sketch will, I think, further explain the point.—JAMES BURROD, 18, Halseway, Hamlet, Skeltery, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire.



A SET OF PACK-SADDLE BELLS IN POSITION

See letter: How Harness Bells Were Worn

TO KEEP OUT THE DEVIL

Sir.—At Verran in Cornwall there are five curious round houses that guard each end of the village—to keep out the Devil, so it is said. They were made round, the story goes, so that there would be no corners for the evil one to hide in. Each is thatched and surmounted by a cross and they are known locally as Parson Trist's houses.—WEST COUNTRY.

STANDARDS OF THE TWELVE TRIBES

Sir.—At Giggleswick church in the West Riding there is a fine pulpit (dated 1680) displaying the badges, or "standards," of the twelve tribes of Israel.

The "standards" are carved on the wood panels, each bearing the appropriate tribal name. I enclose photographs of two of the most interesting. "Joseph" is represented by a creature that, despite its meek, almost benign expression, must be meant for a bull, since that animal was venerated by this section of the Rachel group.

The other panel, bearing the letters Z A B as an abbreviation for Zebulon, displays a three-masted ship as a token, no doubt, of the fact that at one time the Zebon territory extended to the sea-coast between Accho and the foot of Mount Carmel, and was therefore associated with traffic on "The Great Sea" (the Mediterranean).—ANTIQUARIAN, Leeds, Yorkshire.

A MANORIAL BAKERY

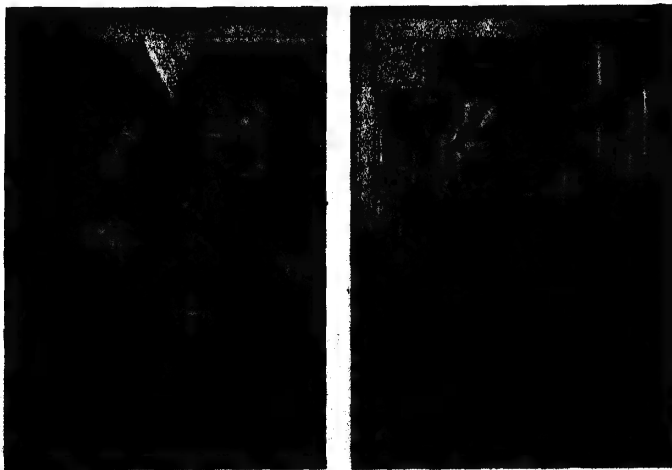
Sir.—On the demolition of a cruck cottage in this parish, there was discovered behind a large oven a wooden implement 21 inches long, pointed at one end, and with a round handle about 7 inches long at the other end, of which I enclose a sketch. The blade

SCALE: One-Tenth of actual size

is flat on one side, 3½ inches across, and rounded rather like a cricket bat on the other side, and about 1½ inches thick. The wood looks to me like elm, and is only slightly worm-eaten.

Can you or any of your readers suggest what the implement was used for? Can it have been for flour mixing? A Norman Survey of 1299 suggests that the site of a cottage then stood where the cruck cottage was built, and that it may have been the local manorial bakery in the charge of one Cristina Gnat—a surname still appearing in our Court Rolls as "Gnaters" in 1574 onwards.—EDWARD F. GRAY, Ripple Hall, Teuhisbury, Gloucestershire.

We are asked to state that Collyer's School at Horsham, Sussex, is an aided grammar school, and not an elementary school, as was mentioned in our issue of September 5.



BADGES OF THE TRIBES OF JOSEPH AND ZEBULON. TWO OF A SERIES OF CARVED PANELS ON THE PULPIT AT GIGGLESWICK CHURCH, YORKSHIRE

See letter: Standards of the Twelve Tribes

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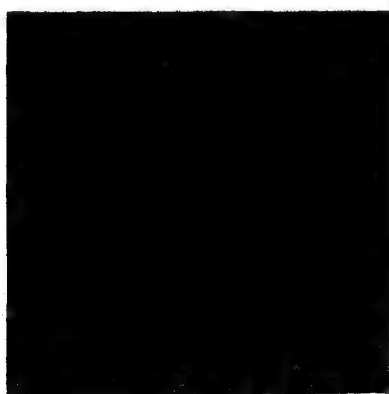
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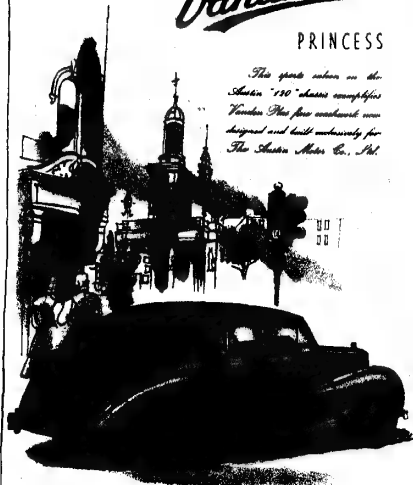
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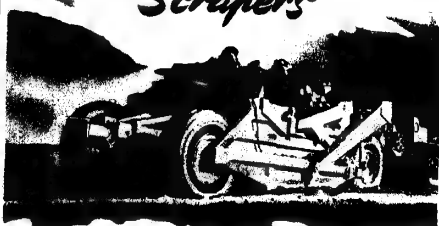


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NEW CARS DESCRIBED

THE VAUXHALL 12

By J. EASON GIBSON

THE present Vauxhall 12 is the result of a policy of rationalisation just before the war which reduced the number of Vauxhall models to three: the 10 h.p. the 12 h.p., and the 14 h.p. The 10 and the 12 are basically the same car with different-sized engines. The 12 h.p. is also fitted with higher gear ratios to enable full advantage to be taken of the extra power. The model under review is the cheapest 12 h.p. car at present available and is in any case among the six cheapest cars of any size. The makers have wisely avoided any pretence about the car's capabilities. It is of straightforward design and provides adequate comfort and performance for four passengers: it is not intended to be luxurious or fast.

The car does not employ a normal chassis frame. Instead the chassis and body framework are built integrally—a method of construction that gives greater strength for a given weight. The steel roof and the floor assist in strengthening the complete car. A secondary advantage of this method of construction is that squeaks and rattles are much less likely to develop after hard use than with the normal separate chassis and bodywork frames. The Vauxhall company were one of the first manufacturers to make use of independent suspension and the present model employs this method on the front wheels using torsion bars. The rear springing is by laminated springs damped by hydraulic shock absorbers of the piston type. The brakes are Lockheed hydraulic and owing to the low weight of the car—18½ cwt—give the good figure of 99 square inches of brake lining per ton.

The engine is a four cylinder of 1½ litres and while no effort has been made to obtain high power output the maximum is 35 brake horse power. Owing again to the low weight however the car is endowed with a good power weight ratio: the performance should therefore be adequate. All components are easily reached. The oil filler is mounted on top of the



A FEATURE OF THE BODY IS THE INTEGRAL CONSTRUCTION OF THE FRAMEWORK

valve rocker box and the dip stick is of sensible length. The battery is also mounted under the bonnet. A thermostat is fitted to the cooling system to assist rapid warming up and another is mounted on the induction manifold for the same purpose.

The design staff have concentrated on obtaining a good top gear performance in preference to high performance and to this end have fitted a simple three-speed gearbox provided of course with synchromesh on top and second gears. Neither of the lower gears is intended to be used to obtain maximum acceleration since with a car of this type all normal driving will probably be done on top gear. The average owner of this type of car is unlikely to use second gear except in very slow traffic conditions or on steep hills.

Although the complete car is simple in fact almost austere in appearance the bodywork provides all that one would expect. In view of the low cost of the model, the amount of room and the standard of internal finish is very good. The distance across the rear seats is 50 ins and across the bench-type front seat 42 ins. The measurement from front and rear seats to the roof is 39 ins and 37 ins respectively and from the floor to the floor 49½ ins. In many small cars the size and relative position of the front screen might prove a nuisance to a sufferer from claustrophobia, but in this car

the front screen measures 40 ins and 111 ins and its height in relation to the seats is such that all passengers will enjoy an unimpeded view. Since the car is higher than the average the transmission tunnel has been reduced to practically unnoticeable dimensions and no inconvenience should be experienced. A sliding roof is fitted and extra ventilation can be obtained through a large scuttle vent at the rear easily reached from the driver's seat. Hinged panels are fitted to the front doors and are very useful in giving draught free ventilation.

Luggage space is provided in a locker with an unusually large lid. The spare wheel is carried in the lid and does not get in the way when one is loading luggage. By leaving the lid open it is possible greatly to increase the luggage accommodation, although the lid does not fold down into a horizontal position. All controls are well placed with the exception of the hand brake lever which to leave the driver's door clear has been mounted rather far forward under the dash.

The upholstery is carried out in cloth and I for one like this type of seating. I find it warmer in the winter and cooler in the summer. Another advantage in these troubled times is that it does not have the same glaring effect as leather on one's precious clothes.

My first impression on beginning my tests was of the smoothness and quietness of both the engine and the car as a whole. A stranger to the car might be forgiven for imagining that he was driving a six cylinder instead of a small four. The second impression was of the ease in driving assisted largely by the very good action of the synchromesh gearbox. No matter whether changes were attempted very fast or very slow the synchromesh ensured that the operation was perfectly silent. I took the car over in London and discovered very soon that practically all driving at speeds over 10 to 15 m.p.h. could be done on top gear. A pleasant way of driving while one is in more or less continuous traffic is to change directly from first to top gear. I used the car to visit Shelsley Walsh a trip that required the maintenance of high speeds for long periods and even when pushed to its maximum effort it showed no signs of distress. It fulfils the designer's intentions very well providing effortless top gear performance sufficiently high for the average motorist, its cruising speed and one that can be safely indulged, being between 48 and 50 m.p.h.

An unusual feature of the car is that its suspension appears to be much better with a



THE VAUXHALL 12-H.P. FOUR-DOOR SALOON

full load of passengers than with the car partially loaded. At all speeds the springing is soft and comfortable and although there is a degree of roll apparent on corners at no time does this reach disturbing proportions. The steering was noticeable for its lightness and while there is a slightly dead feeling about it the lightness makes the car untiring for long distances. At higher speeds on straight but not very smooth roads one has to steer the car as distinct from letting it keep its own course. The softness of the springing and the lightness of the steering remain constant throughout the effective speed range of the car. Even when one strikes unexpected severe bumps at maximum speed the comfort factor remains what one has become accustomed to and the accuracy of the steering is unimpaired.

A notable feature of the car is the unusually high mileage obtained on a gallon of petrol. The overall average during my tests was 35 m.p.g. but if the car was driven at a steady speed on good roads, this figure could be raised to as high as 40 m.p.g. For a car carrying four people and of this horse power this is an exceptional figure. Excluding 6 h.p. economy cars this is the lowest petrol consumption figure I have obtained since the war on any car. While I had the car it was parked in the open each night but started easily and instantly each morning. The system of adjusting the bench type front seat was very simple. On the other hand the petrol filler was not so parsimoniously the aperture being very small and rendering filling up a tedious operation.

THE VAUXHALL 12

Makers
Vauxhall Motors Ltd. Luton, England

SPECIFICATION

Price	£422 8s 4d	Brakes	Lockheed hydraulic
(inc P.T. £92 8s 4d)		Suspension	Independent (front)
Gubic cap	1 442 c c	Wheelbase	8 ft 11½ in
B.S.	69 5 x 95 mm	Track (front)	4 ft 9½ in
Valves	Overhead	Track (rear)	4 ft 11 in
B.H.P.	35 at 3600 r.p.m.	Overall length	13 ft 2½ in
Carb.	Zenith	Overall width	5 ft 1 in
Ignition	Lucas coil	Overall height	5 ft 5 in
Oil filter	A.C. by pass	Ground clearance	7½ in
1st gear	15.86 to 1	Turning circle	35.5 ft
2nd gear	15.8 to 1	Weight	18½ cwt
3rd gear	14.6 to 1	Fuel cap	6½ gallons
4th gear	11.8 to 1	Oil cap	5½ pints
Reverse	11.8 to 1	Water cap	1 pint
Final drive	Spiral bevel	Tyre size	5.00 x 15 ins

PERFORMANCE

Acceleration	secs	secs	Petrol consumption
10-30	Top 11.2	2nd 7.1	35½ m.p.g.
20-40	Top 11.6	2nd 8.6	m.p.g. at average speed
30-60	All gears	39.6	of 40 m.p.g.

BRAKES

Speed	15 ft	35 ft	55 ft	Max. speed
30-0	16 ft	35 ft	55 ft	68.5 m.p.h.
40-0	35 ft	55 ft	72 ft	50 m.p.h. dry concrete road

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THE UNSOCIABLE WORDSWORTH

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

MR. MALCOLM ELWIN'S book, *The First Romantics* (Macdonald, 15s.) is about Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey; Wordsworth, whom the author appears to dislike intensely; Coleridge, for whom his admiration is great; and Southey who, he appears to think—and few would disagree with him—didn't amount to much one way or the other.

An example of Mr. Elwin's way of dealing with Wordsworth will be found in this sentence: "When he went to France, he was ripe for amorous

it. He went to France, and I have little doubt he was "seeking a mistress," though not the mistress of flesh and blood that Mr. Elwin, with a jesty which I think hardly permissible in a serious work, tells us he was "possibly" looking for. Possibly! Heaven help us if our biographers are to be at liberty to impute to us all that, in their own imaginations, is "possible."

For some reason, Mr. Elwin is down on Wordsworth, wherever there is a chance to get in a blow. Considered dispassionately as a human being, Wordsworth, no doubt, like the

THE FIRST ROMANTICS. By Malcolm Elwin (Macdonald, 15s.)

SHERIDAN. By Lewis Gibbs (Dent, 15s.)

A VIEW OF THE HARBOUR. By Elizabeth Taylor (Peter Davies, 9s. 6d.)

experience; with the shadow of holy orders, and its doom to life-long contention looming over him, he possibly went with the settled intention of seeking a mistress."

SHOPKEEPER RELATIVES

The situation was this. Deprived early in life of both parents, Wordsworth was brought up by shopkeeper relatives with whom he did not "hit it off." He did not, indeed, hit it off with anybody. He was always a rather morose and unsocial person, which is by no means uncommon with men of a philosophic twist. He made his way to Cambridge, where nothing much happened to him: it was, externally, rather a dull experience; but poetry was beginning to stir within him. It was just after he had left Cambridge that his sister Dorothy said in a letter that he had "great attachment to poetry" and this, she thought, "is the most likely thing to produce his advancement in the world."

Now, whatever else Wordsworth may have been, he was one of the greatest of English poets; and it may be reasonably assumed that at this time, when the young man was becoming fully conscious of his "masterpieces," poetry meant more to him than anything else in the world. But there was alas! the question which Dorothy mentioned of his "advancement in the world," which meant, in plain English, the need to get a job. Wordsworth's relatives were not the sort of people who would feel much elation at the thought that William had begun to turn out verse, and there was a currying going at Harwich, in the recommendation of a certain Mr. Robinson, who was kindly disposed. It is clear that the last thing Wordsworth wanted was to be a parson. He paid his respects to Mr. Robinson and deliberately lied about his age. He said he was too young for the job.

This was the moment at which he went to France. "The shadow of holy orders" was, indeed, as Mr. Elwin says, "looming over him," though why, to a clergyman of the Church of England, this should involve the "doom of lifelong continence" I do not understand. Anyway, he ran for

rest of us, leaves much to be desired. There is Landy's celebrated crack about his having "one eye on a daffodil and the other on a canal share," and it can hardly be denied that he realised that his work could only be done in serenity and was ruthless in securing it. Dorothy's prostration before him is something the mind does not accept without question. Mr. Elwin goes so far as to call him, in this matter, "a supremely selfish egoist." But the fact remains that it was this supremely selfish egoist who wrote some of the greatest poetry England has known, and out of this arises the further fact that great poetry can be the consequence only of greatness. It is to the inner region where that greatness dwelt that Mr. Elwin has failed to penetrate. He has failed to understand the divine paradox by which we may gather figs from thorns."

HAPPY WITH COLERIDGE

What a case, if one cared to take the lopsided view, could be made against Coleridge! Like Wordsworth, he first embraced and then renounced the revolution. Like Wordsworth, he accepted a legacy; unlike Wordsworth, he dispensed his genius in grandiose speculation. So the case could go. But who would bother to make it? Mr. Elwin is fortunate to feel no temptation to do so. He is happy in his dealing with Coleridge—happy and just. Would that he had been so with Wordsworth. To say, as he does, that "the story of his whole life shows uninterrupted preoccupation with self-interest" is to neglect that core of his life which alone gives him significance.

Coleridge wrote a drama called *Ossorio* and sent it to Sheridan, who was the manager of Drury Lane. Poor Sheridan! (How inevitably the words fall from the pen!) To every one he was "Poor Sheridan!" or "Poor Sherry!" Poor Sheridan was hardly the sort of manager to spend long hours reading other people's plays. He could write his own, and manuscripts piled up on his desk. There was endless delay in looking into the merits of *Ossorio*, and finally Coleridge summed Sheridan up as "an unprincipled rogue." It is so easy to "fly off the handle."

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especially when you are harassed for money, as Coleridge was. He was pondering a dilemma: whether to become a journalist or a Unitarian minister, and the odds are that he would have become a Unitarian minister. The Wedgwood brothers hadn't decided to give him £150 a year—more handsome than the sum Wordsworth received from Raisley Calvert.

SHERIDAN—"A MERRY ROGUE"

Unprincipled Sheridan may have been in the sense of having few of those rules of conduct by which prudent men govern their lives, but no one who reads Mr. Lewis Gibbs's *Sheridan* (Dent, 15s.) would call him a rogue—except in the charming sense in which one speaks of "a merry rogue," and his principles at least extended to this: that no one was able to buy him at a time when the prudent men in public life had fairly fixed ideas of their own prices.

He was, as they say, "his own worst enemy," though this again can hardly be more than a form of words, for undoubtedly, with all the debts and duns and sponging-houses, he lived the sort of life he wanted to live. He was one of those people who cannot exist unless they are "the life and soul of the party," and no party which he wished to enjoy was ever known to give him the cold shoulder. Even his funeral party, to which he went out of the house where he had died with the ballistics smoking and playing cards, but with a duchess holding his hand—was celebrated in Westminster Abbey, with the Duke of Bedford, the Earl of Lauderdale, Earl Mulgrave, the Bishop of London, Lord Holland and Lord Spencer acting as pall-bearers. And there were two Royal dukes present, as well as many others of the *élite*.

Not a bad end, Sheridan might have reflected complacently, for a Dublin play-actor's son, who had come to London, a nobody, in his youth, and was the famous author of *The Rivals* before you could say Jack Robinson.

PARADOXICAL CAREER

It had altogether been a paradoxical career, as Mr. Gibbs points out. What did he really want to do and be? To-day, it is his plays that keep his memory green, yet, "of the forty years and upwards over which his career stretched, he gave no more than five to the writing of his plays." He was the manager of a famous theatre, and little is remembered of that except that in his time its finances were exceedingly complicated and that it was buried to the ground.

Politics? What does anyone remember of all the years he gave to that, except that he made a celebrated speech about the Begums of Oude, whose excellence we must take on trust.

Altogether a queer case was Poor Sherry. He seems to have been one of those people who find fulfilment in being, rather than in doing, and here in this book you will find him brilliantly in being, with much of the fascination that led Lamartine to speak after his death of "our late incomparable Brinsley."

A STAGNANT BACKWATER

Miss Elizabeth Taylor's novel, *A View of the Harbour* (Peter Davies, 9s. 6d.) is an excellent example of how to build up a concrete and convincing whole out of a series of vignettes. She seems to show us—and admirably succeeds in showing us—the daily life of a small down-at-heel fishing village where the "fun fair" is not likely to open again, and the wax-works draw

no more than pitying smiles from the few visitors, and every night at the pub is "rather quiet."

We are shown the people stranded in this stagnant backwater: the doctor and his novelist wife, their children, the glamorous divorced woman next door, the shop-keepers and the curate; and we find that behind the blinds which "progress" has decided to draw down over the whole scene there exist persons and passions as lively and differentiated as you will find anywhere else.

Miss Taylor is certainly an author to read. There is nothing either recondite or superficial about anything she writes, but she has an exactitude of seeing and writing that makes her work a delight.

THE AGRICULTURAL REVIVAL

IMMEDIATELY the war ended, many of us began to wonder how long the favourable conditions for agriculture which had prevailed during the years when the carriage of food by sea was so difficult was going to last. To-day it is evident that the incentive to favourable treatment is not less than it was; it is greater indeed if we trust Government statements. Financial difficulties even more formidable have replaced those of war-time shipping, and British agriculture is being called upon once more to expand and not only to feed the people but to redress the balance of trade. The financial and economic value to the nation of an agriculture making the most of all existing home resources is no new thesis, but for the first time a Government announces its intention of backing the idea to the limit of possibility. Experienced agriculturists like Mr. T. B. Marson, who has just published another interesting and well-informed volume dealing with current agricultural questions (*Soil and Security*, Oliver and Boyd, 7s. 6d.), believe that the new venture can be made a success. He is convinced that this country can be made practically self-supporting, but shows that it will require the enlightened interest of all our people, a new attitude towards farming as a career, and the necessary conditions to make it attractive. He also considers more technical questions of agricultural policy which, if mishandled, may lead to disaster. The author is particularly well equipped to deal with matters of livestock policy—a very important item in any scheme of expansion—for in addition to his wide practical knowledge of farming, he is a recognised authority on Shortbroth cattle.

THE IRISH HORSE

THE fourteenth issue of *The Irish Horse*, the official organ of The Bloodstock Breeders' Association of Ireland and which is published by them (21s.), covers the racing and breeding season of 1946. Though late in arrival it is the most informative volume for the bloodstock breeder that I have ever read.

Very naturally stress has been laid, in the chapters dealing with racing, upon the successes of Eire-bred thoroughbreds in England and other parts of the world, but these observations are relieved—if they need relieving—by excellent articles written by such authorities as Mr. William Mitchell, of the Collinstown Stud, and Mr. W. F. Davison, and the book is completed by the most comprehensive set of statistics about the racehorse. These statistics are not just the ordinary tabulations that are published annually in the sporting papers, but are clearly the results of hours of research, giving as they do the details of the winning percentage of every sire and, still more important to every vendor and buyer of bloodstock, the average price made by the yearling stock of every sire sold at public auction.

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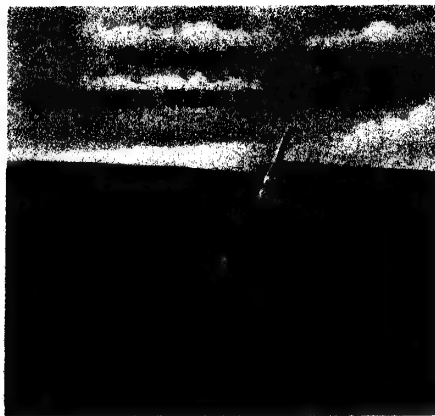
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FARMING NOTES

THE NEED FOR BETTER FARM BUILDINGS

LANDOWNERS through their organisation C.L.A. are to have a talk with the Minister of Agriculture about the present lack of facilities for both the farmer and the tenant. The special concern of the landowners is the present plans for increased production is the provision for grass for both the farmer and the tenant, drying plants and adequate supplies, the Government's livestock policy will fall to the ground. Amenities such as electric light, sanitation and other conveniences, and accommodation are equally vital, indeed perhaps more vital, because unless living conditions are improved on the farm, the farmer will find it difficult to secure enough regular labour. The C.L.A. ask that the farmer and the farm-worker should be treated as equals and that adequate farm buildings and living accommodation is dependent on the payment of economic rents for the services provided. This is the basis of the N.F.U. and the agricultural workers' unions would agree readily enough that the landlord who provides up-to-date farm buildings and living accommodation in first-class order deserves an economic return on his capital outlay and also in recompense of his services as a working partner in the farming industry.

Marketing Hops

A RE-ORGANISATION commission has been reviewing the operation of the hops marketing scheme since 1960. The scheme provides for the sale of hops, these producers' quotas have created a strong vested interest, because by the scheme a grower can sell a certain quantity of hops that a registered producer is entitled to sell. He can sell this entitlement to a nominated successor, but the scheme has not yet had very few such transfers of basic quotas, but they recommend that in future these quotas should be sold to the highest bidder on a cash basis revised over five years beginning in 1980. Apart from this recommendation the re-organisation commission has recommended changes to the scheme. Another vested interest that the Ministry of Agriculture might well look into is perpetuated by the fact that all registered producers are pigs and poultry. Those farms that carried a big head of pigs and poultry at the beginning of the year are allocated a certain number of basic quotas, although on a low scale, is a valuable consideration in these days. Other farms which may be just as suitable for growing pigs and poultry, but which have come into the hands of those who want to develop this type of production have no basic quotas for registered studs. In time that a re-assessment was made so that, as soon as feeding-stuffs can be used on a more generous scale, all issued

A Poultry Plan

MR. F. G. BEVIN, who lives at Freshfield, Lancashire, has sent me a summary of his plan for developing poultry-keeping which he claims has the fullest support of poultry-keepers everywhere and really substantial Parliamentary support from all parties. He wants to see an eventual increase of poultry stock to 100,000,000 laying birds capable of providing every one in the country with one egg daily. This is a bold objective with which I do not quarrel. But I am against Mr. Bevin's pro-

posal that there should be complete licensing of poultry-keeping throughout Britain. The proposed licensing authority, constituted to embrace all interests, including the Ministry of Agriculture, would have to decide whether to issue a licence to each individual household or withdraw licences. But are the million people keeping poultry a large or small way to be regimented under this beneficent licensing authority and required to conform to its whims? I am not sure that the authority I can imagine no industry less amenable to such discipline or indeed where individual enterprise counts for more in success. By all means, I am sure, the Government and economical ways of marketing our eggs and table birds, but leave the production side to the individual to develop as he knows best. His mistakes will be no nearly so expensive as the mistakes of a rigidly central control authority.

Drinking Milk

THE British people are now drinking 50 per cent. more milk than they did before the war. Consumption has risen from 0.6 pints daily on average in 1939 to 0.9 pints, a statement issued by the Milk Marketing Board. The increase has not been uniform throughout the country; it has been greatest in the south, the Jarrold and Stoke-on-Trent where there was unemployment and poverty. There has been little increase in the north, where people have always been comparatively prosperous and an actual decline in resorts like Harrogate where many people have left and where the milk they all the milk they needed before the war and where present ration scales have forced a reduction in consumption to six pints a sixth of all the milk consumed now is specially subsidised under the milk-in-schools scheme and the national milk scheme. The milk is sold at 4d. a pint while critics are heard of the waste of this subsidised milk supplied to school children, no doubt most of it being drunk by the 14.6 million in the post-war generation.

Farmers as Voters

SSE in the *Essex Farmer's* journal that Mr. Edgar Walker, the county N.F.U. secretary, has recently obtained a large number of signatures which have been used in the recent election of a special member of the Milk Marketing Board were cast. Mr. W. R. Gwynne, who was elected by 10,130 votes, the runner-up being Mr. Goodwin, of Cheshire, with 8,000 votes. Mr. Gemmell, the nominee of the Essex Dairy Producers' Association, polled 7,500. The number of votes cast was about 30,000, roughly equivalent to the votes of 8,000 producers with 10 cows each.

For these elections a producer with 9 cows or under gets one vote. If he has 10 cows he gets two votes, with 11 cows three votes, 12 cows four, 13 cows four votes, and so on, with one more vote for each ten cows.

Mr. Edgar Walker says that 5 per cent. of registered voters failed to vote in a Maston Broom election. The smallness of the poll is no doubt a reflection of the general satisfaction with the present arrangements.

Mr. Trehan was known to be the son of a man who had put in a lot of hard work in getting the scheme going, and he was a well-known dairy farmer with first-class herds of British Friesians himself and is ready to demonstrate how milk production methods have improved since the war.

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ESTATE MARKET

A COUNTRY PROPERTY
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LIEUT.-COL. GUY H. PALMER, of Kintbury, Berkshire, was the highest of many eager bidders at an auction of Peasemore Manor, Newbury, the hammer falling at £51,500. The estate of 1,140 acres lies in a compact block, well adapted for mechanical cultivation, and hitherto for some time farmed as a single unit. The old manor house, a couple of farm-houses and cottages are comprised, and the farms are of 408 acres 188 acres and 545 acres. Possession of most of the property is available Messrs Woolley and Wallis and Messrs Drewatt, Watson and Barton were the agents for the vendors.

COUNTRY HOUSE FOR
CHARITY

MR E. J. HARDY has given his freehold estate, Ryon Hill, two miles from Stratford-on-Avon to the Freeman's of Warwickshire for charitable purposes. The property was to have been offered by auction in Birmingham by Messrs. Edwards, Son and Bigwood and Mathews, but on the eve of the auction Mr. Hardy decided to give it away. Ryon Hill is not a direct or difficult property to deal with but a substantial good-looking residence on which a lot of money has been spent in the last few years in improvements. It stands on high ground in the midst of about 20 acres of gardens and grounds, parts of which, notably the rockeries and the rose gardens, were laid out by a leading firm of landscape artists. There is a lake of two acres in the grounds, and another feature is a long frontage to the Avon. Woodland belts shelter the house on three sides, and there are an orchard, kitchen garden and large glass-houses. Adjoining the Ryon Hill freehold is Nineveh Farm. Mr. Hardy at first intended to have it brought to auction along with Ryon Hill but he has withdrawn it from sale.

LORD SWAYTHLING'S SURREY
ACQUISITION

BRIDLEY Manor the late Mr. Gray Miller's Surrey Tudor house and 170 acres, adjoining Worplesdon, of course, has been sold for close on £450,000 to Lord Swaythling. The agents in this transaction, Messrs. Hampton and Sons, acted when Mr. Gray Miller acquired the property. Saint Hill, an estate of 866 acres two miles south-west of East Grinstead, Sussex, with a private cinema and a lake of three acres, has been sold to the Maharaja of Jaipur, through the agency of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley.

Executors and other vendors have recently obtained £11 to approximately £6,000 for houses at Bournemouth and Boscombe through Messrs. Fox and Sons, and in four instances would-be buyers concluded contracts before the property could be brought under the hammer, at purchase money totalling about £18,000.

The three farms, extending to 570 acres, at Kingston Bagpate, near Abingdon, Berkshire, the impending sale of which was announced in this column in the issue of September 5, have been sold before the auction. The joint agents were Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Messrs. Simons and Sons. The stock changed hands at the same time.

DELAY IN REPAIRING
WAR DAMAGE

THE delay in repairing war-damaged premises continues. Private owners of only one or two properties are sometimes told that the delay is probably due in part to their lack of exact compliance with the rather

intricate regulations of the War Damage Commission. Forms that were correctly and fully completed have a way of getting back to applicants on the ground that some small and apparently unimportant technicality has been overlooked. Such sending back is not done by return of post but may happen five or six weeks after delivery of an application. Meanwhile no progress can be made and damage that has been untouched except for the most temporary and superficial attention, for years remains a cause of deterioration of the structure, a loss of income to the owner and of rates and taxes, as well as a denial of accommodation to those who would be only too glad to pay good even high rents.

But it is not only the owner of one or two properties who is suffering from the delay. The large property companies complain of difficulty in getting permission to set about reinstating their premises. For example, the London County Freehold and Leasehold Properties Limited has at the present time 108 flats of a pre-war total rental of £21,640 a year unoccupied because of war damage, the Company being unable to begin any repairs to them because licences are as yet unobtainable.

Here and there repairs have been done to badly damaged houses, and the figures of cost can only be called alarming. Houses that were sold in the pre-war years for £1,500 have been the subject of contracts for repair (not rebuilding but it noted) up to close on £2,000. Other leases structural defects dating from long before the first bombing have been remedied at the public cost, thanks to the lack of expert inspection and supervision.

RENT RESTRICTIONS:
NEED OF REVISION

TENANCIES of flats, and in some instances of houses, made in pre-war periods often provided for the rendering by the landlords of certain services. Central heating and hot water supply were commonly such facilities in the case of flats. Changes in the cost of giving services make no difference to the landlord's obligation to go on providing them if the lease says so, even if the result is financially serious for the landlord.

As long ago as 1945, the Ridley Committee recommended that the Rent Restrictions Acts should be revised and the increase in the cost of services should be passed on to the tenants. This recommendation was not hurriedly arrived at for the Committee sat for nearly two years but nothing practical has been done to give effect to what the Committee urged. Of course, this is only one of the real grievances of property owners under the Acts. It is, however, one that would seem to admit of treatment more easily than others.

Comprehensive review of this legislation is indefinitely deferred, doubtless because of the outcry that would be raised if some of the anomalies about rentals were likely to be removed. Tenants of the lower rented types of property are much more the subject of consideration by the legislature than are property owners, and good landlords who entered into agreements at a far rent before the war years are the sufferers. Those owners who have bought premises since 1939 with a full knowledge of the impact of restrictions can hardly claim much consideration, but one difficulty about the review of the Acts is the possibility that the latter class would expect to participate fully in any benefits likely to accrue from reforms.

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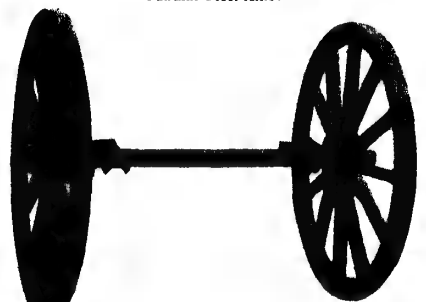
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WINTER ELEGANCE-

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ONE of the big features of the advance winter fashions has been the ensembles for town in the new woollens, woven with such skill that they have the bloom of a velvet. Much of this material is reserved for the export market, but there is a certain amount for this country and it makes a notable addition to the fabric collections. One is a velours with a ridge in the weave, a supple material that folds and pleats superlatively well for the coats with full, gathered and gored skirts and neat waistlines, and yet is thick enough for a hard winter. Coleman have produced one of these fabrics in a duveton in two weights for ensembles of winter coat and dress; the first time this has been done. They show it in geranium pink and a dark fir-tree green, and Hardy Amies has made it up in his winter collection.

Another Coleman novelty is a covered suiting in snuff brown, woven in Huddersfield. These covered suitings make the men's morning jackets that are worn with tramlined trousers, and as a woman's fabric it is woven with a slightly more pliable texture.



Photographs by COUNTRY LIFE Studio

Velours coat in dark jade green with a panel of gorge at the back padded to a bustle and a fur collar. Peter Russell. Bonnet by Pincot and Pavy

(Left) Hardy Amies fastens his winter coats right over to one side. This one is bottle green velours with a curved neckline, black velvet and Persian lamb on the collar, revers and cuffs. The high velvet pill-box is by Simone Mirman

but one that tailors just as well. New colours in the range of smooth, thick reversible coating, introduced two seasons ago, when it was a resounding success, are all in two tones — one colour—cherry with pink, tobacco backed with stone, etc. The boxcloths come in lovely muted pastels—an olive-green and a warm stone are big successes for this autumn—the diagonal suitings in bright mixtures of deep colours, and there is a fine dressweight woollen with a chevron in the weave made in a range of clear pastels.

New suitings are neat in design with interesting novelties introduced into the actual weave of the traditional designs. Jack Tautz has a gun-check tweed with an appliqué overcheck formed by a thick mohair twisted thread in a French grey laid on mustard and white gun-checks. Another Tautz gun-check is in dark grey on a white ground with a two-fach peacock blue over-check—a gay idea, while keeping the suiting trim enough for a plain tailor-made. Sylvia Mills shows a dark red suiting woven with a navy blue Greek key pattern. She cuts the fronts of her skirts on the cross with the back on the straight and introduces the patterns as a narrow, solid looking piping on revers and pockets. Digby Morton combines two checked worsteds in identical colourings, both small, with the smaller one for the skirt, and the tagings on the

(Continued on page 508)



Nutmeg brown felt hat with shaded feather pads. Worn with a "Wild Rose" pink crêpe shirt.

MISS LUCY LTD.

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Hand-knitted Shetland wool jumpers £4 18 11
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Nichols
Knightsbridge

Young lines and well-bred
tailoring in this town or
country suit of herring-
bone tweed. Cornflower,
cherry, emerald, wine,
sage. Hips 38-39: 41: 42.

(18 coupons) £13.19.6

The skirt that scores for
comfort, durability and
chic. It buttons from
belled waist to hem, has
port pockets and generous
kick pleats. Brown/white
mixture, Autumn-weight
suiting. Hips 38: 40.

(6 coupons) £5.7.6

Harvey Nichols & Co. Ltd., Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1

SLOane 3440

jacket and the colour scheme in tones of brown and oatmeal.

You will find a wonderful series of thick coatings resembling a duveton at Marshall and Snelgrove where they hold stocks of Meyer's famous Ledonya. This has a thick close texture and a short pile that gives the surface a bloom. Marshalls show it in a wide range of colours including the fashionable winter greens, a dark fawn and a pale olive tone. The mushroom is good so are a raven brown and a rich dark wine tone. Among the paler tones is an attractive mustardy yellow and a stone beige. This fabric is 51 ins wide and 4 coupons. For dresses to wear under these town coats in Ledonya there is a fine wool hopsack a French fabric with splendid draping qualities. This material is 54 ins wide fabric 4½ coupons a yard in all the fashionable shades.

FOR thick suits there are tweeds in the pastel colourings featured for this winter and for thick coat-dresses or light winter suits. Toriars a woollen with a hairy finish. Brilliant plaids in fine smooth woolsens would make charming children's frocks and skirts as well as kilts for grown ups.

For party frocks the designers are featuring nylon nets over nylon taffeta petticoats. A young girl's frock in white net with a big skirt gathered on to a tiny waist and a short ruched bodice looks crisp as a cracker. It has shoulder straps of salmon pink velvet and a bunch of pink roses at the waist. This nylon taffeta has a suppleness enough for a tight frock when it is draped closely over the bodice and hips and released at the hem line. These sophisticated dresses are smartest with a low square décolletage.



Black colours fitted in front, straight at the back with two deep inverted pleats held by a belt placed low on the hips.

Hardy Amies

that has rather wide shoulder straps, and over them go short jackets—the prettiest with full backs dipping at the back to below the hips. Taffetas, lace velvets and damask silks make full evening skirts closely gathered to tight corset belts shaped to a point in front. The peasant theme, charming on a young girl, is carried farther by the simple blouses in coloured chiffon with balloon sleeves on elastic that are pushed up over the elbows and worn with the full skirts, which show the new mid-calf length.

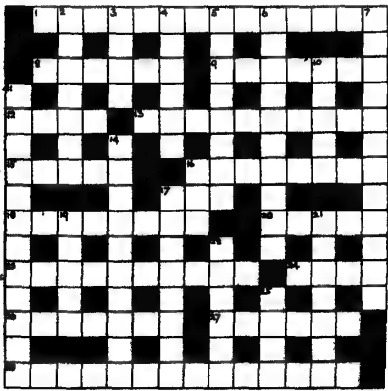
The rich dark colours and the warm mushroom and beige tones that are featured by the dressmakers throughout the collections have had the effect of altering the cosmetic colour. The cosmetic trend of the winter is summed up in the name of Lenthers's new perfume Dark Brilliance. Lipstick shades are darker than ever before and firms have added as well a specially dark tone to wear at night like Helena Rubinstein's Dark Red Velvet which has a lot of blue in it and Merlon Evening which is the colour of blackberry juice. Elizabeth Arden's latest lipstick shade is called Montezuma Red and is a dark vivid red perfect to wear with beige stone or mushroom or any light twee colouring.

Tinted make up has been superseded by invisible or almost invisible foundations such as Lechner's new Kamera Kleer which was evolved originally to use when making technicolor films and comes in a wide range of shades to suit all complexions. Face powder is tending to change from pink to cream tones in sympathy. A marked trend in cosmetics for the winter is that make up is becoming more artificial in keeping with the more fanciful fashions. P. JOYCE REYNOLDS

CROSSWORD No. 919

Two guineas will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions (in a closed envelope) must reach Crossword No. 919, Courtyard, Lys 210, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London W.C.2, not later than the first post on Thursday, September 25, 1947.

Note.—This Competition does not apply to the United States.



Name _____
(Mr Mrs etc.)
Address _____

SOLUTION TO No. 918 The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of September 12, will be announced next week.

ACROSS—3, Locum; 8, Banana; 9, Aragon; 10, Collection; 11, Tide; 12, Sanskrit; 14, Ascent; 16, Sesame and Lilies; 18, Ladder; 20, Nostrils; 22, Sofa; 24, Incapacity; 26, Belong; 27, Blather; 28, Stead; **DOWN**—1, Canova; 2, Fall; 5, Lascar; 4, Christening cake; 6, Mainmail; 8, Particular; 7, Jordan; 12, Smail; 15, Snap-dragon; 16, Tucks; 17, Earnings; 19, Adored; 21, Snapped; 22, Latent; 23, Cran.

ACROSS

- 1 Not quite 18 down, though lacking mental concentration (14)
- 8 On the line (6)
- 9 Looks from a hundred angles (7)
- 11 'All otherwise to me my thoughts portend that these dark ———, no more shall treat with light' — Milton (4)
- 13 Postman in the role of liberator? (10)
- 15 Supply out of pique (5)
- 16 Consider a change of time and date (8)
- 17 No gentlemen (8)
- 18 Let out or again (8)
- 20 What a nice smell! (5)
- 23 Cannon, half! (anagram) (10)
- 24 Town that should not lack wood (4)
- 26 One of the kindling kind (7)
- 27 A method of avoiding conflicting directions (5, 3)
- 28 The flagman's Roman predecessor (14)

DOWN

- 2 It sounds as though this animal despises motor transport (7)
- 3 Holiday step (4)
- 4 Bible bearers (6)
- 5 What the swan did to 25 down (8)
- 6 One of two of the fiftens of Scotland (10)
- 7 Unpleasant results of letting a bargee get mixed up with ladies (12)
- 10 Might this be broken country? (5)
- 11 Fruit for a strange poem (12)
- 14 The winds that will be howling at all hours 'And are ——— now like sleeping downers' — Wordsworth (10)
- 16 See 1 across (8)
- 17 Like a hare, to look at (8)
- 19 Flare, but not necessarily fair (5)
- 21 What the mountains do to a Scottish loch? (7)
- 22, Bury (6)
- 25 Anagram of 24 across (4)

The winner of Crossword No. 917 is

Major O. Tritton,
Capers,
Barford,
Warwick



Thomas Nelson 1778

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Common Riding is the most picturesque of Scotland's surviving ceremonies. Hawick Common Riding, which is carried out with particular enthusiasm, takes place during the first full week in June, and occupies several days. The date of its origin is unknown, but the principal event, the 'Coronet's Chase,' re-enacts the capture of a standard from the English by the men of Hawick, in 1514. The Coroner, a bachelor, elected by the Town Council, is standard bearer and leader of the ceremonies. The 'Chase' is a wild gallop of Townsfolk followed by the Coroner and his attendants up the steep slope of Venn's Hill. Afterwards the riders ride the marches of the common to mark the bounds of Hawick's "peas and pastures, land for tillage."

COUNTRYLINE

1496
2814

11/8/47

COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. CII No. 2645

SEPTEMBER 26, 1947

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

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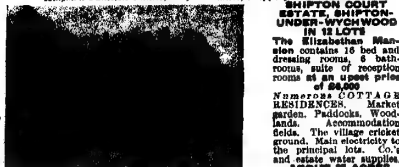
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To be sold by Auction (or sold privately) on October 8, 1947, at Oxford.
Auctioneers: JACKSON-STOPS, Castle Street, Cirencester (Tel. 234/8).

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For Sale by Auction (unless previously sold privately) as a whole or in lots, at the Law Society's Auction Rooms, Hereford, on Wednesday, October 16, 1947, at 2.30 p.m. precisely. Sale particulars, price 3/6, from the Solicitors: Messrs. PINESLEY & CO., 8, Banquet Hill, Birmingham 2 (Tel. Central 9483). Auctioneers: JACKSON-STOPS, Castle Street, Cirencester (Tel. 234/8).

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Will be offered for Sale by Auction with vacant Possession (unless sold previously by private treaty) on Wednesday, October 8, 1947, at The Central Hotel, Glasgow, at 3 p.m. Solicitors: Messrs. HALL, NORTON & ATKINS, Station Street, Huddersfield. Auctioneers: Messrs. JACKSON-STOPS and STAFF, Survey House, 15, Bond Street, Leeds, 1.

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For Sale by Auction (unless previously sold) on Wednesday, October 8, 1947, at 3 p.m., at The Royal George Hotel, Bristol.

Solicitors: Messrs. SCOTT & FLOWER, 15, College Green, Gloucester (Tel. 2338). Auctioneers: JACKSON-STOPS, Castle Street, Cirencester (Tel. 234/8).

Auction Thursday, October 16.

MARLBOROUGH—HUNGERFORD

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Two reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom and 2 w.c.s. Main light, power and water. Telephone. Garden.

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By Auction on October 6, 1947, at Gravesend (unless sold privately), JACKSON-STOPS & STAFF, 8, Hanover Street, London, W.1.

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Auction October 17, 1947, at the Beaufort Hotel, Chepstow, at 3 p.m. Joint Auctioneers: Messrs. JACKSON-STOPS, Castle Street, Cirencester (Tel. 234/8) and LEWIS TRUMAN, Esq., F.A.L.R.A., 36, Moore Street, Chepstow (Tel. 288).

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Surveyors: Messrs. ARLEY COOK & FISHER, 1, Old Burlington Street, W.1

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For Sale by Auction at the Corn Exchange, Colchester, on October 4 at 3.30 p.m. (unless previously sold).

Solicitor, HERBERT SMITH, Esq., 82 London Wall, E.C.1. Auctioneers: Messrs. PENN WRIGHT & CO., 146, High Street, Colchester, and Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

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Solicitors: Messrs. HORNE & BIRKETT, 4, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.E.

Auctioneers: Messrs. DUDLEY W. HARRIS & CO., 10, Maitland, Middlesex, and Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, Farnham 1/2.

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Auction on October 18 (unless previously sold).

Solicitors: Messrs. STEWART WALLACE & CO., Gerrards Cross. Auctioneers: Messrs. A. C. FROST & CO., Gerrards Cross, and Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY.

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Auctioneers: Messrs. NICHOLAS, 4, Albany Court Yard, Piccadilly, W.1, and Station Road, Reading, Berks.

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Two sitting rooms, 4 bedrooms, bathroom. Main electric light and power. Ample water supply. Telephone. Garage and stabling. Tennis lawn, kitchen garden and paddock. In all about 4 1/2 ACRES.

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Ideally planned and designed with a view to providing every modern convenience for comfort and leisure living**SURROUNDED BY BEAUTIFUL APPLE AND CHERRY ORCHARDS**

Three reception rooms 6 bedrooms 2 bathrooms

MAIN SERVICES CENTRAL HEATING
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All the heart of Emmer occupying a unique situation facing the sea and commanding the most extensive views**AN EXCEPTIONALLY ATTRACTIVE SMALL RESIDENTIAL, SPORTING AND AGRICULTURAL ESTATE****CAPITAL MODERN RESIDENCE**
With 5 reception, 10 bedrooms 2 bathrooms attic rooms
Two cottages, stabling, farm buildings
Parklike grounds ornamental gardens bathing pool pasture etc**ABOUT 120 ACRES****One mile of first-class fishing****Moderate price Freehold**

Agents OSBORN & MERCER as above (17 842)

ON THE LOVELY SURREY HILLS
Delightfully situated high up commanding magnificent views and within easy daily reach of London**AN ATTRACTIVE WELL-BUILT MODERN HOUSE**
In first-class decorative condition, well planned and quite up to date

Hall 3 reception rooms 7 bedrooms 2 baths

ALL MAIN SERVICES CENTRAL HEATING**TWO BRICK-BUILT GARAGES WITH SPLENDID PLAY COPS**

Extensive grounds with orchard kitchen garden 2 grass tennis courts hard court (needs resurfacing) the whole extending to

ABOUT 5 ACRES**PRICE FREEHOLD ONLY £5,950****Quite well suited as owner going abroad**Inspected and highly recommended by the Owners
Agents OSBORN & MERCER as above (17 929)**12 MILES SOUTH OF TOWN****Occupying a superb position on high ground within convenient reach of station and a first class shopping centre**
AN OUTSTANDING MODERN HOUSE
OF CHARACTER

The subject of illustrated articles in architects' and surveyors' journals

**Designed for complete comfort and leisure living, and to obtain the full benefit of the sun**

Fully panelled dining and drawing rooms 4 bedrooms 4½ modern fitted bathroom

All main services Large Garages

The pleasure gardens have been the hobby of the present owner and are most charming. There are lawns hard tennis court, brick terrace, rockery 4 water fountains and a number of young fruit trees

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Most of the furniture including some genuine antiques would be sold if required

Inspected and strongly recommended by the Sole Agents OSBORN & MERCER as above (17 042)

3, MOUNT ST
LONDON W 1

RALPH PAY & TAYLOR

Greensand
1088-23**FORTY-FIVE MINUTES SOUTH WEST OF LONDON**In a delightful rural setting convenient for main line station with unrivalled train service
On bus route**FINE RESIDENTIAL AND AGRICULTURAL PROPERTY OF ABOUT 11 ACRES****FASCINATING 16th-CENTURY HOUSE**

With picturesque elevations of aged red and grey bricks relieved by a certain amount of old oak timbers and a mellow tiled roof. Nine bedrooms drawing room 3 bathrooms 4 reception and music room day nursery and garden room, up-to-date offices. In perfect order full of characteristic features combined with modern amenities. Central heating. Main electricity. Co a water. Main drainage

Two garages and other useful outbuildings. Modernised cottages with garage suitable for bull. Delightful part-walled gardens. Hard tennis court

HOME FARM WITH GOOD BUILDINGS, 2 COTTAGES**PARKLIKE GRASS AND ARABLE LAND****FREEHOLD £19,500. EARLY POSSESSION****OR HOUSE AND GARDEN ONLY £11,800**

Sole Agents RALPH PAY & TAYLOR 3 Mount Street W 1



F. L. MERCER & CO.

SACKVILLE HOUSE 40 PICCADILLY W 1

Regent 2481

PERFECT SMALL LUXURY HOUSE OF CHARACTER**IN A BEAUTIFUL PART OF KENT**

In a magnificent setting On high ground with panoramic views

FASCINATING TUDOR REPLICA

With every conceivable modern comfort

Lovely hall, cloakroom (in 6), 3 reception rooms 4 bedrooms, drawing room 2 luxurious modern baths

Main services

Garage

Beautifully laid out gardens with tennis lawn, fruit trees 1½ pond and paddock

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Agents F L Mercer & Co Sackville House, 40 Piccadilly, W 1 Tel. Regent 2481

ESSEX MANOR HOUSE In Constance a lovely country overlooking Dedham Valley. Fascinating home of unique old world charm in the typical Essex Elizabethan style. Newly decorated and in perfect condition. Casual lounge hall, 3 reception, 6 bedrooms 2 bathrooms. Main electricity and water. Double garage. Well stocked gardens with fruit trees. **PRICE FREEHOLD £7,500**—Highly recommended by the Agents F L Mercer & Co**LOVELY SUFFOLK FARMHOUSE RESIDENCE**, restored and modernised. Within quarters of picturesque village overlooking typical English scenery. Possessing considerable character and in excellent condition with fitted basins in bedrooms central heating, Aga cooker and modern conveniences including main electric light lounge hall, 3 reception, 6 bedrooms, bathroom. Three garages. Large barn stables 2 pig sties. Well stocked gardens cover arable land 7½ acres **£6,250 A POSITIVE BARGAIN**.—Agents F L Mercer & Co**HERTFORDSHIRE**. One of the loveliest homes in the county. 8½ miles from St Albans and up 20 miles from London. Most attractive Residence built and equipped regardless of cost. Polished oak floors, central heating throughout, luxurious bathrooms. Drive and coach. Lounge hall 8 elegant reception rooms, billiard room, loggia, 7 principal bedrooms, 4 bedrooms, staff quarters. Main electricity. Two cottages. Splendid garage accommodation. Spectacular gardens and grounds, prolific orchard, hard tennis court and many other features. **FOR SALE AT A TEMPTING PRICE WITH 5 ACRES**.—Agents F L Mercer & Co184, BROMPTON ROAD
LONDON, S.W.3

BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDREY

Kensington
0188-3**QUITE UNUSUAL**Being offered at very little above pre war value, yet in absolute perfect order. The reason—**IMMEDIATE SALE IMPERATIVE****SURREY—ADJOINING OCEAN LINES DAILY REACH LONDON****MODERN RESIDENCE**

Every convenience, beautiful drawing room, 5 other rec. 6 bed (5 fitted basins), 5 baths. Excellent offices, Aga. Main services. Central heating. Inexpensive gardens and

7 acres

Immediate inspection necessary to secure

Used offer over £5,500 to sell at once. Vacant possession

CHANCE FOR A REAL BARGAIN

Sole Agents: BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDREY, 184, Brompton Road, London, S.W.3 (Kens. 0188-3)

VERY FINE ESTATE NEAR NORWICH**GENTLEMAN'S FIRST-CLASS RESIDENTIAL AND AGRICULTURAL ESTATE**
710 ACRES**CHARMING RESIDENCE OF CHARACTER**

Most attractively situated. Four res., 8 bed, 3 bath. Well-equipped domestic offices. Triplex garage, Ideal boiler, etc. Main electricity throughout.

Lovely gardens. Tennis court. Inland tennis pavilion, etc.

Secondary residence. Two sets of excellent modern farm buildings. Garage 4 cars

Nine cottages. Very good shooting.

VACANT POSSESSION FREEHOLD

Sole Agents: BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDREY, 184, Brompton Road, S.W.3 (Kens. 0188-3)

5, MOUNT ST.
LONDON, W.1

CURTIS & HENSON

Grosvener 2155 (8 lines)
Bathurst 1076

MARLOW, BUCKS

On one of the prettiest reaches of the Thames.

ELIZABETHAN STYLE HOUSE



Well fitted. Re-decorated throughout. 15 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, 5 good reception rooms. All main services. Central heating. Delightful old walled garden.

Freehold for sale with or without the valuable and unique furniture and complete furnishings. Would make an ideal Guest House.

Joint Agents: Messrs. LAWRENCE, BOK & LAYD, Marlow, Bucks (Phone 45), and Messrs. CURTIS & HENSON, as above.

KENT, LONDON TWENTY MILES

Nearly 700 feet up, superb views all the south.

A LOVELY OLD
GEORGIAN HOUSE

Six bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, hall, large lounge, dining room, compact domestic offices. Main electric light. Central heating. Domestic hot water. In perfect order. Ready for immediate occupation. Garage, Stabling. Four-roomed cottage with bathroom. Beautiful old world gardens, orchard, paddocks, etc.

OVER 5 ACRES



FOR SALE FREEHOLD WITH VACANT POSSESSION

Sole Agents: CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W.1. (Tel.: Gro. 2151).

LOFTS & WARNER

41, BERKELEY SQ., LONDON, W.1. Gro. 3088

WILTSHIRE

OLD MANOR set amidst a really beautiful garden in most delightful country.



Three reception, 2 bath-rooms, 7 bedrooms.

ELECTRIC LIGHT.

GOOD WATER SUPPLY.

Grounds extend to about

2 ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD. PRICE £7,750

Agents: LOFTS & WARNER, 41, Berkeley Square, W.1 (Gro. 3088).

By direction of The Lord Halifax, D.S.O.

WESTMORLAND

Close in Penrith and 5 miles from Appleby. On the main Penrith Scotch Corner Road.

The Freehold Agricultural Property well known as

THE WHINNIE ESTATE

Comprising 6 capital Mixed Farms with excellent houses, farm buildings and ample cottages. Main water and electricity.

A compact block lying in a ring fence suitable for investment, together with about 800 ACRES of VALUABLE WOODLAND. Fishing in the Eden. Low outcrops. Gross Rent/Roll £2,270 per annum. Total area nearly 4,000 ACRES.

Also

5 miles south-west from Appleby

THE BROUGH CASTLE ESTATE

Adjoining the town of Brough, Westmorland.

Comprising 5 excellent Farms (one with VACANT POSSESSION in February next).

Gross Rent/Roll £790 per annum. Total area about 200 ACRES.

For sale as a whole or in suitable blocks. By Auction at St. Andrews Remaley Rooms, Penrith, on Friday, October 17, at 2.30 p.m. (If not sold privately beforehand).

Solicitors: Messrs. DAWSON & CO., New Square, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.2.

Auctioneers: LOFTS & WARNER, 41, Berkeley Square, London, W.1 (Gro. 3088).

TOTTENHAM COURT RD., W.1

(London 7000)

MAPLE & Co., LTD.

1, GRAFTON ST., MAYFAIR, W.1

(Regent 4028)

GREEN ACRES, ROWLEDGE, FARNHAM, SURREY

TWO CONVERTED ELIZABETHAN COTTAGES



MAKING A CHARMING HOUSE CONTAINING HALL, CLOAKROOM, 8 RECEPTION AND MAID'S SITTING ROOM, 5 BEDROOMS, 2 BATHROOMS

Orchard, garden, and meadow, in all ABOUT 4½ ACRES

Further particulars of MAPLE & Co., 5, Grafton Street, Mayfair (Regent 4028).

ESHER

In beautiful Esher Park.

A REPRODUCTION OLD-WORLD COTTAGE BY A WELL-KNOWN ARCHITECT

CONTAINING 2 RECEPTION ROOMS (ONE 36 ft. x 13 ft.), 4 BEDROOMS, BATHS IN BEDROOMS.

CENTRAL HEATING.

POLISHED OAK FLOORS THROUGHOUT.

Further particulars of MAPLE & Co., 5, Grafton Street, Mayfair (Regent 4028).

BERNARD THORPE & PARTNERS

25, MILLBANE, WESTMINSTER, S.W.1, & 2, EVELY HOUSE, OXFORD. Tel.: V.R. 5015. Oxf. 475

CLOSE TO LISS, Hampshire, in lovely stretch of wooded country. Substantially built Residence well fitted and in good condition. Comprising 8 bedrooms, 2 sitting rooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, small domestic offices, Garage with rooms over. Excellent outbuildings. Partial central heating. Main electric light and water. In all ABOUT 7 ACRES. £14,000 FREEHOLD. (778)

ASHINGDON COMMON, SURREY. A truly delightful Country Residence set on high ground over 800 ft. above sea level, and commanding glorious views. Of mellow red brick with weathered tiled roof, the accommodation comprises 10 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms. Excellent domestic offices. Garage for 5 cars. Cottage and outbuildings. The garden and grounds are beautifully laid out and well timbered, in all extending to APPROX. 10 ACRES. £14,000 FREEHOLD. (690)

CHERRING-BY-SEA. An attractive architect designed modern House standing in 7 ACRES of grounds with about 800 ft. frontage to the beach. The accommodation comprises 3 reception rooms, 3 principal bedrooms and 1 master bedroom, 3 bathrooms. Central heating. Garage. Good entrance lodge. Easily maintained natural garden. PRICE £14,000 FREEHOLD (ON THE HOUSE WOULD BE SOLD WITH A SMALLER AREA OF LAND). (702)

Phone: Crawley 226

A. T. UNDERWOOD & CO.

THREE BRIDGES, SUSSEX

And at OCEAN, SUSSEX

LOVELY COUNTRY BETWEEN BALCOMBE AND EAST GRINSTEAD

Daily coach of London.

MODERN HOUSE OF 1000

In first-class order with IMMEDIATE POSSESSION. 10 reception rooms 21 ft. x 16 ft. and 17 ft. x 10 ft., 5 bedrooms and bathroom. Company's water. Main electric light and power, and main drainage.

Two garages. Temperature of 1½ ACRES FREEHOLD. £14,000.

Sole Agents: A. T. UNDERWOOD & CO. (Ref. 200)



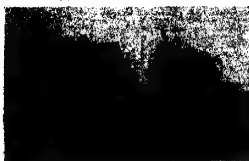
HOLLEY, a mile from town and station. Small house with 10 reception rooms, 4 bedrooms (all fitted beds), 3 bathrooms. Main services. Garage, Cottage and farmyard. 10 ACRES. FREEHOLD. £14,000. (Ref. 119)

ASHINGDON, BETWEEN BUCKINGHAM AND GUILDFORD. Magnificent Modern House in Georgian style and in perfect order. Three reception rooms, 5 bedrooms and 3 bathrooms. Beautifully landscaped and appointed. Garage. Wooded grounds of 4 acres. FREEHOLD. £14,000. (Ref. 119)

22, MOUNT ST.,
GROSVENOR SQ., LONDON, W.1

DELIGHTFUL 17th-CENTURY HOUSE

Loosely part of Surrey. One hour London.



Completely modernized with every up-to-date convenience yet retaining all its period features. 5-6 beds (bath), 2 baths, hall, 2 reception. Main services. Central heating. Charming old-world gardens, paddock, etc.

FOR SALE WITH 4½ ACRES

Agents: WILSON & CO., 22, Mount Street, W.1.

WILSON & CO.

GROSVENOR
1461

400 ft. UP ON A KENTISH COMMON

Between Oat and Sevenoaks. 400 ft. up with beautiful view.

CHARMING HOUSE IN EXCELLENT ORDER
Seven bedrooms, 2 baths, 2 reception rooms. Main services.
Central heating.

Delightful gardens of 2 ACRES. **FRESHOLD £2,500**
Agents: WILSON & CO., 22, Mount Street, W.1.

RURAL BERKS 40 MINS. LONDON

Delightful Small Estate of nearly 40 ACRES

CHARMING OLD-WORLD HOUSE

Completely modernized and in first-rate order. Eight bed and dressing, 4 baths, 3 reception. Main services. Central heating. Small house farm.

£15,500 WITH POSSESSION

Agents: WILSON & CO., 22, Mount Street, W.1.

FINEST POSITION IN SURREY

Loosely country south of Guildford. 600 ft. up, sandy soil.



Fine modern House by eminent architect, completely up to date. 8 beds, 2 baths, 3 reception. Garage and flat. Superior cottage. Finely timbered garden.

£20,000 WITH 4 ACRES

Agents: WILSON & CO., 22, Mount Street, W.1.

NORWICH
HOLY

R. C. KNIGHT & SONS

130, MOUNT STREET, LONDON W.1.

STOWMARKET
CAMBRIDGE

NORFOLK

8 miles from Norwich City.

COMFORTABLE COUNTRY RESIDENCE
Three reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, cloakroom, bathroom.
Main electricity. Pleasant grounds, tennis court, paddock.
2 ACRES. **VACANT POSSESSION**
Agents: R. C. KNIGHT & SONS, as above, and 2, Upper King Street, Norwich (Tel. 24289, 2 lines).

SOUTH-EAST NORFOLK
SMALL GEORGIAN STYLE COUNTRY HOUSE
Nestling in secluded well-wooded grounds.
Four reception rooms, 7 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms. Main electricity and ample water supply. Garage. Stabling. Productive kitchen garden with two glass houses and orchard. Entrance lodge.
8 ACRES. **PRICE £7,500. VACANT POSSESSION**
Further details from the Agents as above, and at 2, Upper King Street, Norwich (Tel. 24289).

EAST SUFFOLK

Within ½ mile of market town and main line station only 8 miles from sea.

LOVELY GEORGIAN RESIDENCE
Three reception, 8 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Main water and electricity. Gardener's cottage. Beautiful gardens.
1-ACRE Paddock. **POSSESSION. £2,500**
Agents as above, or Stowmarket Office (Tel. 841/5).

NORFOLK

In lovely country within easy distance of the coast and Broads.

A SPLENDID SMALL RESIDENTIAL AND SPORTING ESTATE
GEORGIAN STYLE HOUSE
First-class building and superbly landscaped. Eight bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 2 reception rooms. Main electricity and water.
Central heating.
Secondary residence subject to a life tenancy.
BAILIFF'S HOUSE AND HOME FARM
with first-class buildings and exceptionally productive land.
Seven cottages, in all about 100 ACRES
VACANT POSSESSION of the greater part.
Details upon application to the Agents as above, and at 2, Upper King Street, Norwich (Tel. 24289, 2 lines).

IPSWICH 8 MILES
ACCREDITED Poultry FARM WITH HOUSE
Containing 4 bedrooms, 2 reception rooms. Main electricity. Extensive facilities including brick building forming incubator plant and containing 125,000 eggs. Secure all electric incubator and 124,000 Staphylinids, installed during 1945 and 1946. 30 acres of pastures. Poultry food allocation of 111 tons per annum.
Price Freehold £12,750, or to include the whole of the stock and equipment £15,000.
Details from the Owner's Sole Agents as above, and at Stowmarket (Tel. 841/5).

By direction of Hugh Baintbridge, Esq.

NORTH NORFOLK

In lovely country, 5 miles from Blakeney.

A MOST ATTRACTIVE SMALL GEORGIAN STYLE RESIDENCE
"THE CEDARS", BRINTON
Four bedrooms, bathroom, 2 reception rooms. Garages, stabling. Pleasant grounds, paddock.
2½ ACRES. **VACANT POSSESSION**
Auction (unless previously sold privately) at the Royal Hotel, Norwich, on Saturday, October 25.
Illustrated particulars, 6d., from the Vendor's Solicitors: Messrs. Mills & East, 74, Upper Close, Norwich (Tel. 21587), and the Auctioneers, as above, and at 2, Upper King Street, Norwich (Tel. 24289).

IN CONTEMPORARY COUNTRY
7 miles from Colchester.
ATTRACTIVE DETACHED RESIDENCE
Three reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom (b. and c.). All main services. Partial central heating. Double garage. Walled-in garden with covered terrace. Vegetable garden with fruit trees.
PRICE £4,000. VACANT POSSESSION
Particulars from the Agents as above, and at Market Place, Stowmarket (Tel. 841/5).

ESTATE OFFICES
GODALMING (Tel. 2)

H. B. BAVERSTOCK & SON

4, CASTLE STREET,
FARNHAM (Tel. 5274)

HYDON END, HAMBLETON, BETWEEN GUILDFORD AND HASLEMERE
1½ miles main line station. Near noted golf course.

BETWEEN GUILDFORD AND FARNHAM
South of Hog's Back. Commanding magnificent southerly view.



AN EXCEEDINGLY CHOICE TUDOR REPLICA

constructed with genuine old materials and containing many period features. Pleasantly decorated throughout. Five-six bedrooms (4 fitted beds), 2 bathrooms, 2 reception rooms, sun lodge, cloakroom. Modern offices, servants' sitting room. Central heating. Main services. Modern driveway. Garage for 2 ACRES
FRESHOLD £15,750, WITH POSSESSION

HURSTHILL, DUNSFOLD NR. DULING, SURREY
GENTLEMAN'S RESIDENTIAL AND DAIRY FARM



PERIOD HOUSE

Four-five bedrooms, bathroom, 2½ reception rooms, offices, garage. Secondary residence. 2 bedrooms, bathroom, 2 reception rooms. Sunroom. Main water and electricity. Dairy buildings including cow shed for 15. About 25 ACRES. **POSSESSION**
For Sale by Auction (unless sold privately) on October 2, 1947.
H. B. BAVERSTOCK & SON, Chartered Surveyors, Godalming and Farnham

REIGATE
226/7
Redhill 681/2

HARRIE STACEY & SON

And at
REDBHILL and
TADWORTH

BETHWORTH SURREY

In a much favoured residential district with a charming setting, within three miles Reigate and 1½ miles Dorking.

A VALUABLE FRESHOLD RESIDENTIAL ESTATE

comprising

THE IMPOSING RESIDENCE

Three reception rooms and hall with parquet flooring, billiards room, cloakroom, good domestic offices, 12 bed and dressing rooms (3 with running water), 3 bathrooms, etc.
CENTRAL HEATING THROUGHOUT. FIRST-CLASS ORDER.

GARAGE for 5, with chauffeur's living quarters. STABLES for 5 with man's flat.
ENTRANCE LODGE.

Pleasure Grounds and Land

extending to about 22 ACRES

with picturesque lake and charming summer-house. All main services including electricity, gas and drainage.

VACANT POSSESSION OF WHOLE. PRICE £25,000 FRESHOLD

plus various fittings, etc., at valuation.

Full particulars from Owner's Agents, as above.

GLORIOUS NORTH DEVON

FRESHOLD RESIDENTIAL ESTATE. ATTRACTIVE GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

Four reception, 8 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms. Excellent domestic offices and staff quarters. Cottage and flat. Aga cooker. Recently redecorated.

Large garage, stabling for 4 and ample outbuildings. Cow shed and pig sty. Well laid out pleasure gardens, lawns, the vegetable garden. Tennis and croquet lawns. Vineyard.

Orchard, woodland and estate land, in all about 35 ACRES

Central heating. Good water and drainage. Owners of excellent sporting district.

POSSESSION BY ARRANGEMENT. FRESHOLD PRICE £20,000

Sole Agents:

MANNAFORD, WADE & SOUTHCOTE, LTD.,

4, Bridgetown Street, Bedford (Bedford 25).

Telegrams
"Wood, Agents, Woods,
London."

JOHN D. WOOD & CO.

23, BERKELEY SQUARE LONDON W.1

Mayfair 6841
(10 lines)

EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY

EAST HERTFORDSHIRE, BENGEO HALL

ATTRACTIVE OLD PERIOD HOUSE
WITH TWO MILES TROUT FISHING



House of 17th century
origin re-fronted in 174
Hall & reception gun room
compact offices with Ann
10 bedrooms 2 bathrooms
MAIN ELECTRICITY
WATER AND DRAINS
Walled garden stabling
garages orchard gardeners
cottage Three paddocks
16 ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD at reduced price

Full particulars from the Sole Agents HENDERST & FLAT 6 Lincoln's Inn Fields
W. 1 (Tel. Holborn 3072) and JOHN D. WOOD & CO.

TO BE SOLD WITH A CANT POSSIBLY

16 MILES WEST FROM HYDE PARK CORNER

Two miles from Northern Electric Station
BEAUTIFUL GEORGIAN HOUSE

In splendid decorative con-
dition and seated in a well
timbered park with lake
fourteen bed & bath-
sitting hall 5 reception
billiards room
Central heating Main
electricity and water Septic
tank drainage
Garage for 7 cars and
stabling Walled kitchen
gardens tennis and croquet
lawns lodge, 5 cottages and
3 excellent fields

HOME FARM with cow
houses for 25 and useful
buildings and land

all about 80 ACRES, or would be sold with 21 ACRES
Inspected and recommended by JOHN D. WOOD & CO. 23 Berkeley Square London W.1 (10940)



FERRING-BY-SEA

MODERN GEORGIAN HOUSE WITH DIRECT
SEA FRONTAGE



3 reception rooms 8 bedrooms 3 bathrooms excellent
servants quarters All main services central heating
Modern lodge and garage ABOUT 7 ACRES Easily
maintained garden

PRICE £14,500 or would be divided

Recommended by JOHN D. WOOD & CO. 23 Berkeley
Square London W.1 (81492)

NORTH NORFOLK COAST

CHARMING MODERN RESIDENCE IN PERFECT
ORDER



8 bedrooms, 3 reception rooms 4 bathrooms modern
office with Ann Main electricity water gas and drainage
Gardens grounds slope down to a private sandy beach
Well stocked kitchen garden and fruit garden with modern
gardener's cottage, 2 bed sitting room kitchen and bath
ABOUT 3 ACRES PRICE £11,000 FREEHOLD
Inspected and recommended by JOHN D. WOOD & CO.
LIMBURY Church Square (corner Tel. corner 2028
JOHN D. WOOD & CO. 23 Berkeley Square W.1 (83306)

BETWEEN DARTMOOR AND EXMOOR

ENHANCING HOUSE 2400 YEARS OLD
(not few cottages)



In spotless condition
with 16 ACRES

Four Cottages and Buildings for small T.T. Dairy herd
3 reception and garden room 7/8 bed (bath in all)
3 bath Electricity Complete central heating New
cooker etc Excellent self supporting garden
Sole Agents JOHN D. WOOD & CO. (as above) (72103)

CHARNWOOD FOREST

Lovers 9 miles 1 superb rough 8 miles

THE ATTRACTIVE COUNTRY RESIDENCE, BARDON HALL



Six with a (some panel
led) 11 bedrooms 2 bath-
rooms usual fires (central
heating Main) (trick light
Own water supply Well
timed post car into to F or
cottages Kitchen garden

In all 106 ACRES
Also suitable for a School
Training (centre Office etc

VACANT POSSESSION OF THE RESIDENCE AND 3 COTTAGES

Particulars from The Estate Office Woodhouse Loughborough Leicestershire (or JOHN D. WOOD & CO. 23 Berkeley Square London W.1)

By direction of Trustees of T. H. Field (deceased)

MID-SUSSEX, 2 MILES FROM HAYWARDS HEATH

MILL HALL, CUCKFIELD



Well-built
Modernized Residence
Four reception rooms
billiards room 5 principal
secondary and 4 servants
bedrooms 2 bathrooms
Modern office with Ann
& Nurse
Main electricity (con-
tain) water gas and
drainage Central heating
Ample outbuildings Small
farmer's Three cottages
together with 88 ACRES
Rich pasture and arable
land

For Sale by Auction, unless sold privately, on October 7, at the Haywards
Hotel, Haywards Heath, Sussex
Joint Auctioneers T. BARNHARTT & Co., Market Place Haywards Heath (Tel. 607)
JOHN D. WOOD & CO. 23 Berkeley Square London W.1 (Tel. Mayfair 6841)

FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO.

Established 1799
AUCTIONEERS CHARTERED SURVEYORS LAND AGENTS
29 FLEET STREET LONDON EC4

Telegrams
"Farebrother London"

BERKSHIRE

Newbury about 3 miles



The Important Country Seat

BENHAM PARK

Fine suite of entertaining rooms 26 principal
and secondary bedrooms 7 bathrooms
Ample staff accommodation

Garages Stabling 8 cottages

Pleasure and kitchen gardens Well timbered
parklands with lake

all about 200 ACRES (or smaller area
required)

TO BE LET

Furnished or unfurnished ON LEASE for
a term of years

Further particulars apply: Messrs. FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO., 29, Fleet Street, E.C.4 Central 3944

BOURNEMOUTH
WILLIAM FOX, F.R.I.C.S., F.A.I.
R. STODART FOX, F.R.I.C.S., F.A.I.
H. ISLEY FOX, F.R.I.C.S., F.A.I.

By order of Trustees.

FOX & SONS

LAND AGENTS
BOURNEMOUTH—SOUTHAMPTON—BRIGHTON—WORTHING

SOUTHAMPTON
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T. BEAR FOX, F.R.I.C.S., F.A.I.
BRIGHTON
J. W. STEW. A. KILVERDON.

IMPORTANT FORTHCOMING AUCTION SALE

SEAGROVE ESTATE, SEAVIEW, ISLE OF WIGHT

Comprising a section of the picturesque seaside resort of Seaview, including **A MODERATE-SIZED MANSION** possessing remarkably the views over Spithead and standing in a mature park and grounds of about 17 ACRES

HOME FARM of about 25 ACRES. FULLY LICENSED HOTEL of 55 bedrooms with VACANT POSSESSION.

FREEHOLD GROUND RENTS A FEW RACK RENTS

Two boat houses suitable for week-end cottages. Cottages, the famous Chain Pier.

Car park and beach and bathing rights, etc.

To be sold by auction in one or several Lots about the middle of November, 1947.

Further particulars may be obtained of the Solicitors: Messrs. PARDELL, Market Street, Ryde, Isle of Wight, and of the Auctioneers: Messrs. FOX & SONS, 44-52, Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth, and at Southampton, Brighton and Worthing.

BEAUTIFUL ISLE OF PURBECK

About 1 mile from the coast. Standing 200 ft. on commanding extensive views to the Purbeck Hills and the Isle of Wight.

A MOST ATTRACTIVE MODERN COUNTRY RESIDENCE

facing due south, erected of Purbeck stone and of best quality materials and fitted with all up-to-date conveniences and comforts.

Nine bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms, cloakroom, good domestic offices.

Main electricity and power. Computed gas and water. Central heating. Telephone. Garage. Picturesque gardener's cottage. Beautiful gardens. Grounds laid out by well-known landscape gardeners and upon which a large sum of money has been spent. They contain a terrace, lawns, crazy paved walks, terraced garden, rose pergola, rock garden and fish pools, kitchen garden, orchard, excellent pasture and arable lands.



The whole extending to an area of about 25 ACRES

Vacant possession of residence and about 11 acres on completion of purchase. **PRICE £15,000 FREEHOLD**

FOX & SONS, 44-52, Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth.

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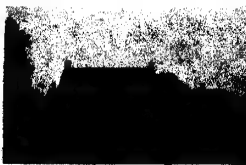
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COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. CII No. 2645

SEPTEMBER 26, 1947



Hay Wrightson

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IN DEFENCE OF QUALITY

WE were glad to find Sir Stafford Cripps in one of his recent speeches on the export drive emphasising the importance of quality in the things we make. Although he is perhaps the most realistic of our present rulers he obviously tried to create the impression that the only sinners in this connection have been careless or get-rich-quick exporters who have sent inferior shoddy and badly finished goods abroad. That there are such people no one can deny. But no one but a fanatic could be blind to the fact that a system which forces individuals into organisations which too often shout about rights and merely murmur about responsibilities which too often are governed by restrictive practices and which are designed to move at the speed of the least efficient has an equal if less-obvious responsibility. It is being said with authority we do not know that the Government's object in banning private motoring is not so much to save dollars as to drive mechanics with small businesses of their own many of whom have invested all their savings in such businesses into industry and thus into the trade unions. That may or may not be the case in any such plan would not be inconsistent with the Government's general policy. But if it succeeds it will mean the submergence of still more skilled craftsmen with the will to get on in the world.

We are concerned for the moment however with a wider problem. There has for long been an assumption that much work must be done and unsatisfactory to the worker and the emphasis has therefore been on shorter hours and higher wages. That is understandable if its results have not always been good. But at the same time there has been a subtle and insidious attack on all kinds of excellence. The word snob is a favourite weapon a good tailor or good shoemaker a snob tailor or snob bootmaker a beautiful drawing room a snob room. Eton is a snob school and so on. Space and order dignity elegance and grace these are all snobbish presumably because they have been associated with inequality (as all excellence of its very nature must be) and Equality is the first of the false gods with equality of sacrifice as the special pinhead calf for immediate worship. The argument seems to be We cannot all have the best therefore no one should.

An examination of first principles or of party political implications would be out of place here but it may be fairly proper to stress certain points. Determination in the quality of work, the destruction or debasement of those good craftsmen who keep their eyes on the job rather than on the clock (or a union's orders) would produce a condition besides which a mere lack of dollars would be a passing inconvenience. The question 'What

shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' is as apt now as when it was written whether or no. Nation is substituted for man and even those who have no use for non tangible values might reconsider the importance of quality in the already mentioned field of exports or in relation to scientific research and production—where the difference between excellence and mediocrity might mean the winning or losing of a world war.

What can the individual do to meet the present assault—for a calculated and mis-guided assault there is—on almost every kind of excellence? The answer would seem to be—buy the best that can be afforded. Employ the best men whether to clip the garden hedge round a parterre, make a log basket, an overcoat or a pair of boots and see to it (especially if the men are countrymen out of

IMPOTENCE

*No genius stirs within my brain
And I am the dullest of my kind
And I wonder for what cause
Halt the fast flowing stream of time
And pass sweet Nature with a poet's brush
Of ringing rhyme*

*When March our hope of Spring defers
With biting winds or calm dull days
And blackbird's song alone snuffs
A flash in Summer's snifflery
I seek in vain to match his living lays
In poetry*

*Or April when the buds are blowing
And life through every stem is flowing
The merest bird on any tree
Outdoes the poet's tongue far
Nor can I know the rapture nor the power
Of any flower*

ELIZABETH STANLEY

touch with modern prices) that no man is the loser by doing his best. At the same time boycott the mediocre whether it be a symphony orchestra that won't afford more than one rehearsal, a knockabout store that is ousting an old fashioned high quality tradesman from his place. Sometimes this may be a hard doctrine involving self sacrifice at others it will cost almost nothing for a farm or estate will merely have so much less income tax to pay as a result of heavier disbursements for best quality workmen or goods. It is too much to hope that a small minority of individuals will reverse the present popular demand for quantity and cheapness but if the good workmen and the good shops are saved they may be a leaven to leaven the whole when the post war nightmare fades.

THE ROYAL WEDDING

THERE must be many to-day in this country who are conscious of the value of tradition and the inward meaning of ceremonial pageantry regard with mixed feelings some of the austerity arrangements made in connection with Princess Elizabeth's forthcoming wedding. The decision to depart from the tradition of court dress and full dress uniform shows a commonsense realisation of present exigencies which are indeed as inescapable as the fact that both the materials and the labour are not available to construct the usual stands both inside and outside the Abbey. One can readily understand also the necessity for dispensing with an elaborate trousseau. Had this ceremony been anything more than the wedding of a highly esteemed and well beloved Princess there would be little more to say. But it is much more than this it is the marriage of the heir presumptive to the Throne a future leader of nation and Commonwealth and both age-old tradition and the love and loyalty of His Majesty's subjects demand the opportunity of giving for public rejoicing and for as many of his people as may be to take however humble a part as witnesses of some part of the celebrations. This is a matter for the King's Ministers to advise upon and we believe it would be in keeping not only with their duty but also with an overwhelming weight of public opinion to advise that the

procession should be as colourful as possible that some brief form of public holiday should be proclaimed that by some extension of the procession—possibly through Hyde Park where stands could be dispensed with—greater opportunity might be given for public acclamation and possibly that the wedding presents should be open to inspection in St James's Palace. The times we live in are drab enough in all conscience it is unthinkable that we should neglect such an opportunity for forgetting our troubles in the happiness of this young couple and showing the world a smiling face and a stout heart.

LAND FOR AGRICULTURE

THE full implications so far as land use is concerned of the adoption of a policy of agricultural expansion with a view to saving dollars do not seem to have penetrated yet to the Government—or at any rate to those Government departments which are still planning to take over more agricultural land and to turn out more farmers. The marginal land which the wisest policy of reclamation can hope to bring under useful cultivation is relatively small in extent and it is in the nature of things relatively infertile. The use of some part of the land on the other hand is intensively cultivated already and the percentage increase of yield which may be expected from much of it in the next four years is not great. What folly then to allow large areas of cultivated land to be directed to other uses and to expect that this will make little or no reference to a total production which we are seeking to raise to even possible means! Yet the War Office has just come forward with yet a new proposal for taking over a considerable acreage of farm land at Horsford near Norwich for the training of drivers of armoured fighting vehicles. No doubt Government Departments once started work automatically on such matters and it would be interesting to know whether the War Department's current proposals for finding training grounds are designed to satisfy the demands of the Army organisation envisaged last year or of that which will emerge when the austerity cuts now ordered by the Cabinet have been worked out. It would also be useful to know what the position concerning the decisions of the Inter departmental Committee which has been reviewing past and present Service demands for training space on a priority basis which is now manifestly out of date.

THE BUILDING PROGRAMME

BEFORE long it will be necessary for the Government to announce what they propose to be the result of the impact of their plans of to-day—designed to re-arrange this country industrially so as to save us from bankruptcy—on earlier plans to rebuild it which were conceived when our economic and financial resources were thought to match more nearly our social amenities. After the example of the war we awakened to the bitter one. It is already apparent that many of the programmes of housing and planning authorities—both central and local—will have to go by the board. The decision of the Ministry of Health announced some time ago to accept no new tenders except for housing for non-agricultural workers is the natural result of the general policy now adopted of giving the mining and farming industries a first priority together with the key industries. As the identity of those key industries is still to some extent undefined this means that building outside agricultural and mining areas must be postponed until further notice. It has concluded its discussion on industrial priorities and the re-deployment of manpower. What will happen then is a matter of conjecture but it seems more than probable that the large surplus of building tradesmen outside priority areas will be regarded as suitable recruits for agriculture or the export industries and that they will be taken upon the labour market for re-direction to other work. The ultimate effects of this manoeuvre are unforeseeable but that they will not only be destructive to the domestic and social comfort of the present generation, but may well lead to an underpinning of the building trade which will postpone indefinitely many projects of reconstruction seems unavoidable.

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

THE forest and heath fire which occurred recently in the Wareham district, accounts of which were reported in all the daily newspapers and retailed on the wireless, was infinitely worse than anything I have previously seen and, after ten years' residence on the fringe of the New Forest, I may claim to have had some experience of moor and woodland fires. At the urgent request of the owner of some extensive twenty-year-old conifer plantations, who was in Scotland and unable to see things for himself, I went over into Dorset at once to learn the worst.

On topping the rise just south of the village of Bere Regis, I found the whole of the Piddle valley from Wareham to Bovington Camp filled with smoke, and there seemed to be an appreciable rise in the temperature as I came down from the high land to the depression below. Later, when I drew nearer the fire, there was not the slightest doubt about the rise in temperature, and the residents of the valley, who had to live in a cloud of smoke with the temperature near the 90s for over a week had my sincere sympathy.

THE main part of the fire was raging round Hyde House, the old Dorset seat of the Radclyffe family, and the three long plantations of Scotch fir which converge on to the house, and through which the rhododendron-fringed drives run, were completely burnt out to the last tree. The actual damage done was not so great as it would have been five years ago, since during the war all the best full-grown timber had been cut, but a great number of second-rate trees together with some plantations of younger ones were completely burnt out. Never before in a forest fire in England have I seen 50 ft. trees with the trunks burning from roots to the topmost twigs, and with heavy red-hot branches crashing down and adding to the blaze on the ground.

HYDE HOUSE itself escaped damage, thanks largely to the river Piddle which flows on two sides of it, and which, despite the drought, provided enough water for the many fire engines that came in from all parts of the county. The plantations I came to see were safeguarded to the road which crosses the moorland cutting them off from the main blaze, but here the fire-fighters had an anxious time dealing with small fires which were constantly starting among the dry herbage on the road's verge. Considering that the weather was all in favour of a great extension of the fire, things were not so bad as they might have been. The very valuable and extensive area of the Forestry Commission with its great acreage of plantations of all ages, from seedlings to sizeable trees, escaped all damage during the first and worst blaze, despite the fact that the fire was burning on two sides with the wind in its favour.

Unfortunately, in the forest fire world, unlike the publishing world, the second edition follows the first almost immediately, and three days later, when something approaching a gale blew from the south-west, the fire started again and swept through one end of the Forestry and utterly destroyed a belt of small trees. Luckily, however, at the time of writing the very large nursery, together with the older trees that are well up to pit-prop size, have not been damaged at all. The saving of this most important area from complete and utter obliteration was entirely due to the wonderful and untiring work of the fire services and to the scores of helpers



W. A. Poucher

WHEN SAILING DAYS ARE OVER: NEWLYN HARBOUR, CORNWALL

who came in from all parts, but it is sad to relate that the good old Dorset custom of dispatching an 18-gallon cask of ale to the scene if the fire fight was not observed.

I READ in a daily newspaper recently a very class-conscious article, which stated that a few fishermen of the idle rich type had managed to hang up the Catchment Board's drainage programmes in the Test and Hampshire Avon's valleys, and had thereby deprived the nation of 15,000 fat bullocks. Although I am not rich, and have had very little opportunity to be as idle as I should have liked to be, I am a fisherman. In the circumstances, therefore, I feel slightly guilty about it, and wonder if I may draw my 2 ins. x 2 ins. piece of beef this morning. I do not know if it is true that the fishermen of the Test have managed to prevent the water from bull-dozing through the ancient water-meadow system of that river, since the Test, unfortunately, is not one of the rivers that I fish, and I only cast envious glances at it when I cross its bridges, but the fishermen and riparian owners most certainly did not succeed in hampering the Catchment Board's drainage work on the Avon and its tributaries. Although during the flood period of the early months of this year the level of this river was as high as, or higher than, it has ever been, it lately has been a sorry sight indeed, when the water has been a mere trickle through banks of rotting weed. It is difficult to realise that in the early days of

the war this once-lordly river was to form an effective barrier against the converging eastward movement of the German invasion force which was billed to land on the Dorset coast.

DESPITE the fact that the Catchment Board routed the selfish fishermen and had their way with the Avon, I cannot see very many of the 7,500 fattening bullocks which were to result from the efficient draining of water-meadow land. I imagine that 7,500 is the correct figure since, being a riparian resident on the Avon, I feel that we can do quite as well in the cattle line as our Test neighbours farther to the east.

On the other hand, there are one or two short stretches on our river where, owing to the existence of weirs that work mills and supply power for the electric light company, the water-level is as it was in the past, and the old-time despised water-meadow system is still operating. The very lucky farmers who own these relics of the misguided method of other days are the only people in the milk business who can offer anything in the nature of a green feed to their dairy herds and are maintaining their supplies of milk in consequence. Their neighbours up and down stream who have had their land properly drained for them, and who should be contributing to the nation's fat bullocks which, we are told, is the direct result of that drainage, have only enclosures with yellow samples of the Libyan desert to offer their unhappy beasts.



1.—LOOKING NORTH FROM THE COL ABOVE COIRE LAGGAN

APPROACH TO THE CUILLINS

Written and Illustrated by C. H. PELHAM BURN



WHEN you look down to the sea from any of the Southern Cuillins, you will see Soay, lying at the skirt of the mountains like a stepping-stone to the other islands and apparently no more than a score of yards from Skye.

The idea of using this island for a climbing base had come to us the previous summer, when we had experienced almost insurmountable difficulty in obtaining rooms within reasonable distance of the hills. It is becoming increasingly necessary either to make reservations several months ahead or to live in a tent, which in these days is fraught with frustration owing to shortage of rations. Since Skye has become known to the cities, farm produce is at a premium. Once, many highland inns understood the vagaries of mountaineers and would smilingly produce prodigious meals well into the night. Now, with a few notable exceptions, the mere mention of a long day is usually met with a look of horror and an ultimatum to the effect that "dinner is at seven sharp" and then vague murmurings about the staff. The controlling influence that staffs appear to exert is remarkable, though two years before the war the same house ran smoothly enough without this army of salaried autocrats.

But, apart from these considerations, the Island of Soay seemed to us excellently situated for all the Southern Cuillins, as well as for climbs within the horseshoe of Coruisk. Thanks to the kindness of Major Gavin Maxwell, the owner of the island, it was arranged that a boat from Soay should meet us at Mallaig. As always, Mallaig seemed unexpectedly busy, and rather out of place—so like an Alaskan salmon cannery, perched precariously between the hills and the sea. Sandy Campbell, in whose house in Soay we were to stay, greeted us at the pier with a friendliness unusual even for the North. Of Sandy's mate there was no sign, and, though he was quickly discovered, it was more than an hour before he could be induced to set out. A rare visit to the mainland provides an opportunity that can hardly be ignored—the Island of Soay is "dry"!

Between Morar and Mallaig we had looked out to sea and had been able to assess the chances of internal survival. These had not appeared promising, wave-crests being whipped into spindrift by a strong wind from the south-west. Half a mile out the engine stopped, and the first of a series of struggles began. Strings of Gaelic characteristics, interspersed with such English words as carburettor, magnet and petrol filled the air. A strong smell of whisky wafted up from the hold, where the mate was quietly and unconcernedly disposing of his evening's libations over his shoulder, while all the time cranking the engine!

2.—"AN OCEAN OF SPARKLING LIGHT"



1.—LOOKING NORTH FROM THE COL ABOVE COIRE LAGGAN

APPROACH TO THE CUILLINS

Written and Illustrated by C. H. PELHAM BURN



WHEN you look down to the sea from any of the Southern Cuillins, you will see Soay, lying at the skirt of the mountains like a stepping-stone to the other islands and apparently no more than a score of yards from Skye.

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2.—"AN OCEAN OF SPARKLING LIGHT"

The wind freshened considerably as we rounded Sleat Point, and the engine showed signs of dying for the fourth time. Had it done so things might have been serious, and even Sandy was heard to say, "For Heaven's sake not now!" This had the desired effect. It was rough now, very rough. We marvelled at Sandy's sense of direction in the dark. The last of our dry matches had been used long ago to peer at the compass, and Sleat Light astern was obscured by low, scurrying clouds. We should have to sail blind until we fixed the lights of Elgol to starboard; then Soay would be somewhere on our port bow. Suddenly the wind shifted to the west, lifting the low cloud and revealing an almost full moon sailing above thin patches of swiftly moving cirrus. Everything became visible all at once; Soay was ahead, with the black-notched bulk of the Cuillin looming above and beyond, and the whole surmounted by a wonderful lunar bow. The breaking waves and our wake astern sparkled with phosphorescence. A solitary light shone from Sandy's house to guide us in from the sea.

Soon we were in calm water between Soay and the Cuillin. Far above, the rain-washed slabs in the floor of Coire à Ghrunnda glittered with an unearthly light, and the moonlight played among the chimneys and spires of Sgumain and Alasdair. It required little imagination to picture the mountains as some remoter range of Labrador or Lofoten. In Soay Harbour both wind and water were serene, and now, having dropped anchor, Sandy solemnly produced five bottles of beer from somewhere in the bowels of the boat.

The geographical position of Soay should render the crossing of the mile-wide sound to Skye simple in all but the stormiest weather. This fact, and the willingness of the islanders to provide a boat at any hour, makes the rocks of Coire Laggan and Coire à Ghrunnda very nearly as accessible as from Glen Brittle, and Coruisk and the Blaven group are certainly more so. The island, moreover, is extremely attractive for its own sake. It is as yet unspoiled by sophistication, being, indeed, considerably less accessible than the Outer Hebrides. This, though making it in many ways more desirable to the visiting mountaineer, is a matter of great grievance to the islanders. While undoubtedly a hardship, in my opinion it scarcely calls for the number of ultimatums threatening evacuation that they have presented to the Government in the last few years. Major Gavin Maxwell has already brought a measure of prosperity to Soay by the introduction of his plan for the hunting and processing of basking sharks. Much of the labour for his shore installation is recruited from the island.

It would appear, however, that the islanders themselves could perhaps do much towards gaining the recognition they desire by a revival of local industry and agriculture. This, in conjunction with their present livelihood of lobster fishing and the summer tourist service between Loch Brittle and Coruisk, could well place them in a position analogous to that of the islanders of Scalpay, where there is a thriving woollen industry and every possible square yard is under cultivation. There are no sheep on Soay beyond the Shetlands introduced



3.—FROM THE HEAD OF THE ALASDAIR STONE SHOOT

(Left) 4.—THE LAST MAN COMING UP

by Major Maxwell, though the name Soay is Norse for Sheep Island.

During the night the wind dropped and the early morning sun burst over Blaven, flooding down the Cuillins till the soaked slabs steamed in its warmth, their vapours rising lazily over the summits, then dispersing imperceptibly above. All the island smelt of rain and young bracken, and burns ran in tumult across the grass hurrying to the sea. It would be a day of warm rocks and hazy sunshine on the tops; a day to reach some high ridge and lie watching the changing shapes and colours as wandering clouds strode easily over the mountains. As we reached Loch Scavaig, shags were busy fishing or standing about in comical attitudes drying their wings. We landed where the Mad Burn falls uproariously into the sea, and arranged to be taken off in the evening from a point opposite Soay Harbour. As an afterthought, our boatman remarked, "If we're not there, you'll be knowing"—a pronouncement of considerable weight, happily unfulfilled.

Even on this best of days Coruisk remained sombre and its waters reflected little colour from the sterile mountain-sides. It is a meeting-place of the winds, and miniature furies and squalls were for ever chasing one another back and forth over the surface.

We sat for a while on the broad top of a vast boulder worn flat and deeply scarred by former ice action. From here to the top of Sgurr Dubh Beag we clambered leisurely upwards over successive tiers of rough gabbro "boller plates," best of good rocks. Nowhere was the climbing difficult enough to warrant uncoiling the rope,



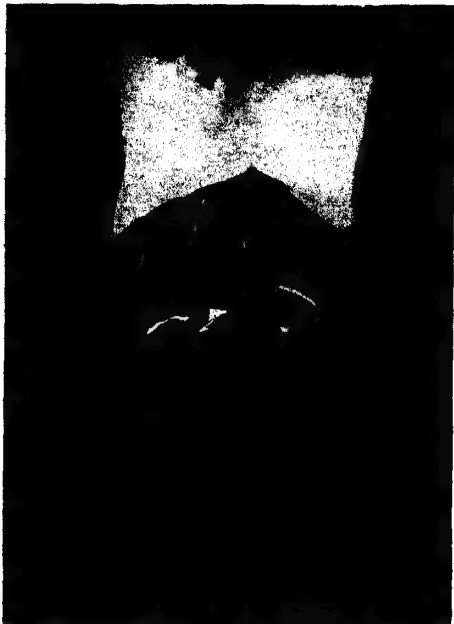


5.—THE NORTH FACE OF BANACHDICH

but it was always interesting, and the ridge was sufficiently ill defined to allow a choice of routes. The length of this climb is deceptive, and it was near midday when we rested on the summit.

On a great Alpine peak on a rare day when no wind blows there is silence, a silence so absolute that it can be felt, a negation of sound that seems almost a negation of life. Here in the Scottish hills there is a quiet also, but it is a quietness derived from a million little peaceful sounds, sounds of movement and life, running water, bird-song, or the rattle of moving scree. Coruisk, as its name implies, is a place of many waters, and the rushing murmur of innumerable streams came continuously to us from below.

The ridge that joins Sgurr Dubh Beag to the main Cullin chain begins with a vertical descent of some hundred feet, and we put on the rope to "abseil" over the difficulty. The rock here is exceptionally rough even for gabbro, weathered into fantastic spikes and hollows which form hand-holds of an almost painful excellence. When we reached a step in the ridge described succinctly by the Scottish Mountaineering Club Guide as "a vertical face of gabbro determined by a basal dyke," it became necessary to move singly, for, though the holds are good, there is an impressive drop into Coire à Ghrunnda on the west. As the last man came up (Fig. 4) a soft rain began, falling apparently from a lone



7.—THE EASTERN FACE OF GREADAIDH FROM A CHIMNEY ON MHC COINNICH

tenuous cloud which had formed over Sgurr Alasdair. We should have to cross the Thearalach-Dubh gap on wet rocks. A short rope-down brought us to the floor of the gap, and the leader climbed the pitch confidently up the strenuous-looking chimney opposite. To us below, the place looked, perhaps, rather more repulsive than it really was, which may have been a reason for some loud protestations by the second, when half way up, to the effect that it would not "go." A judicious tightening of the rope had the desired result.

The rain ceased as we clambered up the last few feet of Sgurr Alasdair and a rainbow grew from the depths of Coruisk. Great awl-shaped clouds towered away to the east, dwarfing the mainland mountains; but the islands shimmered in an ocean of sparkling light (Fig. 2) and smoke rose blue and straight from the houses on Soay far below.

A thin wind stirred like a breath and was gone; a hardly perceptible rumble of thunder was borne to us across the width of Skye. It was time to be going. Down the stone slope into Coire Laggan, with a rattle and crash of running scree, the acrid smell of sulphur rising at each plunging step, down the bed of the corrie, a long cool drink in the burn, and over the grassy flats to the sea.

Other climbs followed on subsequent days—sometimes in sunshine and often in rain; sometimes, too, we were turned back by streaming rocks and a gale of wind. On off days we explored Soay and resolved firmly to return to this island of unbounded hospitality, for we had proved beyond doubt that here was a good place from which to climb.



6.—LOCH COIRE LAGGAN

DISPLAY OF THE SLAVONIAN GREBE

Written and Illustrated by

H. MARCUS STONE

[The Slavonian grebe is little known to the majority of British bird-watchers, being found at a breeding species chiefly on certain Highland lochs. Our contributor wisely makes no reference to the locality in which he took his excellent photographs of this beautiful bird, with its brilliant red eyes and golden ear-tufts. Its comparative scarcity makes the following observations on its display all the more interesting and valuable.—Ed.]

WHILE attempting to photograph a pair of Slavonian grebes I had the unusual good fortune to witness their courtship display from exceptionally close quarters. It happened in this way. The grebe's nest was found on June 8, when it contained two fresh eggs. Naturally, it was decided not to disturb the birds until incubation had begun, and the nest was therefore not examined again until June 15, when to my complete surprise it contained only one egg, and that quite fresh. The birds were neglecting to cover their eggs when leaving their nest, and consequently losing them as fast as they were laid, owing to the ravages of a number of black-headed gulls that methodically worked the shores of the loch.

A hide erected at a safe distance from the grebe's nest was sufficient to ward off the marauding gulls, and on June 18, when long-distance photography was begun, it was found that the grebes were sitting on an uncompleted clutch of two eggs. Laying took place on alternate days, and the number of eggs finally reached four.

Soon after I began to watch the grebes it became clear that they were still indulging in their nuptial display. Shortly after my decoy had left the hide the hen was seen cautiously peering through reeds at the back of the nest. Before she could approach nearer the cock called her away, and a minute or two later they both swam out of the reed-bed into the open water of the loch. For a short time they paddled about together quite placidly, and occasionally one or the other would dive and then reappear. In this there was nothing unusual. Then suddenly the unexpected happened. The two birds were a few yards apart at the time, and the male suddenly stretched his neck straight



WITH NECK OUTSTRETCHED, THE MALE SLAVONIAN GREBE THREATENS AN APPROACHING RIVAL

forward, erected his beautiful shining golden crest, and proceeded to chase his mate, swimming rapidly towards her, calling the while. Soon she became aware of his approach, assumed a similar attitude and fled from him. His excitement heightened, and in his fervent desire to catch up with her he sought the assistance of his wings, raising himself with them just so far that his paddles could be seen vigorously treading the surface of the loch, which was also splashed by every downward stroke of his wings. When he drew level with his mate, his desire appeared to have been satisfied, the excitement died quickly, and both birds subsided into the normal swimming position and resumed their independent diving, until the urge for display should return and once again impel them to this brief chase.

During the period of egg-laying I witnessed this behaviour several times. It was always the same, and would take place at any time, either shortly after the decoy had departed, or whenever the cock called the hen away from the nest. But it was never indulged in after the com-

pletion of the full clutch. This chase, moreover, was quite distinct from, and did not lead up to, the act of mating, which took place on the nest, and which I witnessed upon three occasions.

The grebes exhibited another and similar display which I saw performed several days later. This was the display not of affection but of rivalry. It happened that another pair of Slavonian grebes came to nest within ten yards of my birds. Of course, their respective territories overlapped, and sometimes the rivals met. When they did, the display took place. In its initial stages it was similar to the love display, but in its conclusion it was essentially different. Instead of subsiding on the water, the rivals came to grips with each other. Beak grasped beak, and they shook each other's heads this way and that until one dragged the other beneath the surface. Soon they reappeared and disengaged, whereupon the intruder appeared to consider that discretion was the wiser course, and made a hasty, undignified retreat, urged on by the harsh reproaches of an outraged antagonist.



ABOUT TO LEAVE THE NEST: THE MALE SLAVONIAN GREBE WHICH IS CONSPICUOUS BY ITS BRILLIANT RED EYES AND GOLDEN EAR-TUFTS. (Right) A FEMALE SLAVONIAN GREBE SETTLING DOWN ON HER EGGS

COLLECTORS' QUESTIONS



A PAIR OF SHOOTING PICTURES BY ABRAHAM COOPER. THE SPORTSMAN IN ACTION AND (below) THE BAG
See question: Abraham Cooper as a Sporting Painter

ABRAHAM COOPER AS A SPORTING PAINTER

I RECENTLY bought these two shooting subjects by Abraham Cooper, R.A.—a pair, 11 in. by 11½ in. They came from the collection of the late Sir Walter Gilbey, Bt., Epsom, Essex. I should be interested to know if you consider them typical examples of Cooper's work, and whether there is any truth in the story that he was a pupil of Ben Marshall.—JACK GILBEY, Glean Avon, Harlow, Essex.

It is hard to say what a typical Abraham Cooper is. His style varied almost as much as Chalon's, but no doubt these two pictures are by A. Cooper, who was born in 1787 and died in 1868. He was a Londoner and started work as an equestrian actor at Astley's Circus. There he filled in his time drawing instead of drinking. He lived in the golden age of animal painters, that of Marshall, Ferneley, Wolstenholme, Alken, Morland, Ward and Rowlandson. He was a pupil of Marshall, but it is doubtful if he was a regular apprentice as Ferneley was. He was a most prolific contributor to the Royal Academy and the sporting magazines and did portraits of racehorses for such turf celebrities as Lord George Bentinck and the Duke of Richmond, for whom he portrayed the earliest recorded horse-box. He painted all kinds of field sports as well as dead game and fish.

In 1816 he won a premium of £150 from the British Institution for a picture of the Battle of Waterloo, and was elected A.R.A. the next year and R.A. in 1820. Had he trusted less to battle pieces, romantic sheikhs and dead troopers—which won him his contemporary reputation—and more to his liking for field sports, as Shaw Sparrow justly observes, his present position would be better established. While his style has not the distinction of Marshall or Ferneley, and his later work has manifest weaknesses, his country life scenes (these little canvases among them) have the charm of his genre and period.

AN OIL BY WILLIAM WATTS

I recently obtained an oil painting, 11 in. by 8½ in., showing a river or mill-pool with overhanging willow trees and a man in a scarlet breezy fishing. In the distance are a church and

cottage, in the middle distance a punt with men in late 18th- or early 19th-century clothes. The green of the trees is rather a Prussian blue green, not the usual amber shade. The back of the canvas and frame are old, but the picture has possibly been retouched. The picture is signed "Wm. Watts." Can you give me any information about this painter?—E. N. JACKSON, The Old Cottage, Castle Hill, Whaddon, Salisbury.

William Watts, landscape engraver, published between 1779 and 1798 "Views of Seats," engravings of country houses after landscapes by Paul Sandby and others, including a few by

Watts himself. After a visit to Italy he set up at Sunbury, near London, and later at Bath. He was caught in Paris by the Revolution, lost most of his money, and returned to London to work as an engraver. About 1814 he retired again. He died, blind, in 1861, in his hundredth year.

This William Watts was primarily an engraver. A painter of the same name, who worked between 1802 and 1817, exhibited three works at the Royal Academy as an "Honorary Exhibitor," i.e., an amateur. He is referred to in Col. M. H. Grant's *History of English Landscape*. Without a photograph of the painting it is impossible to say for certain which of these two artists is likely to have painted the picture, but the first mentioned Watts is not known to have worked in oils.

TO RID FURNITURE OF VARNISH

I have purchased some very nice spindle-back chairs which have been ruined by the application of a high-gloss varnish. Will you please advise me (1) how to remove the varnish, (2) how to re-polish with an antique polish effect, i.e. a dull sheen?—D. K. URQUHART, 21, Grace Hill, Folkestone, Kent.

Many craftsmen use common soda lye for removing varnish from antique furniture. Dissolve a tinsful of lye in a bucket of boiling water, shaking it in gradually to prevent boiling over. Apply to the chairs with a long-handled dish-mop. Handle with great care for the lye is very powerful. When the varnish has been thoroughly soaked with lye, rub gently and smoothly with a wire brush. Wash off with hot water and finally apply a weak solution of table vinegar to counteract further action by the lye. Then rub the wood until it is perfectly dry, first with newspapers, then with a soft cloth.

When the chairs are perfectly dry, apply several coats of a mixture made from 8 parts of linseed oil and 1 part of turpentine. Every trace of oil must be allowed to dry in before the next is applied. If this is omitted a sticky finish will result, but if done carefully a soft, satiny finish will result. This treatment repeated every few days at lengthening intervals will gradually result in the glow and beauty of the wood being brought out to their full value in mellow tones. Each application of oil gives a richer colour and softer patina.

If the varnish is very old it may be softened for removal in a few minutes by using a remover made by mixing together 5 parts waterglass, 1 part soda lye, 1 part ammonia water.



STONEWARE TEA-POT WITH MARK IMPRESSED "D.D. & CO. CASTLEFORD." (Right) TEA-POT OF CASTLEFORD TYPE BEARING THE NUMBER 22

See question: Castleford Tea-pots

CASTLEFORD TEA-POTS

I shall be most interested to hear if any of your readers can solve the mystery of the Castleford tea-pots. These were made at Castleford, Yorkshire, between 1792 and 1820 by David Dunderdale and Company. The tea-pot shown in the left-hand illustration, reproduced here by kind permission of the Victoria and Albert Museum, is clearly marked D.D. & Co., Castleford, and, it will be noticed, has concave corners. In the second illustration is a similar tea-pot, but this one bears the number 22 impressed on its base, and has convex corners. These tea-pots bearing the number 22 (and, less frequently, other numbers) are taken by most collectors to be genuine products of the Castleford factory, and many articles have been written and theories propounded on this assumption. Archdeacon Hall, however, stated many years ago that every Castleford tea-pot (a) was marked "D.D. & Co." and (b) had concave corners. What is the truth? I am particularly anxious to obtain proof one way or the other, and would welcome any help you or your readers could give me.—L. M. BICKERTON, Curator, City Library Museum, Art Gallery and Old House, Hereford.

It is probable that white stoneware or semi-porcelain of the Castleford type was produced also in other factories; something very similar was made at the Herculaneum Factory at Liverpool early in the 19th century. This would account for the differences in shape of the tea-pots, and for the absence of the mark of David Dunderdale.



GEN. GEORGE BORSLASE TREMÉNHEERE (1809-1896), PAINTED WHEN HE WAS A LIEUTENANT IN INDIA

See question: British Artists in India

THE STRIPED CAT

I should be glad if one of your experts could give me some information about this pottery cat from the photograph enclosed. It is 7 inches long and made in solid agate ware, the striped clay running all the way through, not merely in the glaze. It is hollow, and on the base is the name R. Harris.—M. WIGHT, 1, Overbury Road, Hereford.

The agate ware cat is more naturalistic in treatment than those made in the 18th century by Staffordshire potters. It is likely to have come from one of the many small rustic pot-



AN AGATE WARE CAT

See question: The Striped Cat

works making slip ware and other kindred wares on traditional lines which continued in some districts into the present century. It may be compared with a group of Samson and the Lion, in the Victoria and Albert Museum, which came from Sussex and was almost certainly made in one of the potteries in the eastern part of that county, and with such figures as that of a woman in a poke bonnet, of the middle of the 19th century, in the Glaisher Collection in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, which is attributed to one of the potteries in the West Riding of Yorkshire.

BRITISH ARTISTS IN INDIA

The enclosed photograph is of a portrait of my grandfather, General George Borslase Treménheere (1809-1896). It was painted when he was a lieutenant in India. The approximate date of the picture would be 1827. There is no trace of a signature, nor could I ever obtain any information from members of the family as to the artist, but, since the work has considerable merit, I am anxious to discover his identity. Perhaps some of your readers will be able to give me information.—WYNE APPERLEY, R.I., Marsham, Tangier, Morocco.

We are unable to name the painter of this portrait. Sir William Foster's article, *British Artists in India, 1780-1820* (Walpole Society, volume xix), contains a list of the artists who worked in India during those years, but does not include artists who went out to India after 1820.

CHELSEA DERRY FIGURES

From *Le Visconte de Noailles*

I have a figure in Chelsea Derby china. On a pedestal is a scroll with the inscription: "Into the Heaven of Heaven's I have Pressed'd An earthly (indistinct) & Driven Empyrean Air." I should be very grateful if you could tell me whom the figure represents.—NOAILLES, 11, Place des États Unis, Paris.

This porcelain statuette is a figure of the poet Milton, made as a fellow to the companion statuette of Shakespeare. The scene represented in relief on the pedestal is the Expulsion from Eden, and the inscription is a quotation from *Paradise Lost*, Book vii, Line 14. The defective word is "Guest." This statuette was made at Derby during the period 1770 to 1782 when the factory was united with that of Chelsea under the proprietorship of William Duesbery.

Questions intended for these pages should be forwarded to the Editor, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, W.C.2, and a stamped addressed envelope enclosed for reply. In no case should originals be sent; nor can any valuation be made.



PORCELAIN STATUETTE OF MILTON. MADE AT DERRY (about 1770-1782)

See question: Chelsea Derby Figures



1.—THE GREAT SOUTH VISTA FROM THE HOUSE TO THE CORINTHIAN ARCH
As remodelled by Kent, c. 1740

STOWE, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE—III

THE HEROIC PHASE By CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY

The later extensions to the Stowe landscapes, after 1750, celebrated Pitt's leadership in the Seven Years' War. The respective shares of Kent and Capability Brown in their design are discussed

POPE, Thomson, Rousseau (in *La Nouvelle Héloïse*), and a host of minor versifiers express the mood in which visitors were intended to view the scenery of Stowe—or rather the moods, since the epic was relieved by the pastoral and the lyrical. The effects, of course, did not always come off, or the spectator was not quite up to the emotional demands of the occasion. There was that summer evening in 1770, at the end of a day's interminable showing of the sights to Princess Amelia, described by Horace Walpole, of which the climax was to be a supper in the grotto in the Elysian Fields.

The idea was really pretty, but . . . the evening was more than cool, the destined spot anything but dry. There were not half enough lamps and no music but an old

militiaman who played cruelly on a squeaking tabor and pipe. As our procession descended the last flight of steps, I could not help laughing as I surveyed our troop which, instead of tripping lightly to such an Arcadian entertainment, were hobbling down wrapped up in great coats. . . .

Yet the mind attuned to its historical and social implications can still regard the scenery of Stowe, as it was indeed conceived, in the shape of a didactic poem; a vast poem in the medium of visual instead of verbal images designed to elevate the mind and implant virtuous ideals. The symbols, the texts, the scenic "machinery" still exist, but the trouble is that the bells they ring sound very faintly now. One reason is that the romantics changed the type of admired

scenery, and of the ideas associated with it, from the major to the minor key—from the positive, rational, if limited, humanist view of nature, to a subjective, analytical, emotional current. To which succeeded the materialist conception of nature—and man—as merely the product of biological forces.

The Stowe landscapes are the supreme demonstration in English art of the humanist conception of idealised nature: of those perfect and harmonious forms which, according to Aristotelean theory, nature is always striving to produce but is deflected by "accidents" from achieving, until assisted by man's superior reasoning and ordering faculty. "Ardent genius tamed by cool judicious art" was Thomson's definition of Stowe's scenery in 1744. In an aside to the young Chatham he continues:

*While there with thee the enchanted round
I walk—
The regulated wild—gay fancy then
Will tread in thought the groves of Attic land,
Will from thy standard taste refine her own,
Correct her pencil to the purest truth
Of Nature . . . or raise it to the human mind.*

The aim at Stowe, as in the painted landscapes of Claude and Nicolas Poussin, was that: to raise nature to the human mind, and by the same process to raise the human mind by exhibiting nature's "purest truth": nature as a manlike Deity intended her to be before man's Fall dragged her down with him.

A noble if, to our science-conditioned minds, presumptuous undertaking, but nowhere so completely realised as at Stowe. Regarded thus, the creation of these landscapes was more than public-spirited on the part of their owner; it constituted an act of faith (in the excellence of humanity and the perfectibility of nature) tantamount to the building, by some reformed condottiere of the middle ages, of a cathedral. Stowe might be termed the metropolitan cathedral of English humanist faith. So there was nothing incongruous, if we remember how the Stowe principle and methods were to be applied to "improving" thousands of square miles of English landscape, in the inscription on Lord Cobham's monument (Fig. 8) that he "saved his country as well in the cabinet as in the



2.—THE GRECIAN VILLA FROM THE PORTICO OF THE TEMPLE OF CONCORD AND VICTORY. Probably conceived by Kent and carried out by Brown, 1749-50



3.—THE TEMPLE OF CONCORD AND VICTORY. Adapted by Kent from the Maison Carrée and begun before 1748 but not completed till after 1762. Pediment sculpture by Scheemaker

field; and adorned it by a more elegant system of modern gardening, first illustrated here." Which is supplemented on the other side by Pope's famous injunction to "consult the genius of the place in all" and thereby create "a work to wonder at—perhaps a Stowe."

Pope, however, can only have known the earlier, Bridgeman, version of the gardens. Thomson's passage, quoted above, which was added to *Autumn in The Seasons*, expresses the wider philosophy and looser conception, that, we saw last week, underlay Lord Cobham's revisions, undertaken from 1735 onwards in consultation with William Pitt and Kent. But the Field-Marshal died in 1749, his art director in 1748, and it is an interesting question who carried on operations for his nephew and successor Lord Temple. Evidence, as on almost everything at Stowe, is conflicting. The natural thing, and it is supported by considerable testimony, was for the head executive, Lancelot Brown, to superintend the execution of the schemes left uncompleted at Cobham's and Kent's deaths. Countess Temple, in a poem written in 1768, referred to the garden at Hagley in which, unlike Stowe,

that the grounds were "originally laid out by a Mr. Brown who went by the name of Capability." On the other hand Lysons, in his work on Buckinghamshire, published 1806, gives an entirely opposite account which has an authoritative ring. The grounds, he remarks,

were first designed by Lord Cobham assisted by Bridgeman and Kent; to the latter, whose

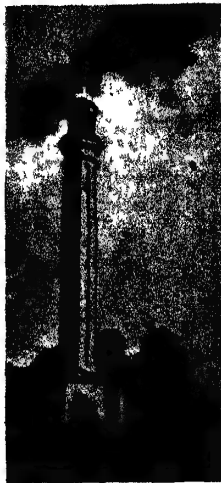
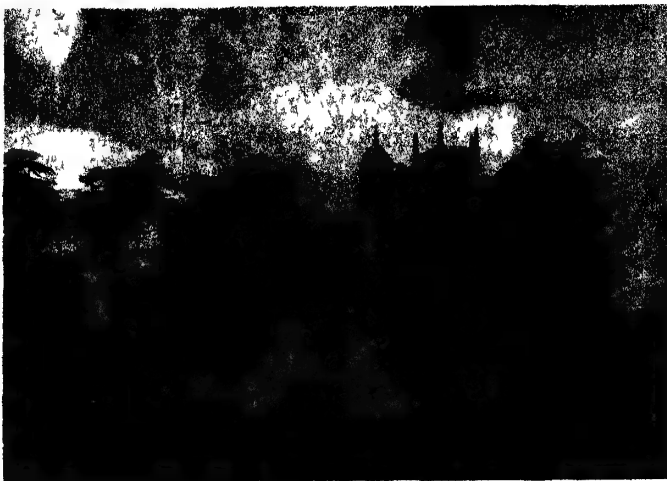
taste was much superior to that of Bridgeman, they owe their present beauty. . . . Lancelot Brown, who afterwards attained such celebrity for his skill in laying out of grounds, came into Lord Cobham's service as a boy, in the year 1737, and was employed in his gardens till 1750. But he had no share, as has generally been supposed, in any of the improvements, they having been completed before he came to Stowe. The good taste



*Every lawn and every grove
That, decked by Nature's hand alone,
To Kent or Brown was never known*

implying that those at Stowe were due to one or other of them. In 1814 the Ebrastian at Stowe informed the Duchess of Oldenburg categorically

4.—THE GRECIAN VALLEY APPROACHING THE TEMPLE OF CONCORD AND VICTORY
The earliest instance of loose pictorial planting



5.—THE GOTHIC TEMPLE Before 1739. (Right) 6.—LORD COBHAM'S MONUMENT

which he evinced whilst employed by the Duke of Grafton to whom he was recommended by Lord Cobham laid the foundations of his further fame and fortune

That sounds categorical, and as if derived from a knowledgeable source. Yet it is not wholly accurate. Whether the boy Brown was transferred from Wotton to Stowe in 1737 or 1740 (the accepted date) the

improvements were certainly not completed by then. Sarah Bridgeman's plan was published only in 1739 and reveals a complete blank where the Temple of Concord and its Grecian Valley (Figs 3 and 4) took shape subsequently and the whole eastern area, comprising the Gothic Temple (Fig 5) the Cobham Memorial and the Queen's Building with its attendant landscape (Figs

8 and 9), is not mapped in its present state till 1753, the Palladian Bridge and middle (formerly octagon) lake not till 1769, though doubtless undertaken some years earlier in each case. So there was plenty going on even after Brown departed sufficiently confident in his equipment to set up (in 1751) as an independent professional improver.

All the features just alluded to lie east and north-east of the Bridgeman garden and consist in plan in two great funnel shaped vistas. The more southerly immediately east of the lower river valley containing Kent's Temples of Ancient Virtue and British Worthies, has the Palladian Bridge at its south-east end and leads up at its apex to the Queen's originally the Ladies' Temple (Fig 8), with the Gothic Temple crowning an eminence half-way along its eastern side. The other is a dog leg running N.E. from the head of the 'lower river,' with the Temple of Concord (Fig 3) at the bend and commanding the further portion (Fig 2) the whole known as the Grecian Valley (Fig 4). A diagonal glimpse from the Temple was directed to Cobham's Pillar, another to Wolfe's Column commemorating the victor of Quebec 1759.

The new Temple, in which Kent 'nearly followed' the shape and measurements of the Maison Carrée, was begun before the architect's death in 1748, though not completed till after 1762. That must imply that at least the conception of the Grecian valley had been settled before Kent's death. This is an important point in the history of landscape gardening, for the "large and delightful vale adorned with Statues of various kinds intermixed with Clumps of Trees beautifully disposed," as the Guide of 1769 describes it, is the outstanding example at Stowe of informal landscape planting on a virgin site, as distinct from the picturesque loosening of earlier formal plantings. If its present character corresponds at all to the 1769 description (with the significant use of "clumps"), whoever designed it is to be regarded as the technical originator of the later, picturesque, conception of landscape planting. Unfortunately there can be no certainty on this, but



7.—PLAN AT PRESENT DAY

1. Temple of Concord and Victory. 2. Grecian Valley.
3. Queen's Temple. 4. Cobham's Pillar. 5. Gothic Temple. 6. Palladian Bridge. 7. Octagon Lake.
8. Elysian Fields and Lower River.

the probability appears to be that Kent roughed out the notion, as a development from his remodelling of the main vista (Fig. 1) and his "Venus's Vale" at Rousham, during the period when Pitt amused himself with landscape gardening at Stowe; but that its execution was carried out by the man on the spot, Brown. This would agree with both Lysons's and Lady Temple's conflicting statements.

The Temple seems to have been conceived in honour of public liberty, but was eventually dedicated to commemorating the concord between the allies and political parties achieved under Pitt in the prosecution of the Seven Years' War, and its victorious issue. The walls carried medallions referring to the principal victories (Quebec, Martinique, Pondicherry, Minden, and so on), and the pediment sculpture by Scheemaker depicts "the four quarters of the globe bringing their various products to *Briannia*." By far the largest and most imposing of the Stowe temples, it symbolised the triumphant fruition of Cobham's and Pitt's dynamic conception of political freedom uniting the nation to win honour and wealth by the establishment of a world-wide empire—the vision adumbrated in the Ancient Virtue and British Worthies composition twenty years before. The same theme—unity achieved through balance and idealism—was echoed in the handling of the landscape leading up to and commanded by the temple's portico, from which, appropriately, Cobham's and Wolfe's monuments could be seen in the distance. Sixteen of the columns from the interior were used by Sir Robert Lorimer in the construction of Stowe School Chapel.

The Queen's Temple landscape (Fig. 8) displays, in its ultimate form, the free method of creating scenery developed to its familiar conclusion—the apparent naturalism attained by Brown and his disciples at their best in the later years of the 18th century. Kent's Ladies Temple, originally an oblong two-storeyed building resting on an arcade, was described as "now altering" in the 1779 Guide. The portico (Fig. 9) and interior decoration (Fig. 10) are yet later, 1789, the year of George III's recovery from his first mental breakdown. The shaping of the outward view across what had been known as Hawkwell field may thus have gone on for some time, in conjunction with the building of the Palladian Bridge at its farther end, after 1750 and thus be connected with Lord Temple's régime, during which the great Corinthian triumphal arch was built at the end of the main vista from the house (Fig. 1).

The Gothic Temple (Fig. 5), on the east side of the Queen's Temple view, is actually a survival from Lord Cobham's earlier and never very defined handling of this region before 1739, planted on one of Bridgeman's semi-circular bastions on the outer, periphery of Hawkwell field. The alignment of the Palladian Bridge upon it brought it into the later circuit of the gardens. Built of Northamptonshire ironstone, with windows filled with stained glass collected by Cobham from Warwick Priory and in Flanders, it is triangular in plan with a hexagonal tower and two cupolas. I have not discovered why the design is ascribed to Gibbs, who did design Cobham's Pillar, though that was altered subsequently. None of the descriptions of Stowe father it on Gibbs, who had no sympathy with Gothic—whereas there are close analogies to it in Kent's designs for alterations at Westminster Hall and elsewhere. An inscribed stone, discovered in a heap of rubbish when the last Duke of Buckingham was a boy, established that it had originally been dedicated to Ancestral Liberty, thus linking Cobham's Whig ideals with his Saxon descent, which was depicted on the ceiling of the main room, and the Heptarchy, the arms of which adorn the interior. The seven Saxon deities responsible for the days of the week, carved by Ryabrack, originally stood in an adjacent thicket of yew trees. It is now used as the Stowe J.T.C.'s armoury. With all its absurdities, it is beautifully built and rendered, and one can just understand how Horace Walpole confessed that it was enshrined "in the heretical corner" of his heart.

But such follies belonged to the earlier, less heroic and politically conscious, phase of Lord Cobham's gardening enthusiasm, the development of which, in conjunction with Pitt, it has been the particular object of these articles to establish.



8.—THE QUEEN'S TEMPLE, FROM NEAR THE GOTHIC TEMPLE



9.—THE QUEEN'S TEMPLE, AS REMODELLED, c. 1789



10.—DETAIL OF INTERIOR DECORATION, QUEEN'S TEMPLE, 1789

THE SAVING OF A CITY

By BOYD ALEXANDER

DURING a recent holiday in Portugal I came across an interesting and successful effort to preserve the monuments and character of an ancient town. The example set by the citizens and town council of Evora is worthy of the notice of our Town and Country planners, and may also give encouragement and inspiration to private individuals and public bodies who are struggling to preserve the harmonious character of our ancient cities by checking the vandalism of commercial enterprises or of the local authorities themselves.

Evora, an important provincial town, is the capital of the province of Alentejo, once the glory of Portugal. It is the headquarters of military, administrative and judicial districts, has an archbishop and is the chief market for the agricultural produce of the area. The population of 16,000, small by our standards, is fairly large by Portuguese. The town lies on a main road that leads to the Spanish frontier and on a main railway line from Lisbon, and is itself a railway junction. And yet it remains completely unspoilt. It is the best preserved town of its size in Portugal and has retained, better than any other, the atmosphere of the past. This desirable state of affairs has come to pass through the activities of what was originally a small society of young men. They alone arrested the spread of vandalism and bad taste which, within a century, reached such alarming proportions in so many countries.

The story begins with the visit to Evora in 1916 of a group of historians and archaeologists from Lisbon who came to confer with the local authorities and to persuade them to do something to save their city. In principle the authorities agreed. Yet nothing was done. But the zeal of the delegation inspired a man of about thirty who was secretary to the civil governor of the district to found, in 1919, a society that soon became known as the *Group Pro-Evora*. The society started with about two dozen members, whose ages ranged between twenty-five and thirty-five. Hardly any of them were influential personages at that time, and with the exception of two members of the civil government, a wealthy lady and a few proprietors, they were, for the most part, teachers at the *lyce* and technical school. Only one of them was born and bred in Evora, and that is also true of the members of the present directorate. The society soon grew, however, for in 1920 we find the new archbishop joining, and in 1921 the officer commanding the district, a certain Carmona, later to become world-famous as the



1.—THE CENTRAL SQUARE IN EVORA, PORTUGAL.

first President of the *Estado Novo* of Portugal. To-day the society has about 200 associates; it could have more, but its numbers are deliberately restricted to those with the cultural welfare of Evora at heart. These associates are a cross-section of the life of Evora and include teachers, architects, engineers, tradesmen, priests and others. The present directorate of the Group, for example, consists of the rector of the *lyce*, the public librarian, a writer, a canon of the cathedral, a bank official and two Army officers.

For the first 17 years of its existence the Group's activity was limited by the comparative slenderness of its financial resources which, for the most part, were generously supplied by the well-to-do lady. At its own expense the society saved from collapse the vault of the church of St. Francis, remembered by tourists for its grotesque charnel house; it purchased a building for the museum, hitherto housed in a single room in the public library; and it cleaned up the cathedral's beautiful Romanesque cloisters,

which had been plastered and white-washed and filled up to the windows with the rubble and earth of ages. This action profoundly affected the fate of Evora, for at last public opinion was stirred. The town council was moved to do something towards the preservation of the city and took in hand the restoration of the cathedral, a work that was beyond the financial means of the society. Except for the two towers, its west front was hidden up to the very battlements by later buildings that rested against its walls. The council removed these buildings, and also an iron gate that traversed the magnificent verger porch with its striking sculptures of the twelve Apostles. They also cut back the corner of the old archbishop's palace, which had been built right up to the northern tower, so that the latter now stands clear in all its magnificence. The result has been to make the place in front of the cathedral one of the most charming and original in Europe.

The Group took advantage of a decree of the central government which established the system of classification of specified buildings as national monuments, and from time to time applies on its own initiative to the central government for the classification of some of Evora's buildings; so far it has been successful in 36 cases, including that of the city walls. Classification saved the latter from further destruction and from the erection against their external face of any more modern buildings. Great stretches of the wall, therefore, remain intact, all of it is now kept in repair and much of its exterior has actually been cleared of buildings—indeed only the expense of compensation has so far prevented the removal of all such buildings.

The society was also tireless in its defence of Evora by all the persuasive means within its power—by propaganda in the Press, by lectures and by patient and diplomatic approaches to owners, architects, builders and the local authorities; it would point out to them what a pity it was that such and such a building was earmarked for demolition, or it would suggest how an architect's plan might be modified so that the new or altered building should be more in keeping with its surroundings.

After the battle had swayed back and forth for 18 years, a single event brought swift and final victory. A. B. Gromicho, rector of the *lyce*, one of the society's original members from the age of twenty-four and now its president, was elected to the town council.

Within a year the position was radically altered. In conjunction with the council's engineer and architect, who also became mem-



2.—OLD BUILDINGS NOW USED AS COMMERCIAL PREMISES

bers of the group, and in consultation with the latter, he worked out a code of building regulations which, in 1937, was approved by the council and became law for the city as the *posturas* or decrees of the town council. It covers more than 100 pages, and includes a prologue and something like 100 articles. Its object is to preserve the architectural harmony and character of the city by regulating the alteration of existing old buildings and the erection of new ones. For this purpose a special office was created in connection with the work of the town council, having an architect with the power to control all plans for new buildings and for alterations, which have to be submitted to him. Should any features in these plans seem to him to be out of harmony with Evora's architecture, he makes his recommendations, which must be reasonable, to the town council, which may accept them or reach a compromise.

Many regulations are laid down in the code of building. For example, all houses in Evora must be painted or washed only in white, the traditional colour. This gives the town a Moorish appearance (it was for long a Moorish city) and helps to preserve its atmosphere and architectural harmony. Another traditional feature is the red roof tiles, channelled for the rain to run down, and projecting as simple gutterless eaves; all buildings, new or old, must have these tiles and eaves. Since the issue of the decree all lettering on the fronts of shops and business premises has to be in simple iron capital letters of suitable and modest proportions, coloured black or brown, superimposed on the wall-face, and bearing only the name of the shop or institution. Examples of this lettering on old buildings are given in Figs. 1 and 2. Shop-front lettering in existence before the issue of the decree will not be affected until it needs repainting or repairing. For the same reason there are still a few houses with hideous



3.—THE RECENTLY BUILT PREMISES OF A NATIONAL COMMERCIAL AGENCY.

shiny green tiles in 19th-century style covering part of their outer walls. But one day these tiles will need repair, and then they will disappear for ever.

The general regulations also deal with the shape of new or altered windows, limit their size and stipulate that they are to have a marble or granite surround. Neon signs are forbidden. The recently built premises of the national commercial agency known as

Montepio Gergil (Fig. 3), the pillars of which were worked by hand from local stone, provide another example of the beneficial results achieved under the code of building.

The code applies only to the old city within the walls. Development outside is not subject to the same restrictions, but nevertheless is carefully regulated. Evora, therefore, is luckier than Jerusalem, which has been spoilt by the new and incongruous outer suburbs that crowd round it on certain sides.

One of the chief causes of the preservation of the atmosphere of Evora is the absence of macadamised roads within the old city and outside its walls. It is hardly an exaggeration to say, that next to urbanisation, the macadamising of nearly all our roads, even those in the countryside, has done more than anything else to destroy the romantic aspect of the England portrayed by the Romantic artists of the last century. But in Portugal the canvases of Gainsborough and Turner are often recalled to mind by a vista down a walled and untarred country lane.

But Evora is not just a subject for an artist's canvas. Nor is it a tourist centre. Its buildings have not been preserved by conversion into shops for antiques, teas and "arts and crafts." It is a city that is very much alive and the goings on of its agricultural business and its traditional industries. There is nothing self-conscious or old-world about Evora. That is why its preservation and atmosphere seem to be so natural, something that the tourist may take for granted. It is for this reason that the achievements of the *Grupo Pro Evora* should not go unrecorded. It was the first society of its kind in Portugal, but as a result of its success, similar groups have since been started in Lisbon, Coimbra and elsewhere.

BOUNTIFUL PESTS

By J. D. U. WARD

WHEN a man was recently being prosecuted for the offence of keeping Colorado beetles alive in captivity, it was remarked that there had earlier been an offer of £10 for every beetle found in this country. The offer had soon been withdrawn, but not before the importation of beetles had been planned: the man charged had brought four beetles into the country, in the hope of making £40 on his speculation. (In the event, he suffered a £10 loss.)

In its essentials this is a very old story. The bounty system of reducing pests is very simple; it has been used in nearly all parts of the world, and in most it has been successful. There was, for example, that little business of the ownerless scavenger dogs of Istanbul, capital of Turkey. The number of such dogs was considered to be excessive, so the city authorities offered a bounty for every dog's tail brought in. Hundreds of tails were received, and hundreds of bounties were paid, but there was no noticeable diminution in the number of stray dogs. A large number of these dogs, however, were minus their tails.

An acid critic suggested that the bounty should have been put on the other end of the dog. But in Australia that is precisely where the bounty was put—on the scalps of the sheep-killing wild dogs—yet the results could hardly be acclaimed as satisfactory. The reward of 7s. 6d. per scalp was high enough to constitute a subsidy for the breeding of wild dogs by professional white trappers and black aborigines. More than one professional "dogger" earned over \$750 a year from wild-dog

farms tended by black "agents." It was highly suspicious, too, that a certain district which in 1936 produced 602 scalps, increased its yield to 945 in 1937, and to well over 1,800 in 1938.

In a part of Canada where there was once a bounty on coyotes ears the result was much the same as with the dogs of Istanbul. Earless coyotes became a common feature on the prairie. In Samoa another good scheme went wrong. A planter, wishing to reduce the number of copra beetles in the island, arranged that natives should be admitted to a cinema, on payment of so many beetles. Soon the children of nature found that they could breed beetles

more quickly than they could collect wild specimens.

Back in Turkey again the same thing happened. A penny was paid for every dead scorpion surrendered. Payments ceased when it was found that scorpions were being farmed. A similar reason was advanced for the Prussian Government's suspension, a few years ago, of its rewards for dead adders: "serious irregularities" was the official explanation. In Britain adders rarely if ever breed in captivity, but in another land some wily Mohammedans founded an adder farm when a bounty was placed on adders.

The French have (or had) a less easily abused bounty system which they employ against crows. From time to time they catch a number of crows, equip them with rings, and then release them. It is then announced that anyone returning one of these officially ringed crows to the authorities will receive a worthwhile reward, and for some particular rings the sum paid is handsome. As a result thousands of crows are shot and trapped.

But even this plan probably has its flaw—though perhaps it has as yet been discovered only by Americans. Just 10 years ago 100 marked rats were released in a certain city of the U.S.A., and substantial prizes were offered for their capture. Within one week 90 of the rats had been handed in. The City Fathers were pleased, for by the law of averages (thrice blessed law!) 90 per cent. of all the rats in the city must have been caught. At least, so they argued; but unkind cynics guessed that the bounty system had been twisted yet again.



COYOTE FROM A CANADIAN PRAIRIE. When a bounty on coyotes' ears was offered in a part of Canada, earless coyotes become common.

THE MILK SUPPLY OF THE FUTURE

By L. GORDON TUBBS

IT must have come as a very unpleasant surprise to a very large number of people—dairy farmers included—to learn from such an eminent authority as Professor H. D. Kay that, over the last twenty years, there has been a progressive deterioration in the nutritional value of the nation's milk and that "this deterioration is still going on." The drop is not apparently confined to either the percentage of fat or to the percentage of total solids other than fat, but is common to both, the latter particularly being in evidence in certain parts of the country during the late winter months, and was accentuated during the war years.

The causes of this tendency are probably fairly numerous; undoubtedly a share of the blame can be attributed to war-time feeding, and particularly the systems of feeding calves and young bulling heifers which war conditions forced many dairy farmers to adopt. A large percentage of the cows on which we rely for the milk supply to-day were born and reared (particularly the latter) under war conditions, and it is common knowledge that, if a farmer were short of feeding-stuffs at any time, it was the young stock which were the first to suffer. It was the only course to adopt as a short-term emergency policy, but are we reaping the long-term results now?

At the moment, the law's sole interest in the composition of milk sold to the public is confined to seeing that the percentages do not fall below a minimum of 3 per cent. in the case of fats and 8.5 per cent. in the case of total solids other than fat. The average composition of milk is approximately as follows: Fat 3.5 per cent., protein 4 per cent., sugar 4.2 per cent., mineral salts .7 per cent., balance (87.8 per cent.) water. The average composition of milk from either Jerseys or Guernseys is, on the other hand, approximately as follows: Fat 5.3 per cent., protein 4.2 per cent., sugar 4.5 per cent., mineral salts .8 per cent., water 86.2 per cent., which gives a total percentage of solids of 14.8 per cent.

From these figures it can easily be seen that in the case of both Guernseys and Jerseys—and here let it be stated that the coupling of the two names together is deliberate, since the matter is far too serious for any inter-breed rivalry, however friendly—there is a fairly large "margin of error," if such a term may be used, and both breeds could afford a substantial drop in total solids and still be well above the average.



A GROUP OF YOUNG JERSEYS AT A STAGE IN THEIR LIVES WHEN IT IS PARTICULARLY IMPORTANT THAT THEY SHOULD BE KEPT THRIVING

For breeders, however, to adopt a complacent attitude about this stage of affairs would be extremely ill-advised. Not only must both breeds maintain their percentage lead over the average, but it must be borne in mind that the drop in total solids is not, as far as is known at present, confined to any one particular breed or to any one area, but is general, and it is up to breeders of both breeds, working together, to investigate the causes and to take steps to reverse the general trend.

Such a task will entail a great deal of work and a considerable amount of thought by a great many people. First there must be, presumably, a considerable increase in testing for solids other than fat to determine whether certain families or strains have a higher total solids percentage than others; in fact, many of the steps used to build up the two breeds to their present position as the recognised butter-fat producers must be duplicated again with the emphasis this time on total solids and not just

butter-fat percentage only. Incidentally, may one here express the pious hope that the testing service offered to breeders be improved both in regularity and efficiency?

All this will cost money and require thought. Professor Kay evidently does not agree with Mr. Herbert Morrison that "incentives are bunk," and has openly advocated a financial inducement to reverse the general trend of the food value of milk. Both Guernsey and Jersey breeders alike have for years past agitated for the payment of milk on a quality basis—quality here being generally understood to mean a butter-fat percentage basis. Such a course was adopted before the war in most of the Scandinavian countries, throughout New Zealand, and in a great many parts of America and Canada, and experience in these countries shows that the administrative difficulties of such a scheme are by no means impossible to overcome. The majority of these schemes were carried out on a "payment for butter-fat percentage" basis but the difficulties involved would appear to be no greater if the basis of payment were to be the total solids content or, in other words, the total food value or caloric value of milk.

There is no need to labour the extreme importance of any and every method whereby additional food value can be produced. A great deal has already been said on this subject, and considerably more will undoubtedly be said before next winter is out. Jersey and Guernsey breeders have a unique opportunity, for in their cattle they have the two breeds that give the highest food value milk it is possible to buy. If, in this country, it is possible to produce only a certain quantity of milk for public consumption, it surely stands to reason that as much as possible of that milk should be of the highest possible food value. Breeders themselves can do a certain amount on their own, but encouragement for them to do more and others to do likewise must come from higher up in the shape of financial inducement. With all the good will in the world, it is expecting rather much to ask Jersey and Guernsey breeders to improve what is already admitted to be the best article of its kind available unless, by so doing, they stand to benefit.

In exactly the same way, the producer of ordinary milk will read of the deterioration in the milk supply with nothing more than passing interest; but offer him an inducement to produce a better article and he immediately sets about seeing how he can do it. No one wants to take advantage of the nation's misfortunes but, on the other hand, an old but very true country saying states that "there's never no taste in nothing."



A HARD-WORKING MEMBER OF THE GUERNSEY BREED. At the age of 12 years this cow had produced more than 50 tons of milk at 5.15 per cent.

A FOURSOME FESTIVAL

A GOLF Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

It is pleasant to see the rebirth of amateur and professional foursomes. In the week following the *New* of the World tournament at St. Anne's, thirty-two leading professionals, including all those nominated for the Ryder Cup, will take part, together with a like number of amateurs, in the *Telegraph* tournament at Birkdale. It is to be match play by foursomes and each pair will consist of an amateur and a professional. This tournament does not, as Sherlock Holmes would say, break new ground; there was before the war a similar one played on the New Course at Addington, that charming course which was at Tadorn in the wilderness, covered with prefabricated houses. But it is a most welcome revival and, incidentally, makes an agreeable change to that long list of tournaments consisting of 72 holes of score play, which, as far as I at least am concerned, "shed a gentle melancholy upon the soul."

Doubtless there will be some with souls so dead that they will wish that play was to be by four-ball matches; but I trust that many of them actually see the play they will be converted from their errors and will realise that the foursome is by far the better game to watch. It is so only because it goes far more quickly and the spectators have an accurate notion of what is going on, instead of being in a state of perpetual wondering as to how many shots everybody has played. Only those who remain dissatisfied whose taste has been so vitiated that their one desire is for low scores, so that they think merely in terms of "birdies" and "eagles." Their weight, however, as they say in mathematical problems, may be neglected. Southport always produces large and enthusiastic crowds, and so I trust that the gospel of foursomes will gain many new adherents at Birkdale.

There seems to me to be everything to be said for this tournament. Foursomes are essentially friendly and professionals and amateurs will be against each other in a way which is all to the good. The educational advantages for the amateurs are obvious. Playing in the best company they will be stretched to their uttermost and may find themselves producing a game of which they hardly thought themselves capable. They may learn much from their partners, both by observation and by word of mouth. They will have every opportunity of playing their best, because they will be helped along and their path will be made reasonably smooth for them. Professionals are only human, but they generally keep the ball in play, and their partners will have every confidence in their availing the greater form.

I remember years ago playing in a 36-hole foursome, on which a certain amount depended, with a very good and in particular a very accurate amateur for my partner. At one time we were well on the way to victory, but then, largely and perhaps wholly owing to my mistakes, we lost a lot of holes and the match. Afterwards I was reported to me that my partner had said in great bitterness, "I'll never play a foursome again except with a professional." These amateurs at Birkdale will be spared the kind of errors which I made on that disastrous occasion.

These educational benefits will be by no means entirely confined to the amateurs. Some at least of the professionals will, I venture to think, learn things about foursome play that they did not know before; because they have as a rule so few chances of taking part in it. In my boyhood it was a regular thing to take out a club professional and to play with him. It was done, both for the pleasure of the game and as travellers used once to order a bottle of port wine at an inn, for the good of the house. That pleasant old custom has lapsed, and professionals, as far as I know, do not often play foursomes. I cited some months ago a letter from a distinguished and popular professional. He had played in an exhibition foursome on a

well-known course and wrote afterwards to thank the club for the opportunity; he had not, he said, fully appreciated the merits of the game and hoped to play more foursomes. This was a good of wide experience and his case is therefore the more illuminating.

Some of those who play at Birkdale will in November be playing in foursomes in America in the Ryder Cup match, and this preliminary practice may be very good for them. It is possible to exaggerate the special art of foursome play. A certain amount of nonsense is doubtless talked about it, and nothing can alter the fact that the main point is to hit the ball. At the same time it is a definite form of golf, about which there is plenty to learn, and in which experience is essential.

Those foursomes at Addington were capital fun, and unless my wits are bemodered, I saw General Critchley and Dai Rees win them in one year. Yet they were not wholly new, for they dated from the revival in the slightly different form of an earlier tournament. I have been looking in an old book of reference and find there what I thought I should find, the tournament for the London Foursome Challenge Trophy in 1906. This was played for by London clubs, each club being represented either by an amateur and a professional or by two professionals. The matches were not all played off at a heat and upon one course, but were played, with intervals between the rounds, over 36 holes and for the most part on neutral courses. Most of the pairs were mixed, but there were several wholly amateur combinations, such as—a highly distinguished one—Mr. H. H. Hilton and Mr. H. W. Beveridge of Ashford Manor. Another

which brings back to me memories of old times consisted of the brothers Horace and Hugh Castle, playing for long-departed Chiswick. There were a number of strong couples, but the two strongest were Mid-Surrey (Mr. Sidney Fry and J. H. Taylor) and Walton Heath (Mr. Herbert Fowler and James Braid). They were in positive halves of the draw; they won their matches with something to spare and converged almost inevitably towards the final. This was played, not on a neutral course, but at Walton Heath; nevertheless the invaders from Richmond gained a notable triumph by 9 and 8. Was ever the great James Braid so cavalierly on his own health either before or since?

That tournament was not played again in its original form, but next year became the London Amateur Foursomes, as it has remained ever since. I cannot now remember why the change was made; but perhaps the prowess of those two great professionals was found rather daunting to the amateurs. I think that the amateur tournament gave a greater chance to the greater number, but it was a pity that there was not then deemed room for both. The playing of 36 holes at intervals made the tournament last too long. The London Amateur Foursomes were first played on that system and it was an exacting business, as I well remember for my partner and I having struggled through, after months as it seemed, to the final, vowed that we would have no more. This competition at Birkdale will go far more swiftly, for it will be played off in three consecutive days and every match, even the final, will be of 18 holes. I only hope a number of the really good amateurs will, in these hard times, be able to play in it.

EELS' ATLANTIC JOURNEY

By JOHN MOORE

"IF the master of this house," began Mr. Chadband, asking what is surely the most wonderful rhetorical question in all literature—"if the master of this house went out into the highways and byways, and saw an eel, and were to return and say unto the mistress of this house, 'Behold, rejoice with me, for I have seen an elephant, I would that he be the Frow's!'" And indeed it would not. But the lie might be excusable if the master of the house had had an experience like mine, for I went out into the highways and byways one September evening and saw a great company of eels, about sixty of them, wriggling in procession across a main road, when I came back and told the story to the mistress of my house it was received with mocking and cynical incredulity. "They must have been snakes or slow-worms. Whoever saw an eel on land?" I might just as well have said I had seen a herd of elephants.

But they were eels all right; and they were wearing the same dress, which is bright silver, so that I knew they were on the first stage of their extraordinary journey to the Sargasso Sea; a journey as it were both to a wedding and to a funeral. For it is the incapable fate of eels that they shall travel thither to mate and die; and even in their land-locked pond, I suppose, the three-er that I encountered had heard the imperious call of their destiny. They had changed the colour of their coats from yellow-grey to shining argent, and they had equipped themselves for the voyage in other ways, too: their eyes had become modified to adapt them for deep-water seeing and their body-tissue had undergone certain changes to enable them to breathe the air of the ocean depths. There was no disobeying the call; for, if they had stayed in the pond, their skins, fitted out already as high-pressure diving-suits, would have blistered and burst. So they had wriggled out of the pond, through the mud, and across the damp meadows, until they reached the painful obstacle of the gritty highroad. They must cross

it or die; but at the other side of the road was a ditch which would carry them down to the brook and so to the river where, running the gauntlet of the wicker traps called putoches that our countrymen set for them, they would ride out on the autumn flood to the sea. Then they would navigate themselves as accurately as any mariner equipped with compass, sextant and radar, crossing nearly three thousand miles of ocean at an average speed of about sixteen miles a day, until they reached the neighbourhood of Lat. 26 N. and Long. 40 W. There among the weed-draped wrecks of schooner, barque and brigantine they would mate and lay their eggs and die. At least we suppose they die; for no adult eel has ever been known to return.

Instead, their spawn comes floating back on the Gulf Stream, at first in huge gelatinous masses, which drift very slowly while the multitudinous embryos within grow to black pinheads. Then, freed at last from their swaddling clothes of gelatine, the creatures begin to swim; and at some point in the uncharted dark, some unsignposted parting of the ways, the fry of the American eels separate themselves from the fry of the European eels and set a course to seaward. The Europeans continue to the east; and they reach the estuaries of our rivers (the self-same rivers down which their parents swam four and a half years before) after a journey lasting two years and ten months.

That, in brief, is the life-history of the eel; and it is surely one of the classic examples of truth being stranger than fiction, because I am sure that nobody would have believed it in the days before deep-sea travel and the use of the proof of it from two hundred fathoms. The old naturalists, indeed, were extremely puzzled to account for the generation of eels and argued about the subject very heatedly, some saying that they were bred by the rays of the sun acting upon putrefying matter, some that they sprang from rotting seaweed, some that they came from propagate eggs by placing horses' tails in the

stream. Isaac Walton, who was greatly worried by the whole problem, thought if probable that they were bred "either of dew, or out of the corruption of the earth," and although this innocent notion may make us smile it certainly fitted the facts as they were known in 1660, for no man had ever seen eel-spawn or found an eel with eggs in her and there was no reason to suppose that the little eels that appeared in the rivers in spring had come from the sea. These eel-eggs or yelvers, as Walton calls them, arrive in our estuaries at the end of March and from then until the middle of May they swim up the rivers on every flood tide. They are about two inches long semi-transparent and no thicker than a worm. It takes fifteen hundred of them to weigh a pound. They are little more than wriggling sticks of gelatine to which is added a backbone a pair of gills a mouth and two eyes and they are without any kind of defence against their innumerable enemies. Their casualties as they swim for nearly three years across 3,000 miles of deep-sea peril, must be very high indeed, the countless millions that reach our coasts are probably only a fraction of the countless myriads that started.

In the river a new peril awaits them the elver-fishermen with their curious nets which are shaped like scoops and made of cheese cloth stretched on a frame of bent withies. These men can easily catch a score of countless elvers during the three or four hours at the top of the tide, to be sold all alive—for a shilling a pound or more to those housewives who are courageous enough to cook them. They are very good to eat indeed fried like whitebait or cold in a jelly, but one has

to face the fact that they are embarrassingly difficult to kill. To soak them in strong brine condemns them to a slow death after several hours, and therefore some housewives, more ruthless but no less humane, boldly pop them into the frying pan while they are still alive. This may indeed be the most merciful way, but a sizzling pan of wriggling elvers is nevertheless a most horrifying spectacle.

Before the war the fishermen in the Severn had another market for their catch, there was a packing station below Gloucester owned by the German Government which existed for the purpose of sending elvers alive to Germany and other parts of the Continent in order to stock the rivers with eels. At least that was its ostensible purpose, but when I visited it in 1938 I found the genial Schleswig Holsteiner who managed the place taking elaborate meteorological observations which can have had little to do with the migration of eels. However, in his spare time he certainly despatched several tons of elvers (nearly 3½ million to the ton!) to the Rhine the Danube the Elbe and even he told me, the rivers of Poland and Russia. They were packed between layers of ice in special boxes, and they travelled by steamer to Hamburg and thence by train to their destination.

I cannot help wondering what happened, in the end, to the elvers that were thus transported across Europe and tipped, let us say, into the River Vistula at Cracow or the River Danube at Ratibon. Suppose they thrive in those unfamiliar waters suppose they survive the hazards of eel-traps and refrain from the temptation of the Polish or Bavarian worm

which no doubt conceals a hook as often as the English one. Suppose that they live long enough to come to maturity, which happens between the sixth and tenth year. Then surely they will receive those inexorable sailing-orders to which Nature permits no disobedience, then surely she will plant in their eyes the powerful deep-sea lenses and strengthen their tissues against the pressure of several atmospheres, and when the cold yellow waters of the Vistula and the Danube on the autumn flood shall swell so with them to the estuary and the sea. What then? Will they make a voyage through waters their parents never knew—the Vistula eels entering salt water at Danzig passing through the Skagerrak and navigating down the North Sea, the Danes and swarming the coasts of Marmora and the Dardanelles, the Aegean, the Mediterranean and the Straits of Gibraltar?

I imagine that that is exactly what they will do, for some ancient and irrevocable law ordains that no eel shall reproduce its kind save in the depths of the western Atlantic. And so I suppose, at some point in the Atlantic the two eel-streams will come together, Vistulans and Danubians joining with the English and French and Dutch eels, and they will make their way by the old caravan-route through the wastes of the ocean to the Sargasso Sea. There at a depth of 1,500 feet they will mate and lay their eggs (for the eggs and the young without the pressure of the flood exact) and there the spent eels of Europe and America will die together at the place where their ancestors have been meeting and mating and dying since tens of thousands of years before Christopher Columbus

CORRESPONDENCE

A BUTTERFLY YEAR

SIR—In his letter in your issue of September 5 about butterflies in Warwickshire Mr. Grist says that he had seen only a few Red Admirals and Commas. At Hartlebury Worcester-shire, in mid-September there were swarms of both eating the rotten fruit.

In your Editorial Note you said that Clouded Yellows arrived in Cornwall in early August. I saw many in Worcester in late July. At both Hartlebury Shropshire and Hartlebury I caught the variety of the female known as *Holce*—IAN C. SETH, R.A.F. Hartlebury Worcester-shire.

[Clouded Yellow butterflies are reported as having been very common in North Gloucestershire this summer. In Dorset, in early September they were the most plentiful species of butterfly after the Whites. The caterpillars of the latter which were to be seen flying in over the sea as late as September 6, have reduced all the cabbages to skeletons in parts of that county as of others. It has also been a great year for humming-bird hawk moths, which have been reported in considerable numbers from all over the British Isles. The main body of these immigrant moths arrived in late May and early June, and most of those that have been seen this month were probably the second generation reared from eggs laid by them.—E.O.]

TRANSFERRED FROM A CITY CHURCH

SIR,—With reference to Mr. E. Smith's letter in your issue of August 1 about the transference of church furnishings, I wonder whether he knows of the existence of the splendid organ case by Grinling Gibbons, with its three fine "towers" and two "flats" of scroll-like pattern, illustrated in my photograph? It is now in the church of St. George, Southall, Middlesex, and was formerly in the City Church of St. George, Botolph Lane, Eartcheap, and the organ was built by Thomas Griffin, c. 1704. That West church was closed in 1900 and later demolished and the organ went to Southall, where my photograph was taken.

There is an illustration of it in its original West Gallery position in Daniel's *London City Churches*, 1896 edition—GORDON FAORT Hedenham Rectory Norfolk

SHORTAGE OF MARTINS

SIR—It was very surprising to read in your issue of September 13 that there was a scarcity of house martins this season at Milnthorpe Westmorland because during August we had dozens and dozens of them here—STANLEY B. REES *Sunbury Farm, Coniston Water Lancashire*

[The southward movement of

house-martins and swallows is in progress in August so that an abundance of them in a given area then does not prove that a large number bred there. Both species were abundant at Abbotsbury Dorset at the end of August but probably only a few of these were birds that had bred or been bred locally.—E.J.]

KENSINGTON SQUARE PROPOSAL

SIR,—Miss Jourdan's letter in your issue of September 5 about Kensington Square contains so many misleading

statements that to answer her fully would require more space than I can reasonably ask you to give me. I would, however, point out that Kensington Square has not been recognised by any of the well-known authorities as having any particular merit. Mr. H. L. Berry Chairman of the London County Council Town Planning Committee, in a paper read in 1940, stated that these houses could not be certified as of sufficient architectural or historic interest to bring them within the scope of the powers of the Town and Country Planning Act of 1932.

Georgian London, by Mr. John Summerson, the most important recent publication on the subject, contains no reference to the Square in 279 pages of text, and of 111 art plates and 37 drawings of outstanding Georgian architecture, not one is taken from the Square, but a lengthy appendix of places of interest includes the following: Kensington Square houses on the north west and south east, a largely 18th-century reconstructed 11 various times.

The change in the zoning by the London County Council was made only in March of this year, at the same time after the appeal to the Minister of Town and Country Planning for a public enquiry. The Town Clerk of the Royal Borough of Kensington described the position very clearly in his report to the Council on September 8, 1946 when he said that the background of the matter was the struggle between commercial interests on the one hand, and a few diminishing residents, on the other. Incidentally, many of the latter have sold their properties, including No. 42, to commercial interests, which have owned many properties in the Square for over half a century.

Late in 1946, the Kensington Borough Council decided to seek the opinion of their Town Planning consultant, Mr. Thomas Sharp. Mr. Sharp concurred his report with the statement that there was no substantial claim for the preservation of the buildings in Kensington Square and advised that the original proposal of the London County Council in zoning it as "Special Business" was correct. This was confirmed at the recent enquiry by such well known



AN ORGAN CASE BY GRINLING GIBBONS, NOW IN ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, SOUTHALL

See letter Transferred from a City Church

experts as Mr. W. H. Davidge and Mr. Hardy Syms, neither of whom had found any grounds to substantiate the statement in Miss Jourdain's letter.

Mr. Sharp's report was accepted by the Town Planning Committee after careful consideration and they recommended to the Council that no alteration be made in the zoning of Kensington Square fixed by the London County Council in 1938.

No 42 Kensington Square is in a sad state of repair. Many of the neighbouring houses have been made into flats or flats and up to only a few years ago many of the buildings were used as warehouses by a well known Kensington store.

The facts were dealt with exhaustively at the Ministry enquiry and also in the reports of various meetings of the London County Council and the Kensington Borough Council which are available for inspection.

Authoritative evidence was given at the enquiry that the traffic congestion in Young Street and Derry Street is so serious that some efforts must be made to ease the situation. This was admitted by the L.C.C. The essential adjustment of a few enthusiasts to the Square is surely not sufficient reason to turn down a suggestion that would help immeasurably to solve this traffic problem and would involve only an insignificant alteration to the appearance of the square whose gardens by the way are forbidden to a very large proportion of the present residents.—ALFRED CURTHOYS, *Dunbury Colten Lane Park Road, S.W.20*



OFFERED AS A PRIZE IN A STOCKHOLM LOTTERY

See letter *First Prize A Yacht*

ably to solve this traffic problem and would involve only an insignificant alteration to the appearance of the square whose gardens by the way are forbidden to a very large proportion of the present residents.—ALFRED CURTHOYS, *Dunbury Colten Lane Park Road, S.W.20*

FIRST PRIZE, A YACHT

"A—The unusual spectacle of a yacht in the streets of Stockholm offered as a prize for a lottery prompts me to send this photograph. The yacht was valued at 111 000 Swedish kroner—say 111 000— and the tickets were 9 kroner—about four shillings.

This yacht was constructed by Johan Axler and is of Olympic Class 1945 in London. Its overall length is 19 metres, its breadth 1.95 metres and it draught 1.2 metres. The displacement is 2 000 kilograms and the sail area 30 kvn. The wood is oregon pine and mahogany the sail English by Ratsey and Laphorn.

I saw another similar yacht up for lottery in Stockholm. The draw took place a few weeks ago—EDWARD RICHARDSON, *27 Villars Road West Bridgford, Nottingham*

FLURALISTS IN THE OFFICE OF WORKS

Six—At the risk of adding one more letter to the correspondence which has arisen about George Devall, may I mention that the records of the old



THE THATCHED ROOF OF THE GREAT BARN AT TISBURY UNDER REPAIR (RHS) THE INTERIOR OF THE BARN

See letter *Tisbury Tithe Barn*

Office of Works show that in the 18th century not only could a member of a City company follow a different craft but that one and the same man could be a Master of various crafts. Thus Grinling Gibbons though a Haberdasher was not only Master Carver, the Board of Works from 1693 to 1723 but from 1719 to 1722 was Master Carpenter also William Kent originally a coach builder was Master Carpenter from 1726 to 1735 and Master Mason from 1735 to 1748 Thomas Churchill was Master Smith from 1725 to 1730 and Master Bricklayer from 1725 to 1736.

The records also indicate that John Devall was Sergeant Plumber from 1742 until 1750 when he was succeeded by Joseph Devall who remained Sergeant Plumber for 20 years—D. AURIOL, *BARKER Ministry of Works Lambeth House Albert Embankment London S.E.1*

TISBURY TITHE BARN

Six—Some little time ago when Eng land's largest tithe barns were being discussed in your correspondence

columns reference was made to the barn at Tisbury in Wiltshire. Possibly two photographs taken this August may be of interest. One shows a limited interior view a pleasant confusion of ancient timbers modern machinery and grain in sacks—evidence that the barn still fulfils (as many barns do not) something like its original function. The other photograph shows rather less than half of the exterior with part of the vast thatched roof in process of repair. The building is 180 feet long but perhaps a glance at the 10 horse power car in the fore ground than considerably nearer than the barn to the camera conveys more graphically and truly the impression of size.—J. W. *Berkshire*

[When so many fine old barns are urgent in need of repair it is good to know that the thatching of the great Tisbury barn is in progress.—ED.]

WESLEY'S ELM TREE

Six—In *COUNTRY LIFE* of August 15 a correspondent refers to and illustrates some statutes of the Rev. John Wesley in his possession which you state were probably made in Staffordshire during 1840 and 1860. Two of them depict Wesley preaching and your readers may be interested to know that there is a remarkably life like bust of him prela hunk which kept in the vestry at Bishop Norton Church near Beverley Yorkshire. It stands about two feet high and was carved from the trunk of an elm tree which grew on the village green and under which Wesley once preached.

The square had the carving done when the tree fell in a gale about a century ago. The hands are I consider particularly expressive and it would be good to be able to give the name of the craftsman responsible for this fine piece of work but unfortunately I has not been preserved.—NORTHAMPTON

PUTNEY OLD BRIDGE

Six—Since the correspondence on Putney Old Bridge in *COUNTRY LIFE* of April 4 and 18 when you published an account of the building of a stone bridge which I found recorded in the *Daily Journal* of December 1728 I have found an earlier newspaper account of 1726 which refers to the wood bridge of Sir Jacob Ackworth's design thus showing that the agreement for the wood bridge was made two years earlier than the proposal to build one in stone.

The Commissioners for building a Bridge from the Tower of Fulham in Middlesex to the Town of Putney in Surrey met on Thurs day last and made an Agreement with Mr. Meade and Mr. Phillips two Persons of great Note and Substance in their Profession as Carpenters to build there for present Convenience a Timber Bridge consisting of 16 Arches the middle



Abingdon

Arch to be 37 Foot wide and of a Height proportional to the West Country Barges 1 pass under it the Passage over the said Bridge to be 23 Foot from Rail to Rail including a Foot Path on each side three Foot wide and we hear the Undertakers are to keep it in Repair for 12 Year after it is built (of the *Daily Post* of August 17 1726).

That Mr. Phillips did actually build Putney Old Bridge is proved by a further announcement in the *Daily Post* of August 17 1726.

Last Sunday I led it in House in Grosvenor Street Mr. Phillips Carpenter it is Majesty who built Fulham Bridge and I said to have died worth 40 000!

In the above two newspapers accounts there is no mention of Sir Jacob Ackworth. Was he really the designer? From the appearance of the bridge in Sir Frank Newnes's photograph it was of carpenter's construction and therefore one that Mr. Phillips would surely have been capable of carrying out without the services of a professional bridge designer.—R. W. *SYMONDS, Chislehurst S.W.3*

CAUTIONARY TALES

FOR PIKE

Six—In *A Countryman's Notes* (August 29) Major Jarvis writes about a pike which died from eating a large brown trout. I have an old photograph which tells a similar tale. So far as I remember the story which my father told about it was as follows. When he was rowing on the Thames near Sandridge and Hampton he picked up the fish floating dead in the river. He then had it photographed as proof of the fish which he would be able to tell. Un



JOHN WESLEY PREACHING

See letter *Wesley's Elm Tree*



AN OLD PRINT OF HOUGHTON HOUSE, NEAR AMPHILL, BEFORE IT WAS DISMANTLED.

See letter: A Bunyan House



(Right) THE RUINS TO-DAY

fortunately I have no details of weights or measurements, except that 18 lb. seems to be a faint memory of the past. I was quite a small boy at the time, and the date would be about 1806.

I also have a cutting from an old newspaper with a reproduction of a photograph of a pike which in attempting to swallow another one choked itself to death. The larger fish measured 2 ft. 9 ins., and the smaller fish which projected from its jaws was 1 ft. 6 ins.—VINCENT BARBARIS (Capt.), 8, Southwell Gardens, London, S.W.7.

Houghton House, near Ampthill (Bunyan's "House Beautiful"), which was built by Mary, Countess of Pembroke, and stripped of its roof in 1794. Your readers may be interested to see what this Jacobean mansion looked like in its prime. For comparison with the print I enclose a photograph showing the ruins as they are to-day.—C. L. LONDON, S.W.1.

SCARCITY OF SWALLOWS

SIR,—With reference to recent correspondence about the scarcity of swallows in certain areas of England, here on the Hampshire-Sussex border there have been very few swallows this year.

Those which built in our shed for many years failed to return, martins taking their place. These were very abundant. Is it possible that they are stronger than swallows, and so survive?

Apropos of the letter relating to the three-note call of a cuckoo in your issue of August 15, your editorial note published under my letter of July 28 refers to a cuckoo having been heard at Twyford giving this call. Twyford is about 20 miles from here, and it may have been the same bird, as it was heard the same week.—M. STAFFORD COOKE (Mrs.), Old Manor House, Brockhampton Road, Havant, Hampshire.

WATER CONSUMPTION

SIR,—If one thing has marred the countryman's enjoyment of a month in which every day has boasted its eleven hours of brilliant sunshine, it has been the inconvenience of water shortage, which has been very acute in some areas. He is no stranger to dry wells and failing springs, and knows how to husband his resources. But he has at times been secretly jealous of the townsman's efficient main-water supply.

The townsman's prodigality with water seems to increase in proportion with the size of the town in which he lives. In the smaller towns of England, the average daily consumption of water per head of the population ranges between 11 and 20 gallons. In Liverpool it is 35.7 gallons, of which over 21 gallons per head is actually supplied to dwelling-houses. (The rest is used for public services and business purposes.) In other cities each person uses as much as 60 gallons per day; and this figure is steadily rising with the increase of amenities. Even so, we have not yet reached the figure of over 100 gallons per head which is required in some American cities, but the problem of satisfying the ever-increasing demand grows more serious year by year.—H. F. MATTHEWS, Rydal School, Colwyn Bay, Denbighshire.

A NATURAL HONEYCOMB

SIR,—I think you may care to see the enclosed photograph of a fine specimen of natural honeycomb fashioned by bees that swarmed in a wood near Sheffield recently.

Normally bees swarm in a pre-selected place, sheltered from our fickle climate, with possibly a halt on the way to rest the queen. In this instance, encouraged by the recent spell of hot weather to revert to their natural instinct for building in the open, they had converted a resting-place into a permanent abode and had begun building.

Eggs a little over two days old can be seen as white specks in the lower part of the comb; the darker patches are honey and pollen stores.

It is estimated that this comb is the work of about 7,000 bees and represents about five days' labour.—G. H. DAWSON, 988, Burncross Road, Chapeltown, near Sheffield, Yorkshire.

labour.—G. H. DAWSON, 988, Burncross Road, Chapeltown, near Sheffield, Yorkshire.

THE RISING GENERATION

SIR,—If a dead donkey is a rarity, how much more so is a live donkey's foot, at least in our English countryside. I came across this one in West



THE DONKEY AND HER FOAL

See letter: The Rising Generation

Suffolk, the first I have ever seen. The poor little mare seemed in rather bad condition, with a large sore place on its back much tormented by flies. It also had some malformation of the hoof, which gave it the appearance of walking about in carpet slippers.—ALAN JONSON, Beauchamp Cottage, 21, Groun Dale, London, S.E.19.

THE PONY AND THE BLACKBERRIES

SIR,—The following incident may amuse and interest some of your readers. A friend of mine set out on her pony to pick blackberries in the country lanes. She had filled her basket, and was returning home when a man on horseback galloped past. My friend's pony started to gallop after him (a thing he seldom does) and wanted to follow him instead of going home. Having succeeded in getting him home, my friend put the basket of blackberries down and went to open the stable door. She turned round to see the pony with the handle of the basket in his mouth, shaking it for all his worth. Then he threw the basket down and began to eat some and trample on the others. What an exhibition of temper!—M. COMPTON, The Pines, Haytor, near Newton Abbot, Devon.

THE FIXING OF HARNESS BELLS

SIR,—Apropos of your recent correspondence about the fixing of harness bells, in Dorset the traditional method of fixing sets of bells such as that illustrated by Mr. Lionel Edwards (August 8), which I understand were worn above the collar, was by means of eyes, the fewest smaller than the (Continued on page 639)



THE PIKE THAT CHOKED ITSELF

See letter: Cautionary Tale For Pike (page 635)

COLOUR IN ADDERS

SIR,—That adders vary in colour is mentioned in *A History of British Reptiles*, by Thomas Bell, F.R.S., writing about the common viper and also of the red viper as found in Cranborne Chase and in Poole Heath (near which it is found at the present day—a hundred years later), also at Fordingbridge. He states that some were dull brick red or mahogany colour. He also records "the black viper," and some of a "uniform dirty white with all markings a deep full black and the most beautiful of the species."

It is generally considered by authorities well qualified to express an opinion that the majority of red vipers are females, though all such may not be and further it is believed that they breed in their third year.

In April, 1924, an old woodman of about 70 years showed me five red adders under an old oak stump where they had hibernated, and said all were females. I killed one to see and it was a female.

In *A Bess Book for the Poet* (1837) Mr. Edmund Sanders states: "Usually the duller colours, darker and redder ground colours, are in females; the brighter, paler with blacker markings, on males."—M. PORTAL, Holywell, Swansea, by Southampton.

A BUNYAN HOUSE

SIR,—In his article, *Between the Red Lines*, in your issue of September 12, Mr. Houghton referred to



A HONEYCOMB MADE BY BEES THAT SWARMED IN A WOOD NEAR SHEFFIELD

See letter: A Natural Honeycomb

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(Continued from page 638)

upper, fixed to the hames. The prongs descending from the "box" containing the bells were inserted into the eyes and could be tied to the hames for greater security.

In default of any other methods could be adopted. The set of bells worn by Mr. W. J. Hooper's prize-winning mare in the Decorated Agricultural Horse Class at the recent Dorchester Agricultural Society's Show at Dorchester, Dorset, was fixed above the collar by inserting the prongs of the "box" into a metal tube fixed vertically to the hames. —M. FORTESCUE, London, S.E.21.

WHEAT FOR LIVESTOCK

Sir.—Under a photograph in *The Farmer's Reply to the Government*, in your issue of August 22, were the words "Wheat will still be needed, but mainly for feeding to poultry and

other livestock." That reads rather strangely in an under-cultivated and semi-barren country of excellent wheats, with a great under-nourished population, in a world of food shortage; and when it is cheaper to grow wheat than to import it (even if it can) and with exports inclined to dwindle in a world also increasingly industrialised.—POWYS EVANS, Bryn Tirion, Llanidloes, near Beaumaris, N. Wales.

If this country's "great under-nourished population" is to have an adequate diet in the future we shall need to grow more cereals for feeding to livestock products, which are most costly to buy abroad. Before we have a large part of the English wheat crop was used for producing eggs and for making into biscuits. To look ahead a few years, this may well become the position again. Certainly there is at present little wheat to spare for feeding to livestock.—E.D.]

FAR-FLUNG CHARITY

Sir.—Appropos of your recent correspondence about church collections for charitable objects in the 17th and 18th centuries, you may be interested to hear of the following examples of collections for charity made at the village church at Langton Herring, Dorset, in the first half of last century. From this small parish collections were made "for the relief of the sufferers by the recent calamitous fire at St. John's, Newfoundland" and "for the Relief of a large Portion of the Population in Ireland, and in some Districts of Scotland."

These collections were held during the incumbency of the Reverend F. J. C. Trenow, who was vicar from 1824 to 1855, and those relating to St. John's, Newfoundland, presumably refer to the second of the great fires that destroyed the old city, that of

1846. The collection for relief in Ireland and Scotland was likewise probably made during the "hungry forties."—C. D., London, W.C.2.

Call for Pistols.—The British pistol teams at Stockholm this summer did remarkably well. We have the medals we need during the summer to do ourselves justice in the next Olympic Games. These weapons are: free pistols with set triggers and revolvers in automatic pistols that shoot the Short Cartridges. Anyone who owns one and is not likely to be a member of the British Olympic team is asked to lend or sell it to The National Small Arms Association, Mayfield, Petersham Road, Richmond, Surrey.

We are asked to state that Messrs. Christie have not bought Spencer House, London, as was stated in our issue of September 12, but have taken it on lease.

TOWARDS THE LABOUR-SAVING LAWN

By D. T. MacFIE

THE upkeep of fine lawns has always been something of a nightmare, not only on the score of expense, but on account of the man- or boy-hours of labour involved—hours that are now as unattractive as they are unobtainable. It is, therefore, with a feeling of genuine relief that one can record very definite advances in machinery and in the technique of lawn management.

The day has long passed when routine cutting was a job that occupied several men for most of the week during the growing season. Power mowers, for many years before the war, were just as reliable as anyone could expect an internal combustion engine to be. Even so, they have been notably improved.

This improvement is not surprising. During the war years small-powered generators of all kinds were used on a very big scale by the Forces. With operators who, for the most part, had had no experience of engines before joining up, it was essential that the latter should be as foolproof as possible, and designers concentrated on producing units that could be operated and maintained by men who had had only a few weeks' training. How was this succeeded in? It was known to all who served from the earliest days. Ailments of one kind and another were continually developing at first. Some were serious, some were trifling, but one by one all the troubles were overcome until, in the end, a breakdown, for however short a spell, was something to be rigorously investigated instead of an everyday occurrence.

All the lessons learnt during these hard years have been incorporated in the power units of the new motor mowers. The multiple controls have gone. On many there is only one, a throttle, that, when opened to give the requisite r.p.m., automatically actuates a single master switch. Close it again and the machine immediately comes to a standstill. Similarly, starting—once a bugbear, though usually on account of human errors—and maintenance have been vastly simplified. Wilful neglect of clear-cut instructions is the only thing that is likely to end in serious trouble, and a little supervision is all that is required to ensure against such happenings.

Silencing is also more efficient, though one could not, with the best will in the world, compare any motor mower with the drowsy hum of foraging bees. It is, I think, not so much the volume of noise but its character that is so irritating, for it could hardly be more out of place than in a pleasure garden. Even in the surroundings of the kitchen garden it is not so jarring to the ear.

But when production is normal again there will be a complete answer to this problem in the electric mower. Here, I am convinced, what will prove to be the ideal machine for the future. It is completely noiseless. Not a sound can be heard above the whirr of the revolving cutting cylinders, and for ease of control and maintenance it is already far ahead of even the best of motor mowers. Production at the moment is sadly held up by the inevitable shortages, and, as though that were not enough, there is the



AN ELECTRIC LAWN MOWER ON WHICH THE CUTTERS ONLY ARE DRIVEN BY THE POWER UNIT

increased purchase tax on electrical appliances imposed as a result of the fuel crisis.

So far, the only machines actually in production that I have seen are comparatively small ones on which the cutting cylinder only is power driven. The machine itself is pushed, and on a level lawn it can be pushed with two fingers. Larger models completely power-driven are still in the experimental stage.

Controls on these electrical machines consist of nothing more than a single switch. The maintenance required is reckoned at 1/20 of that required by any mower powered by an internal combustion engine, and the running costs, on an average, work out at about a third.

There is one drawback to the electrical machine by comparison with the motor mower and that is the flex, but it is nothing like the nuisance in operation that some people imagine. By varying methods of attachment to the machine and by a cutting technique in accord with the attachment, it is easy to avoid the slightest risk of fouling the flex.

There is a power drop if the flex exceeds 50 yards in length. This can be avoided up to 100 yards by fitting a special cable, but the scheme that I feel sure will appeal to most gardeners is that of fitting power sockets at strategic points, though just how long it will be before anyone will be allowed to contemplate doing so I would not like to prophesy.

Like new motor-cars, the new mowers are not at present easy to get, but they are worth waiting for.

The cutting problem apart, weeds were the gardener's great bugbear, and I use the past

tense advisedly, for they are no longer a worry. What so many of us considered to be the almost extraordinary claims made for the selective weed-killing properties of the derivatives of phenoxoacetic acid have been proved to be a hilt. Grass and any other graminaceous plant they leave untouched. Broad-leaved plants, after undergoing the most peculiar contortions, simply disappear. The two derivatives most used are 2-4 dichloro phenoxoacetic acid, and 2-methoxy 4-chloro phenoxoacetic acid, and the concentration of the growth-producing substances required is fantastically small. They are effective at 500 parts per million—1/2 lb. to 100 gallons of water, so gardeners will be relieved to know that they are marketed, under trade names, in a very much less concentrated form and complete with necessary spreaders, etc.

In their action, the growth-producing substances are totally different from arsenical or other weed killers which poison the ground. Their action may be described in a non-scientific manner as causing an increase of the cells in the wrong direction. The growing point of the weed treated is prevented from lengthening, but initial increase in cell growth is tremendous. This brings about the fantastic distortion of the plants, the burst stems, and the eventual death of the weeds.

Though at first they seemed sweeping, original claims on the efficacy of these lawn weed killers are, in my own experience, conservative. For example, it was not claimed that yarrow, the curse of golf-course green-keepers, was affected. For the past four months I have watched treated greens on a course on which yarrow had established itself during the war. The effect was astonishing. Instead of clinging to the surface as is its normal habit in close-cut turf, yarrow now grows to a height of six or eight inches. The result is a completely unplayable surface for two weeks. The greens were then cut and are now kept so. Large patches of the yarrow have gone. Others that remain are a sickly yellow and brown. Some it is true, have produced fresh growth, but they have obviously been weakened by at least one dressing. They will not stand many more.

As for daisies, dandelions, plantains, hawkweed and other evils, they have simply disappeared. Clover, in my experience, is not exterminated by one dressing, but it does receive a severe shock. It will be interesting to see if it, too, gives up to constant use of the second dose. For each one of these greens, hand-weeding would have been a week's work for three or four men. Watering with the growth-producing substance took something like an hour. Coarse grasses are not, of course, affected, but there are not many of the really objectionable ones that will stand up to constant use of the second dose in a lawn that are never so unsightly as broad-leaved weeds.

Other possibilities with a weed-killer that affects plants on which it is watered, sprayed or dusted but does not poison the soil are obvious, but there is one thing that must never be forgotten—the extraordinary toxicity. They require careful handling.

MASTERPIECES OF ENGLISH PAINTING

By DENYS SUTTON

IN general, we are content to point to the flowering of the national genius in poetry and maintain that our artistic achievements are to be found in literature, not painting. On the whole this view is just and we are unable to boast so proud a tradition of painting as the French or the Italians. Yet for all that the recent effort to show abroad what we have achieved in the visual arts has been extremely beneficial; as much as anything else it has reminded us that we have produced several admirable painters and that we possess our own individual style.

The important exhibition of works by Hogarth, Blake, Constable, and Turner at the Tate Gallery until Tuesday next is a timely reminder of the particular quality of our native school in the 18th and 19th centuries. Many of the paintings exhibited have returned from service on the Continent and America; their peregrinations were attended with success and are reported to have stimulated interest in English painting. It is right that they should. Each artist in his own way is endowed with a character that stems from his native background; each has made a contribution to European painting.

In a sense, too, each artist has shown himself the exponent of a different approach to painting: Hogarth and Constable are essentially realists, Blake and Turner imaginative and symbolical artists. Hogarth himself typifies what seems the England of tradition—the sturdy beef-eating England of the past. His firm portraits form a fine memorial to the vigour of the Augustan era. Yet Hogarth in so much that he painted adopted a paradoxical position. If he inaugurated the moralistic strain in our national school, which reached its apogee in the Victorian era, he was also the painter of such fresh and unaffected portraits as *Lavinia Fenton as Polly Peachum*.

Fortunately, even in many of his anecdotic works, his love of painting triumphed over his desire to preach. In his drill series *Marriage à la Mode*, he reveals his sense of humour and at the same time his painterly interest in the problems set by lace cuffs. With his customary inconsistency, this most nationalistic of painters indicated, however, that he learnt heavily on the example of the French; parts of *The Marriage Contract* (Fig. 1) might indeed have been painted by J. F. de Troy. But perhaps this French influence appears at its most polished and digested in his lovely portrait of *David Garrick and his Wife* (H.M. The King); how suitable that Garrick, the Francophile, should have been painted in so *dis-américain* a manner. It is a fine tribute to the bonds that bound London and Paris together in the 18th century.

Hogarth drew his inspiration from the excitements of contemporary England: he recorded what lay around him. For Blake, on the other hand, England was only a background, a shadowy background, for his imaginary world. He desired a Golden Age in which art would be the only religion and imagination the only god.



1.—WILLIAM HOGARTH. *MARRIAGE À LA MODE, I: THE MARRIAGE CONTRACT*

His demand was insistent. He succeeded in creating a world of singular strangeness and beauty, which is valid not only as the expression of a finely charged mind but as a contribution to painting. The mystical painter is fraught, alas, with many temptations, as German 19th-century painting reveals. Blake succeeded in giving shape to his ideas, not so much because of their validity or strength, but because he could transpose them into colour and design. He could give an idea of movement and relate his figures by a subtle rhythm so that those in his *Ascension* seem to rise aloft, impelled by their own passion; he could find strange combinations of colours to suggest the depths of *Hecate* (Fig. 2). Blake without his sure eye for effect could not have sustained the demands of his imagination: he might have been another Richard Westall.

His quest for fantasy was unusual and unique. Most English painters have sought their themes in Nature. Here again, however, the essential dualism of the English character appears. Just as Hogarth and Blake painted the outward and inner realities of life, Constable and Turner depicted distinct elements in Nature. Nature was the touchstone of all

things to Constable. He loved it with fidelity and aimed at translating its perfect moments into paint: the wind sweeping over the fields, the sun on the Brighton coast. His approach was direct and spontaneous; characteristically some of his finest works were fresh little oil sketches. But he was fundamentally a conventional artist: his feet were always on the ground. In this he was so different from Turner. With Turner, the outward appearance of the subject no longer mattered. What he endeavoured to fix on canvas was not so much the impression of a subject, but its inner significance. The dabs of bright yellow and gold, the subtle mixtures of his colours assume a life of their own; as in *Music Party, Petworth* (Fig. 3), the representation of the visible aspects of his sitters is disregarded to achieve the suggestion of their relationship by means of colour. Turner is surely one of the great artists of the 19th century.

It is one of the merits of this exhibition that it stresses the diversity of our painters; realists and romantics alike have made an individual contribution to the heritage of Western art.

(The photographs illustrating this article are published by permission of the Tate Gallery)



2.—WILLIAM BLAKE. *HECATE*. (Right) 3.—J. M. W. TURNER: *MUSIC PARTY, PETWORTH*





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NEW BOOKS

NOVELISTS THROUGH THE AGES

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

THE firm of Home & Van Thal have started a worth-while enterprise: the publication of a series of short books, each dealing with a different British novelist. Thirty-two titles have already been decided on, beginning with the 18th-century Thomas Nashe and coming up to our own times with such novelists as Kipling and Wells, D. H. Lawrence and Arnold Bennett. Nor is the series to be confined to authors who are, or may some day be, called, "classics." There is no danger, I feel, that Hall Caine, the subject of one of the books, will ever fall into that exalted category; though perhaps a humble niche will be found for Conan Doyle. It is a good thing, too, that some almost

out of those in turn arose Butler's attitude to the Church and to family life: an attitude that colours a good deal of what he wrote.

Thus Mr. Cole does well in keeping at the very heart of his book Butler's family relationships. But he realises, too, that while personal circumstance is potent in the life of an artist, so also is the social, political and scientific climate of the time in which he lives. Some pages in this book, sketching in that background, could hardly be bettered. Altogether, if the other books of this series come up to the standard of this one, we shall have nothing to complain about.

For myself, though I can read Butler with enjoyment, I always want

SAMUEL BUTLER. By G. D. H. Cole
(Home and Van Thal, 6s.)

GERMAN PORCELAIN. By W. B. Honey
(Faber, 21s.)

VINCENT VAN GOGH. Introduction by W. Muensterberger
(Falcon Press, 21s.)

JOB. By William Blake
(Falcon Press, 21s.)

completely overlooked novelists like Mrs. Charles Gore are again to have a peep of daylight, and that our childhood favourites Mrs. Molesworth (*Carroll: A Little*) and Mr. Ewing (*Job Lie by the Fire*) are to share a troika with Frances Hodgson Burnett. The books will be 6s. each.

FIRST OF A SERIES

The first to reach me is G. D. H. Cole's *Samuel Butler*, the bourgeois rebel against *bourgeoisie*, the hardy spirit who cried for rebellion while sheltering like a snail within the whorls of Clifford's Inn, the man who wanted to put marriage right while taking care to receive no more enlightenment on marriage that could be gathered from housing, at a safe distance, a mistress who for years did not even know his name. A queer case altogether is Samuel Butler.

None of his books was ever popular in his lifetime, and his masterpiece, *The Way of All Flesh*, was published after his death. "All the books he published in his lifetime, with the single exception of *Erewhon*, were commercial failures: he made nothing, or a good deal less than nothing, out of them, and was mostly compelled to publish them at his own expense. Even *Erewhon*, though it was several times reprinted, was never near being a best-seller; and if its author had depended on writing for his livelihood, he would have starved."

However, Butler had private means, though for a long time his enjoyment of these depended on the caprice of his clerical father, who thought Samuel anything but a worthy son. The youth had refused to enter the Church and he always wasted money. These were two cardinal offences in the canon's eyes. Out of them arose at best a sulky failure to "hit it off," at worst scenes of acrimony and open hostility. And

to put a pinch of salt on his tail. His criticism is always from so personal a point of view. No doubt, family relationships a hundred years ago were stricter than they are now, both so far as money and religious observance were concerned, and the throwing of Darwin's bombshell sharpened the axes and warmed the fury. But that Butler's case was "special" can hardly be questioned. All the fathers of the time were not Canon Butler, nor were all the sisters like Butler's sister Harriet, a religious bigot of the most formidable and uncompromising cruelty. And so I feel that Butler's criticism is not of family life but of his family's life, not of religious observance but of religious observance as, to his sorrow, he had narrowly known it. Looked at in this way, the area of his attack is diminished to an assault upon his relations. As such, it is immensely penetrating and readable, and it is comforting to know that it is not a bit of religious humbug. Humanity at large, indeed, is a subject about which I feel that Butler knew little and cared less.

THREE BOOKS ABOUT ART

Three good art books have come my way this week: Mr. W. B. Honey's *German Porcelain* (Faber, 21s.); *Vincent van Gogh*, a collection of drawings, pastels and studies, with an introduction by Dr. W. Muensterberger (Falcon Press, 21s.); and a reproduction of William Blake's *Job*, with an introductory note by Kenneth Patchen (Falcon Press, 21s.).

Like Mr. Cole's book, Mr. Honey's is one of a series. This series will deal with the ceramic art of all countries and periods. Presumably the other volumes of the series will follow the pattern set here. If so, they will be of outstanding interest both to collectors and to those who take a non-collecting interest in the potter's art. The book

begins with what Mr Honey has to say about German porcelain which, "considered in relation to the whole history of ceramic art, may well appear a small, brief and unimportant manifestation of perverted taste." But he goes on to point out that, whatever may have been its defects, it "called for an authentic art" and that it is historically important because it was at Meissen, where the porcelain factory was founded in 1710, that true porcelain was first made in Europe. There had been importations from China, and these had led to a profound interest in what was a new material, and to much imitation and experiment. At Meissen the thing was first done, porcelain-making became a rage, and factories spread throughout Europe, despite all the efforts that were made to guard the secret.

Having traced the historical emergence of porcelain, Mr Honey goes on to deal one by one with the factories, the nature of the product and the more distinguished artists engaged in the work. About thirty pages are devoted to this examination, then there are ten pages dealing with marks and imitations followed by a bibliography and an index. The remainder of the book, by far the greater part, is made up of excellent photographs of the porcelain from the earliest times up to 1925, when at Meissen Paul Scheurich was producing models of simplicity and beauty. Altogether this looks like being an exciting series of books.

THE ESSENCE OF VAN GOGH

One would say that van Gogh's paintings had been reproduced *ad nauseam* if one could ever conceive of satiety in a case so beautiful. It was a good idea of Dr Muensterberger to turn aside from them for a moment to the sketches and pastels. He rightly points out that these are of first rate importance. As he sees them they are a "soliloquy"—something between writing a letter and painting a picture. They gave the artist a means of quickly communicating his ideas to his correspondents. They are simple in character, aiming more specifically at the essentials, but it is just on this account that they heighten our interest in the person of the painter and the substance of his work. For it is here that the man in the artist finds his complete expression and unobscured more of his secrets than he would do in a painting.

However you look at it it is good to have this collection of little-known work. It begins with careful detailed drawing in the Dutch and Belgian period, eases some of its restraint in Paris, and flares suddenly into a lively freedom, a dashing in of the bare truth of a moment, when the painter gets to Provence. He himself knew what he was after. "And what I seek to obtain," he wrote, "is not the drawing of a hand, but the gesture, not the mathematically correct rendering of a head, but the all-important expression. The act of sniffing the breeze as a digger momentarily looks up from his work, or the act of speaking. In fact, life itself."

You will see from these pages how, in his last flame-like moments, he did what he tried to do.

HICOUPE AND HYSTERIA

Mr Kenneth Patchen's introductory note to the Blake reads like someone afflicted simultaneously with hicups and hysteria. It has phrases like this: "For William Blake was beautifulised by life then an enormous walking when his body that

was shadow merged with sun and *The Mundane Shell* of poems drawings books the angel taught me to do" was shattered. "Happy, there is not much of it. It soon ends. "Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah for William Blake!"

Well, so say all of us, but not for Mr Patchen. Gladly, we at once proceed to the drawings themselves—a careful reproduction of "illustrations of the Book of Job" invented and engraved by William Blake, 1825. This series of drawings is so famous that one need say no more than that this is a most creditable edition in which nothing has been done to diminish the awe and majesty of the originals.

THE ART OF THE FRENCH BOOK

At a time when paper shortage and scarcity of material impinge the output of well-produced volumes, the plates in *The Art of the French Book* (Paul Elek, 50s) are likely to induce nostalgia. The art of the book is, in this context, taken to mean not book production (typography and lay-out), but the illustrations for books. The plates, which have been selected from the *Bibliothèque Nationale* in Paris, range from the Middle Ages down to the present day. They are accompanied by essays on each period by eminent French librarians and connoisseurs.

As a whole, this volume provides a bird's-eye view of French book illustration and, incidentally, indicates how the French tradition differs from our own. Naturally, we have had well-illustrated books, but on the whole, the editions de luxe have never enjoyed great popularity here. Reasons for the difference are many. One important one is that in France many important painters of each generation have found a natural outlet for their talents in illustrating books. In the early periods, the illumination of manuscripts was, of course one of the major means of artistic expression and attracted such admirable artists as Fouquet and Bourdichon. Between the 15th and the 17th centuries, it is true, few painters turned to illustration. But in the 18th century Boucher accomplished some of his most successful work in illustration and Fragonard drew splendidly free and evocative sketches for Aristotle.

They paved the way for that intimate relationship between the artist and the book which flowered in Delacroix's romantic interpretations of Faust and Daudet's political and social satires. If towards the end of the 19th century, illustration in France tended to become rather fussy and over-elaborate the present era has witnessed a remarkable series of illustrated books. In his designs for Ovid's *Art of Love*, Maillol has captured the graces of the legend with the simplicity of a 18th-century woodcut. Bonnard, too, has decorated Verlaine's *Parallèlement* with tender devotion. These volumes show that the tradition of the artist patiently illustrating some treasured writer still exists. Long may it continue. DENYS SUTTON

LIFE-LONG SPORT

REMINISCENCES of days spent with gun, rod or hounds are the theme of *What Sport?* by Charles H. Kennard (Frederick Muller, 10s. 6d.). The author is no insular sportsman, for the caribou of British Columbia and the ryper of Norway no less than the fox and the partridge of England have claimed his attention. But he is at his best when recounting the pleasures of sport in this country, and in particular when recalling the achievements of his famous Labrador retriever, Fettesacre Daa, whose prowess is already familiar to readers of *COUNTRY LIFE*, in which much of the material of the book was originally published. J. E. A.

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FARMING NOTES

BRETON FARMING

HARVEST finished in good time. I went off to Brittany for ten days' holiday. There it has been as dry and sunny as at home, and everything was sited for a September seaside holiday. Inland the ground was dry and hard. Corn harvest was long completed and some ploughing had been done. I saw only one tractor at work, a Ford Ferguson; otherwise it was all horse work, and with the variety of crops in strips, potatoes, sugar-beet, lucerne and broomrape, mainly, the horse is obviously the most economical source of power. The Breton farmer plants apple trees in rows through most of his fields, and even the prospect some day soon of rowcrop tractors and implements does not deter the present generation from following the custom of their forebears. There are fields with young trees planted in the last year. Judging by the fact that every bar had cider apples in the shops, I imagine that the red apples thick on the trees all go for cider-making. The early windfalls were being gathered into heaps for the press.

Tethered on Lucerne

THE sight of lucerne everywhere and tethered cows grazing quietly and economically on it made me wonder again why we do not grow more lucerne at home. Three cuts, or the equivalent in grazing, is a measure of high output that should suit these days. The lucerne in Brittany was not an especially heavy crop and no doubt the drought had checked growth. But once established it gives an abundance of highly nutritious fodder even in our dry East Anglia. Our cows are not accustomed to tethers, but this is common enough practice in the Channel Islands and the Channel Islands and Guernsey would readily regain the docility of their forebears reared on the islands. When tethered, each cow has her fair share of fresh herbage twice a day, and she tramples and fouls practically nothing. The modern counterpart is the electric fence which can be moved on every day like the shepherd's hurdles to give a fold of fresh keep, but the Breton farmer and his wife, who often mind the cows on their way to and from pasture, keep to the old ways.

Forms and Subsidies

IF for the Breton peasant with his pair of horses, his apple trees, his three or four cows and his hens must go on much as it did for his grandfather, except that he is now required to make more returns and fill in more forms. Outside the manse in Dinan I read the official notice requiring every farmer to make a return of the acreage of corn he grew this year and the weight of the crop. I gathered that he then qualifies for a subsidy, and the bitter part of the pill is that he is required to deliver a proportion of the total crop at the official price. The Breton farmer has little use for officials or official prices.

Farming Part-time

TO anyone who is thinking about starting a smallholding as a part-time occupation I commend Mr. Alan Thompson's *Your Smallholding*, a skilful Penguin handbook which has just appeared. In this introduction he truly says that too many smallholdings are a hotch-potch of idleness, allegedly dovetailing, but in fact causing unrenumerative diversions. As one Hampshire farmer has put it: "Everything goes round and round, but nothing comes away. It may be pleasant, and certainly obviates monotony, to keep a cow, or goat, a pig, a flock of hens, bees, some glasshouse and a rabbit. But it cannot make a living because the distracted smallholder is always dropping one job

to pick up another. He loses time, he loses output, and the rhythm of his work. For instance, if you decide that the richest cash return is a holding of dairy cows, then your dairy cows must keep pigs and to keep pigs you must grow potatoes and to grow potatoes a chitting house is helpful and the more the output of lettuce is likely to be impaired.

Specialisation

PROFESSOR J. A. SCOTT WATSON, the head of the National Agricultural Advisory Service, gives his advice about the complementary lines of production on a smallholding. He says that the family farm must specialise in one or a combination of the following: a horticultural and green food production; intensive dairying, pigs or poultry. At the present time feeding-stuff ration can be got for dairy cows based on monthly milk sales, but not for pigs or poultry. Intensive dairying may well be the basic line of production that the newcomer selects for a start. The day should not be far distant when the ration for pigs and poultry are revised to give a fair chance to the genuine man who wants to expand production for the communal market. What proportion of the official feeding-stuff ration now goes to those sending all their eggs to the packing stations?

Attested Herds

SCOTLAND is well ahead of England in the proportion of her cattle that are in Attended herds. Her percentage is 29.4 against England's 7.3. The county of Ayr has no less than 90 per cent of its cattle in Attended herds and I need not mention the breed. Of the English counties Lincolnshire makes the worst showing with less than 1 per cent. Berkshire, Surrey and Westmorland are the only English counties with more than a 20 per cent score. Wales shows better figures, averaging 29.2 per cent. Cardiganshire and Carmarthenshire are still the star counties with 68.7 and 55.5 per cent. The time is overdue for a drive in the dairying counties to extend the Attended scheme. Extended life in the dairy amply repays the trouble involved in attaining the standard.

Ploughshares

WITH the country as hard as iron was difficult to get the plough into the stubbles immediately after harvest. Some good scuttling was done by the old-fashioned broadshares which got down far enough to cut off the thistles and move the annual weeds about. But the ground is still waiting for the plough. Fortunately I got delivery in the spring of more ploughshares than I needed as that was the case for the year. We have been running round for miles to all the merchants begging for a dozen or even half a dozen shares. What on earth has the Ministry of Agriculture been doing to allow this scarcity to develop? One firm of makers who managed to keep the supply of ploughshares going pretty well during the war by putting out the manufacture of spares to another firm have lost the use of this factory and they have been hamstrung in their efforts to build a new factory of their own for this essential job. If Mr. Tom Williams means business in his talk about extra tillage cropping for next year he has made a deplorable bad start by failing to go to the tape in Government departments to get this factory going at full speed. At this time agriculture should get all the priority it needs, especially in machinery.

CONTINUOUS.

ESTATE MARKET

SALE OF A SCOTCH SPORTING ESTATE

LOCH BEORAD and a large area of Loch Morar form part of the Inverness-shire sporting estate of Moobie and Letter Morar, 6 miles from Mallaig and 43 from Oban. The estate is one of the few in the West Highlands that came scathies out of the war, for military use of the property was limited to the training of troops for special purposes. The 30,000 acres have been sold through Messrs. Jackson-Stops and Staff on behalf of the Normandy Estates Co., Ltd., to Mr. J. A. P. Charrington.

Moobie Lodge, standing between Loch Beorad and Loch Morar, was completely renovated in 1931 by the late Sir Berkeley Sheffield. Glen Moobie is dominated by Meith Beinn (2,328 ft.) and by Bheinn Caber (1,888 ft.). Before Sir Berkeley Sheffield took the estate over it was tenanted by the late Mr. Walter J. H. Jones. It is claimed that their methods made the property the best deer forest in the Western Highlands. Neighbouring forests are Glenfinnan, Rannachan, Lochell, and North Morar. The two lochs and the River Moobie provide first-rate salmon, trout and sea-trout fishing.

Special interest attaches to the "vendors' statement" that on the 30,000 acres "there are no farms, cottars or crofts, with the exception of the houses occupied by the stalkers and estate employees. Each stalker has a small croft attached to his house and he cultivates this as part of his remuneration." Extracts from the records in game show that in 1931 60 stags were shot and in 1930 a stag of 46 was obtained. The forest is good for an average of 60 stags and from 50 to 70 hinds in a season.

A 1,000 FT. DEEP LOCH

LOCH MORAR is more than 11 miles long, and has an average width of well over half a mile; at one place it is more than a mile and a quarter wide. There are richly wooded islands on its 6,600 acres. The highest peak at the head of the loch is 3,133 ft. Seventy years ago Mr. J. Y. Buchanan advanced the opinion that the loch had a depth of 1,000 ft. In 1867, Sir John Murray found a maximum depth of 1,050 ft., and he repeated the soundings in 1898. In 1902 Dr. T. N. Johnston and others took 1,100 soundings, and they found that the deepest points, opposite the inflow of the river Moobie, about half way between the ends of the loch, ranged to 1,017 ft. over an area of about 4 acres. This depth far exceeds that of the sea to the west of Morar.

Dr. Johnston's report stated that "to get a depth of 1,000 ft. one must go west of St. Kilda and Ireland, beyond the 100-fathom line in the Atlantic Ocean." As the surface of the loch is only 30 ft. above sea-level almost the entire bed of the loch is below the level of the sea." Detailed information about the loch is to be found in the *Scottish Geographical Magazine* (1904).

AN ISLE OF WIGHT BEACH FOR SALE

SEAVIEW, not far from Ryde, Isle of Wight, includes an estate known as Seagrove, which is made up of seven interlocking plots, such as a park of 21 acres, a farm of 80 acres, a fully licensed hotel containing 56 bedrooms, and other premises. The beach, with its boating and bathing rights, car park, and the chain-pier, are also on the property. Messrs. Fox and Sons are to sell the estate as a whole, in November, or will deal with it in lots. The hotel has been lately disquisitioned.

Lord Hothfield's Whinfield and Brough Castle estates, Westmorland, comprising 4,000 acres, much of it valuable woodland, are to be sold at Penrith. Messrs. Lotts & Warner are the agents.

Near where the boundaries of Essex, Suffolk and Cambridgeshire converge, close to Havering, are some fine examples of Elizabethan building. Moyns Park is the most notable, but Helton Bumpstead and Steeple Bumpstead are excellent work of that period. Oak End, with 7 acres, recently sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, is a half-timbered house dating from the 16th century.

A South Devon freehold, Halwell House, near Kingsbridge, with 280 acres, and the home farm on which is an assorted herd of Guernseys, will shortly be submitted by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Messrs. Curtis and Watson. The house has been modernised. The property has between a mile and two miles of frontage to Salcombe estuary, and is bounded on another part by Frogmore Creek. A boathouse and moorings are on the estuary frontage. Kentish sales by the former firm include one of 44 acres, of which 12 acres are orchard, with the Tudor, half-timbered farm-house, known as Belgar, a mile from Tenterden.

AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHS OF

MAJOR W. V. BEATTY'S Newmarket training establishment and stud farm, Phantom House, for sale on October 21, at Newmarket, by Messrs. Bland and Sons, is the subject of particulars that are illustrated by aerial views. These views include one of the whole estate of 53 acres, and another showing the house and contiguous premises. The extent and character of the freehold are evident at a glance, for the relevant areas are indicated by a broad dotted line. In the photographs the house and premises show delineating marks are necessary, the photograph being plainly of the buildings, which, of course, are shown in perspective. More than is possible in the case of the whole estate. Apparently as a means of indicating essential features of a property, an aerial view has much to commend it; enough, indeed, to warrant the extra cost of such work.

So much of the country has of late years been photographed from the air that at any time a suitable view of urban districts can sometimes be obtained almost as easily as anyone can buy an Ordnance map.

STILL NEED FOR SURVEY

HOWEVER, neither aerial nor any other views of some properties do away with the need for close inspection and consideration on the spot by the best expert that can be retained. This type of viewing may occasionally result in advice to give up any idea of a purchase, but, if so, a prospective buyer has done well to find out defects and disadvantages at once and not after he has bought a property.

Such cautionary advice may be worth many times the amount of an expert's fee. The real expert seems often to be able to visualise the property, not merely as it happens to be at the moment, but in other conditions. For example, the turning down of a proposal to buy a small rural freehold, because the winter mooring and the approaches will be a quagmire, or in the case of another freehold, "a nice house, but within 100 yds. of a public-house that is a favourite spot for rowdy boozers." These are actual instances.

ANSTET.

By Candlelight

A woman buying an evening dress prefers not to choose the shade in daytime, because she knows that it may look different by artificial light. Colour depends on the nature of the light that falls upon the pigment or dye. The white light of the sun is a mixture of many coloured lights, ranging from red to violet. When it falls upon a poppy, a substance in the petals absorbs all except the red rays. These are reflected to the eye, and give the impression of redness. Similarly, grass looks green because it reflects the green rays and absorbs the other colours. Few coloured substances, however, reflect one sort of light to the complete exclusion of all the rest. Poppy-red reflects some blue, and grass-green some blue and yellow. Hence, grass seen by a pure green light would not have quite the same appearance as in daylight, since there would be no blue or yellow for it to reflect. Facts of this kind make it imperative for the British dyestuffs chemist to know exactly what kinds of light each dye reflects. For such information he relies on the spectrophotometer. Here the coloured light from the dye is spread out by a prism or fine grating into its colour components, enabling the quantity of each component to be measured on a graduated scale. Such data are essential, for example, when blending dyestuffs for colour photography or studying the behaviour of dyes in sunlight and artificial light. The British chemical industry has available at the service of the nation much valuable information on the colour characteristics of dyestuffs and is constantly working to enlarge it.



WINTER LINES



China-blue and grey tweed, the long jacket inlet with a narrow band to define the waist; diamond-shaped pockets. Victor. Styled at Jaeger.



A waisted, double-breasted jacket with puffed lapels in a smooth diagonal twill in mustard and black, shown by Hardy Amies.



(Left) A Rabbit Hood hat in green felt with grey-brown feathers. Boots of Bond Street.

Photographs by
COUNTRY LIFE Studio

LONG day skirts appear in all the collections in London. They are adaptations of the exaggerated styles of Paris, and, while the length most generally shown is 15 inches from the ground, there are also a number of coats that are longer still than this and so full the skirt that they cannot possibly be made out of the material that the wholesalers can allocate for an 18-coupon coat. So, in many collections of branded clothes, while the majority of clothes are modified versions of the new silhouette with soft shoulders and nipped waist-lines and a moderately full skirt ending about mid-calf, there are also a few more sensational models designed for export which the wholesalers will copy here from materials sent in by their customers through the stores.

In the Koupy collection there are two wonderful model coats, one in jade-green velours and one in corduroy, with close-fitting double-breasted tops buttoning to a turn-down collar and full pleated skirts. The jade velvet is immensely full at the back and has a lowish waist-line defined by a half-belt shaped into the small of the back. The corduroy is pleated round and belted all round with knapack pockets in front. Both are immensely long, being about 9 inches from the

ground. Four yards of 54-inch wide woollen or seven yards of corduroy are needed for these coats; so they are only for the few with plenty of coupons. It is amazing how quickly the eye becomes accustomed to this line; the coats are very becoming and definitely the big news item of the winter.

Many other coats are shown in this collection, all of them fuller than last year and longer, and they can be bought off the peg in the shops in the usual way. They are gaily coloured or in warm neutrals, golden beige or mushroom, made up in thick duvetons. Armholes remain mainly deep, padding is restrained and rounded on shoulders and the coats fasten well across

to one side. Suits and dresses are noticeably longer in the skirt. The dresses mould the figure with tucks and drapery swathed tightly round the hips and have tiny short sleeves. A black velvet is charming with gathers over the shoulders held on either side of the heart-shaped décolleté by a bow, a full, fitted peplum, a tight waist and a tight skirt. This is one of the prettiest cocktail dresses in London. Day dresses and jumper suits are shown in jade green, violet purple or pure, in wool crêpe. Jersey and tweed dresses show a full skirt, thin waistlines and

(Continued on page 648)



Hat for the English scene—

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JENNERS



The semi-sports coat or coat of casual smartness is always to be found very easily in Jenners where such clothes are properly understood.

The woman dressed by Jenners can wear her clothes with the easy nonchalance that comes only from wearing the best.

shirt-like tops with fly fronts and open necklines. Sleeves generally were set in closely to the armholes, but a few still show the deeper armholes.

You need to consider your coat before you buy your winter dress as never before, especially as to hemline and armholes. Nothing looks worse than a dress so long that it projects below the coat, and nothing is more uncomfortable than trying to negotiate a dress with deep armholes beneath a top-coat with sleeves fitting in closely to the arm. Skirt lengths are likely to be the big headache of the winter.

All suits have lengthened their skirts noticeably, but the skirts remain slender or pliant with sunny pleats. Jackets are slightly shorter to keep the balance of design and that top-heavy look is gone. The new suits look very youthful and are certainly attractive, as the immensely long, moulded jackets above short, tight skirts were never particularly easy to wear. Hardy Amies shows 24-inch length jackets, waisted and curved over the hips with sunny pleated skirts. In thicker materials the skirts are generally only very gently gored, keeping the slender outline. They are cut in four or six panels and the curving hipline is the only break in the silhouette.

A series of charming toques, bonnets and berets is being prepared for the coats with their hour-glass waistlines and full skirts. Scotts of Bond Street have Dior's bonnet with a floppy oval crown of black velvet and a narrow felt brim like a nurse's bonnet. This double-tiered effect is extremely becoming. There are no hard lines or angles on the hats for the winter,



Thick winter suit; floor green tweed with black braid looped to edge the collar and front panel. *Burville*

materials are velvet, velours or fur felt, and the hats are curved to match the lines of the prevailing silhouette and the round collars of the coats. The new classic at Scotts is a Breton-shaped sailor with a double-brim and a round crown that fits it well down on the head. This is a very easy hat and one in the series that they sell in stores throughout the country. A wide Venetian tricorne worn tilted backwards is being shown with afternoon suits. It fastens with a wide band of tulle under the chin and is most picturesque. For fur coats, there are cosy little caps in felt and velvet massed with shaded feather pads in front. These sit on the head like small crowns and tie under the chin with veiling. Wetherall have Maud et Nano's, which is high at the back, and they are copying it in pastel felts with matching feathers and dark veiling. Caps in felt and velours for wearing with tweeds pull on and obliterate the hair. There is a pointed cap like Robin Hood's with a quill that points to the sky and berets reminding one of a brette with a pompon on top.

Simone Mirman makes a velvet cap like a footballer's with a visor in net bound by a *rouleau* of the velvet. Black velvet pill-boxes, high and waisted, have a fluffy feather bang in front or a huge black velvet flower. Velvet haloes are shown with many of the afternoon and short-skirted evening frocks in velvet and moire, some with paradise feathers curling down on to one shoulder, others with a cluster of red velvet roses tucked behind one ear. She also has designed a Gainsborough sailor in panne velvet to wear with ankle-length dresses with tight slit skirts. P. JOYCE REYNOLDS.

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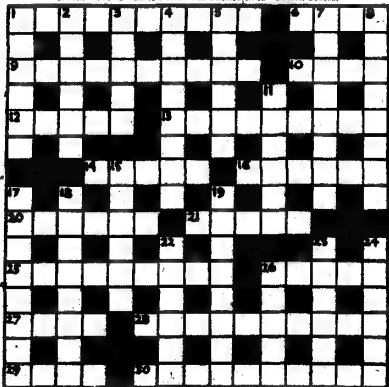
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CROSSWORD No. 920

Two guesses will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions (in a closed envelope) must reach "Crossword No. 920, Country Life, 9-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2" not later than the first post on Thursday, October 2, 1947.

NOTE.—This Competition does not apply to the United States.



Name
(Mr., Mrs., etc.)
Address

SOLUTION TO No. 919. The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of September 19, will be announced next week.

ACROSS.—1, Scatter-brained; 8, Drying; 9, Glances; 13, Orbs; 13, Delivering; 15, Equip; 16, Meditate; 17, Cad; 18, Released; 20, Azores; 28, Nonchalant; 34, Deal; 36, Tendril; 37, One way; 38, Standard-bearer.
DOWN.—2, Caribou; 3, Tip; 4, Eagles; 5, Begone; 6, Adrenaline; 7, Disagreeable; 10, China; 11, Pomgranates; 14, Up; 15, Lead; 16, Mad; 17, Cellular; 18, Lines; 21, Overawe; 22, Entomb; 23, Lead.

ACROSS

1. Fired (in both senses) (10)
6. Evidently a prominent person (4)
8. Carter, backing, gets into a mix-up in the process of withdrawal (10)
10. Side (4)
12. The 23 down we all know (8)
13. A slitter (4, 8)
14. "I can't help it," she said, "I'm growing" (5)
16. An East Anglian town associated with Egypt (8)
20. Dominions, sometimes fanciful (8)
21. Funny chap, he often takes no part in the game (5)
25. Not a crime (anagr.) (9)
26. "Just now the — is in bloom
"All before my little room." — *Rupert Brooke* (8)
27. One of the evergreens (4)
28. Centre pane (anagr.) (10)
29. Need a person be worthy of this to deserve a tip? (4)
30. Spa I long meant to get into (10)

DOWN

1. To get one window order a thousand (8)
2. Ringed 23 down (8)
3. Not rich soil for his plant (5)
4. To economise dig a new ditch (8)
5. Meredith's number one character (6)
7. More work and often more money (8)
8. "Half way down
"Hangs one that gathers —, dreadful trade"
— *Shakespeare* (11)
11. It would hardly be rare for anyone to make himself (6)
13. This is the first of August (7)
17. Often an improper and vulgar part (8)
18. Sir Roger in the window (8)
23. This should produce sound timber (8)
22. It was in two banks (6)
28. "Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
"When a new — swirled into his lap."
— *Keats* (8)
24. But — does not exclude film fame (6)
26. It made its name, so to speak, by talking through its hats (8)

The winner of Crossword No. 918 is

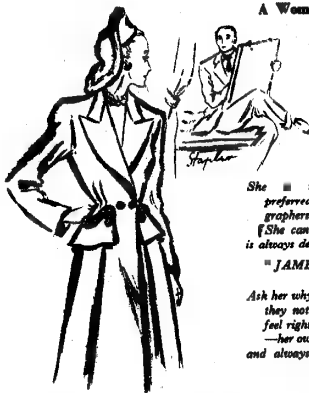
Mrs. H. V. Riley,

7, Easterly Road,
Leeds, 8.

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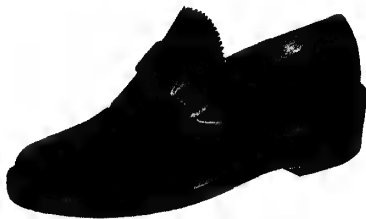
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Wm. McKim

COLES

" LES " *Compere* REGD.

